



...GIANT 52-PAGE SIZE! BUY NO LESS!...



The

KILROYS

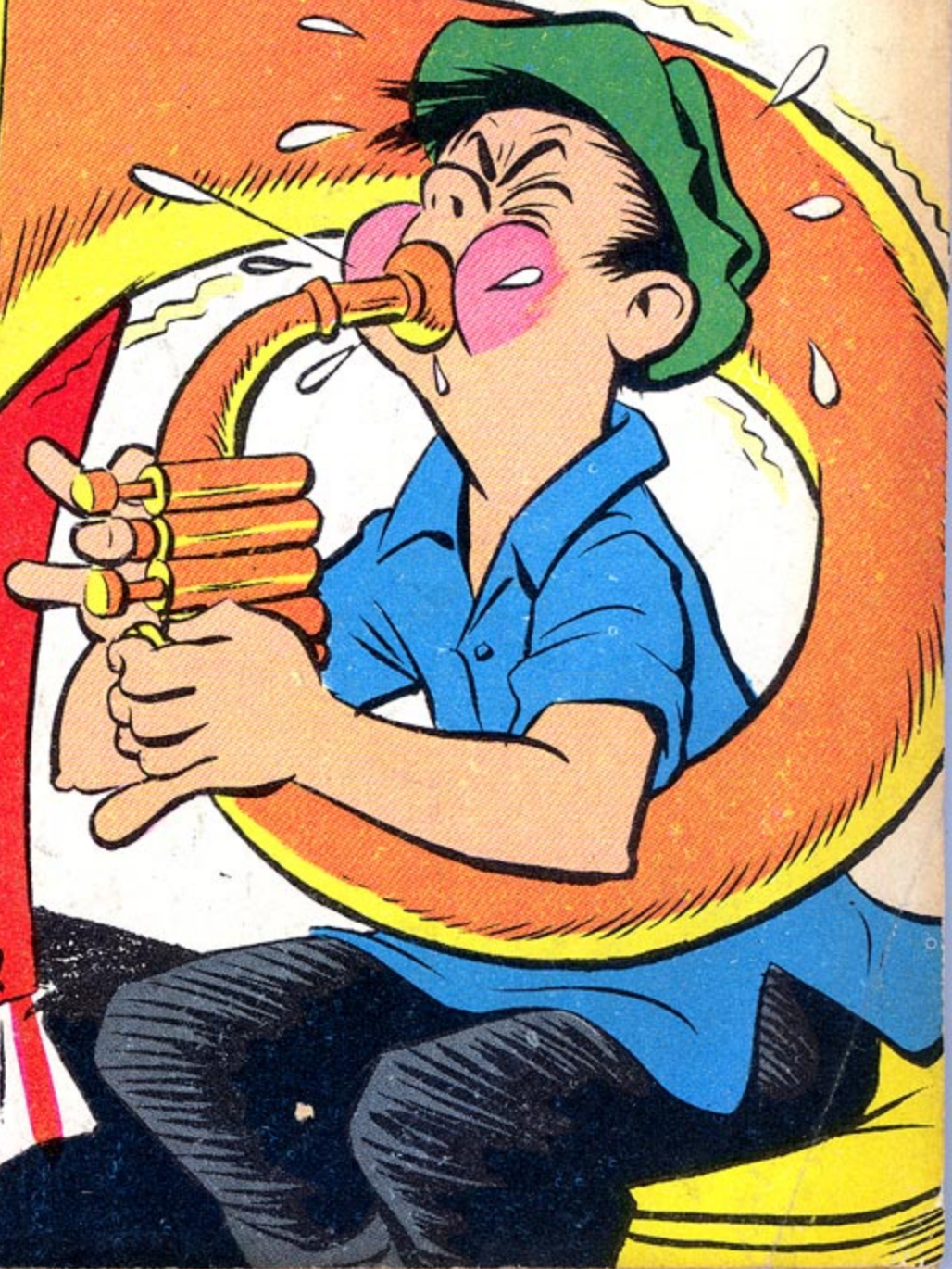
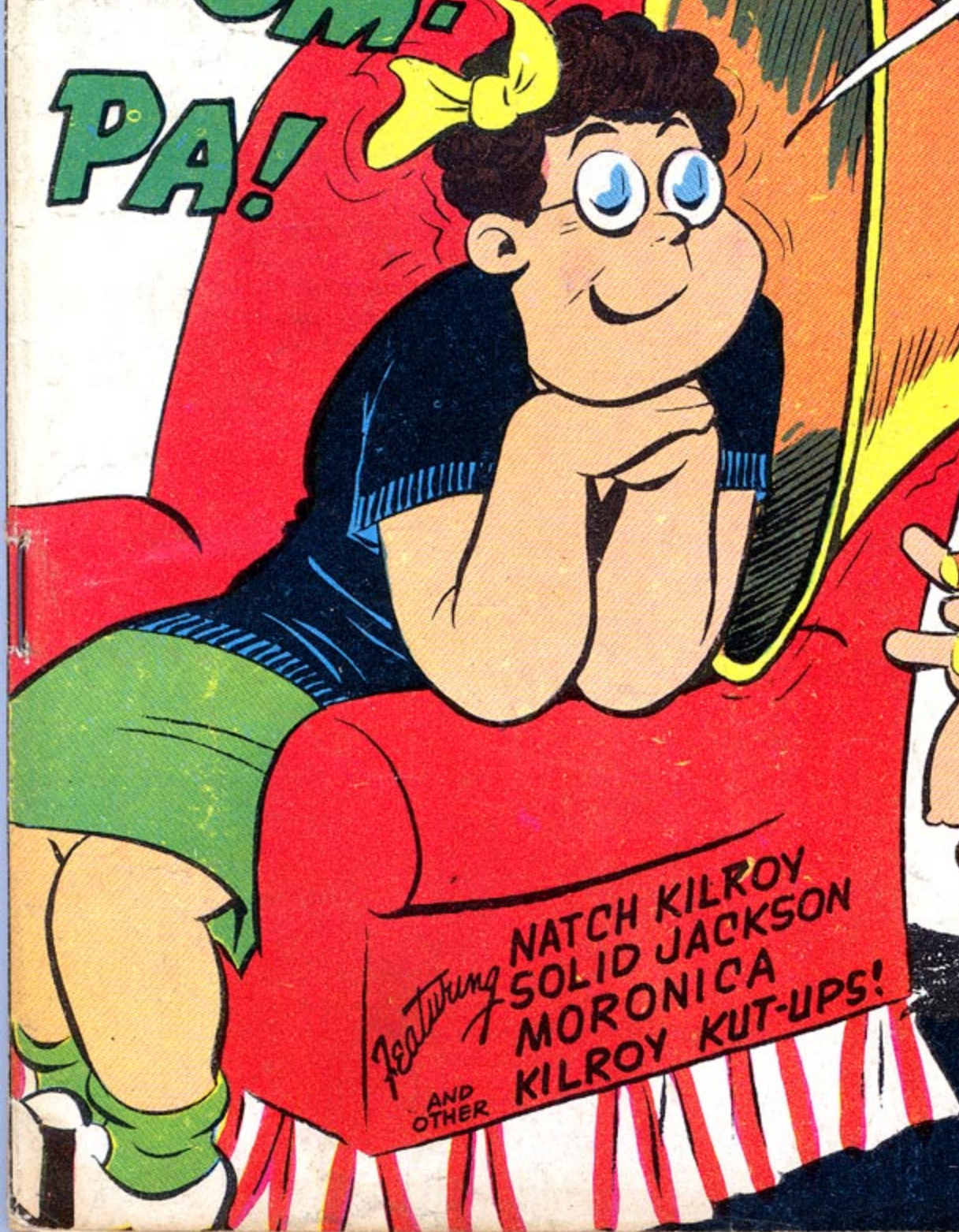
NO 28
FEB.-
MAR.



America's Funniest Family!

**BOOMPA
OOM-
PA!**

OH, JACKSON!
OUR LOVE
SONG!

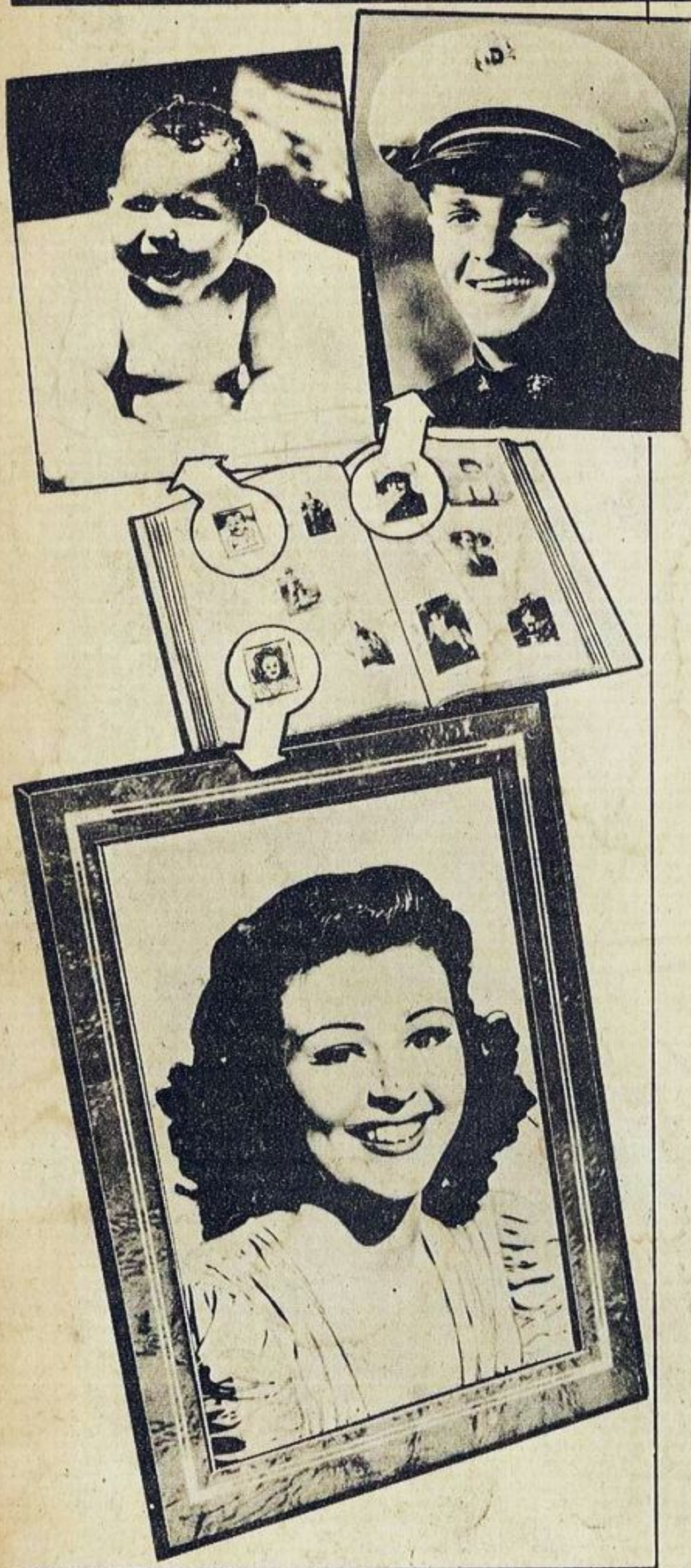


Featuring
NATCH KILROY
SOLID JACKSON
MORONICA
KILROY KUT-UPS!
AND
OTHER



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

New silk-finish enlargement, ivory gold-tooled frame



*Sensational
Offer
Only*

19¢
EACH

**FROM YOUR FAVORITE SNAPSHOT,
PHOTOGRAPH OR NEGATIVE**

Send Any Photo For Beautiful
5x7 Inch **ENLARGEMENT** On This
SPECIAL GET-ACQUAINTED OFFER!
Your Original Returned

Have you ever wished you could have your own favorite picture or snapshot enlarged like the pictures of Movie Stars? If you act now, you can make your wish come true. Just to get acquainted, we will make you a handsome, silk finish enlargement, mounted in a rich, gold-tooled frame with glassine front and standing easel back for only 19c each for the Picture and Frame, plus cost of mailing. Hundreds of thousands of people have already taken advantage of this generous offer, and to acquaint millions more like yourself with the famous studio portrait quality of our work, we now make this trial offer to you.

Think of it, only 19c each for a beautiful enlargement and frame you will cherish for years to come. Because of the sensational low price of this get-acquainted offer we must set a limit of 2 to a customer. So hurry—send one or two of your best photographs (either picture or negative) with the coupon below today. *Be sure to include the color of hair, eyes and clothing* for complete information on having your enlargement beautifully colored in life-like oils. **SEND NO MONEY!** Just mail coupon to us today. Include all information. Your original snapshot or negative will be returned.

RUSH YOUR ORDER! Your enlargement will be shipped direct from our Hollywood studios!

SEND NO MONEY! Mail Coupon Today!

**IMPORTANT!—DO NOT ENCLOSE ANY MONEY
to Receive Your Beautiful New Silk Finish
ENLARGEMENT and Ivory Gold-Tooled Frame**

Here's What to Do:—**SEND NO MONEY!** Just send us a snapshot, photograph or negative of your favorite picture. Mail with the coupon. Accept your beautifully framed enlargement when it arrives and pay postman only 19c each plus small mailing cost for picture and frame. If not completely satisfied, return the enlargement within 10 days and your money will be refunded. *But you may keep the frame as a gift for promptness.* Limit 2 to a customer. Original snapshot or negative will be returned. **NOTE: Be sure to enclose color of hair, eyes and clothing** for complete information on having your enlargement beautifully hand-colored in oils. Rush coupon with photo or negative today before offer is withdrawn.

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS, Dept. 7954A
1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.

Enclosed find.....snapshot or negative.
(Specify number, limit 2)

Please make.....Enlargement and Frame.
(Specify number, limit 2)

I will pay postman only 19c each for Enlargement and Frame, on arrival, plus mailing costs, on your 10-day money-back guarantee offer.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... () STATE.....
(Zone)

Fill out description below. Mark back of picture 1 and 2.

COLOR—Picture No. 1

Hair.....

Eyes.....

Clothing.....

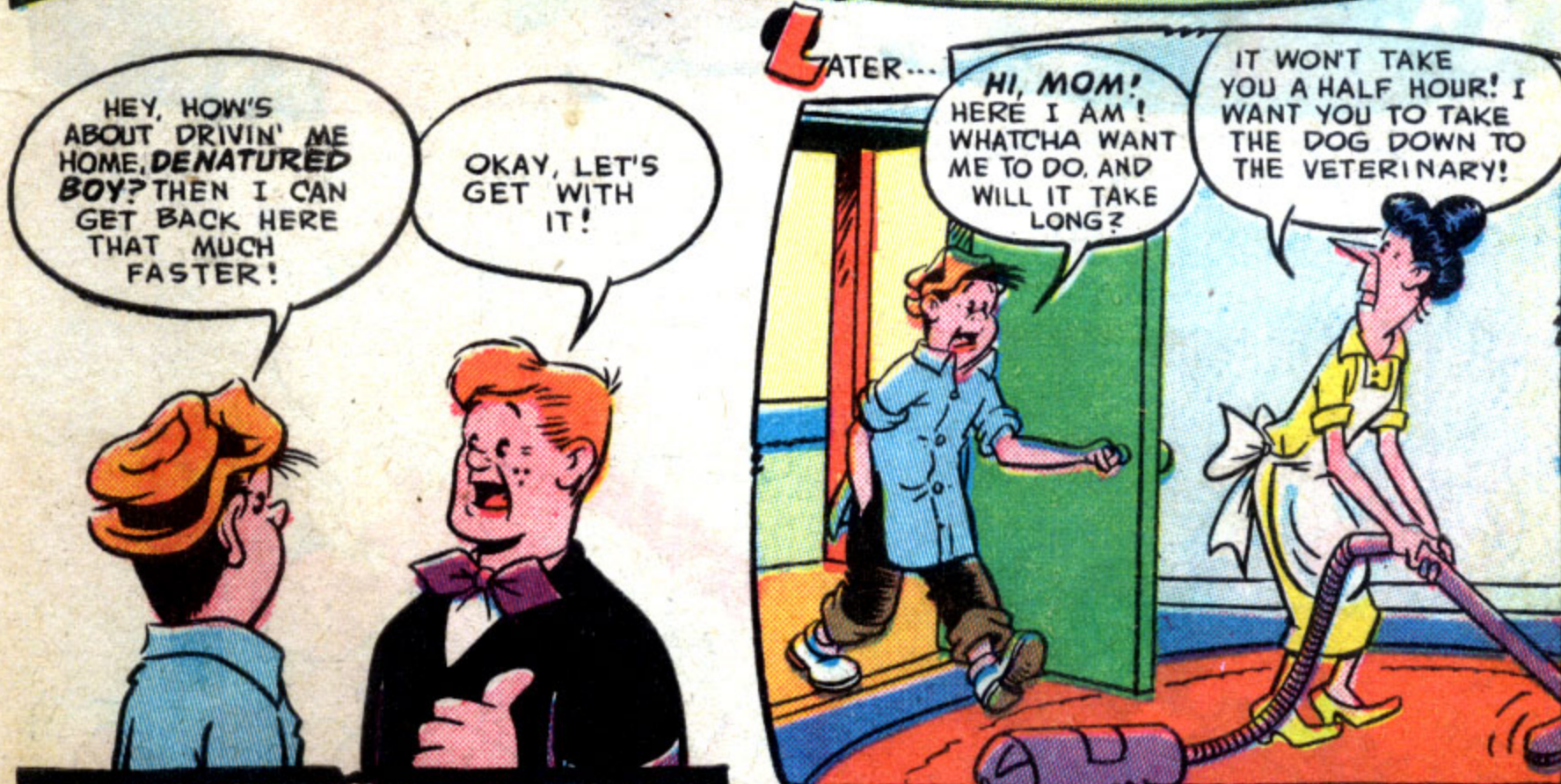
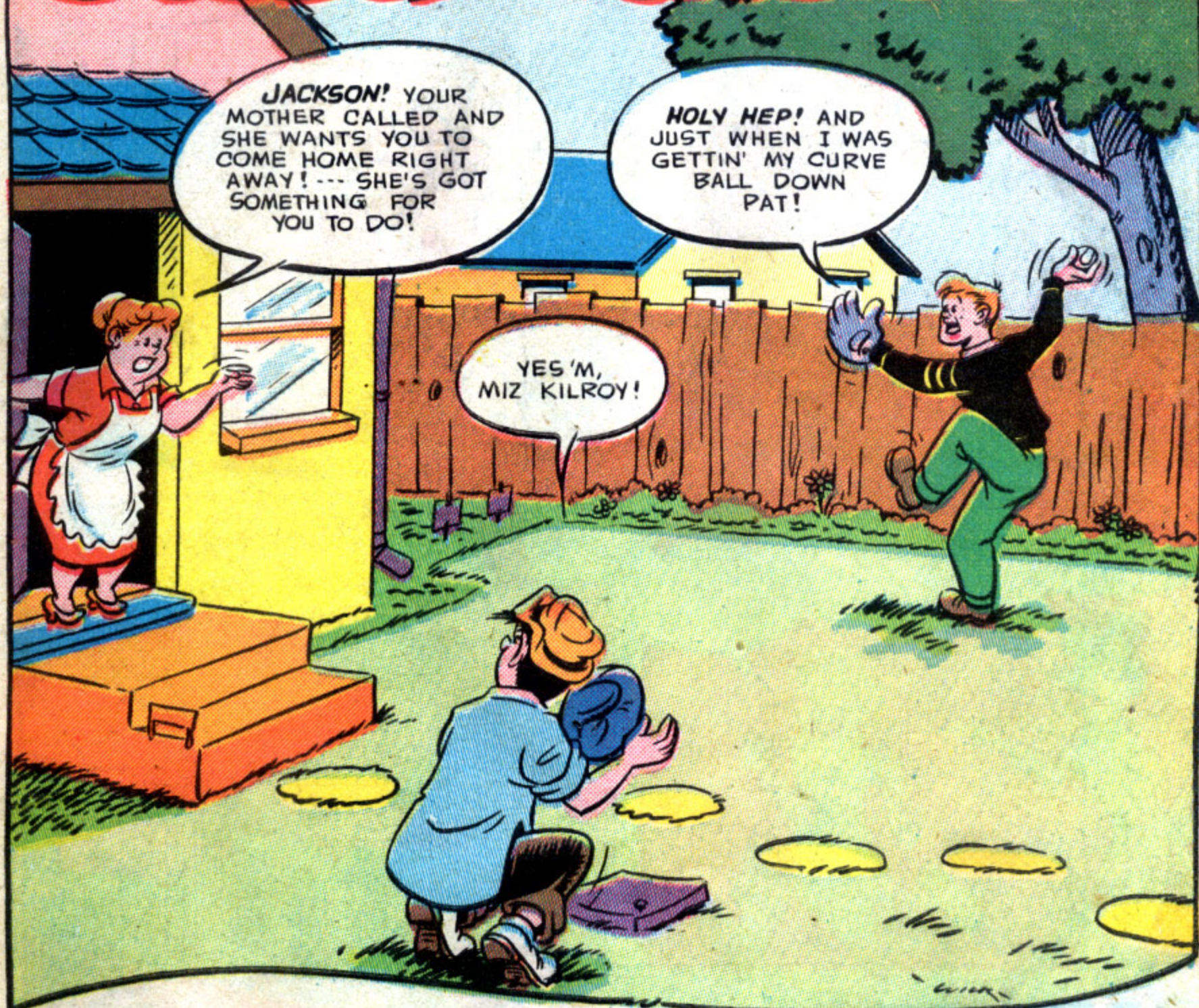
COLOR—Picture No. 2

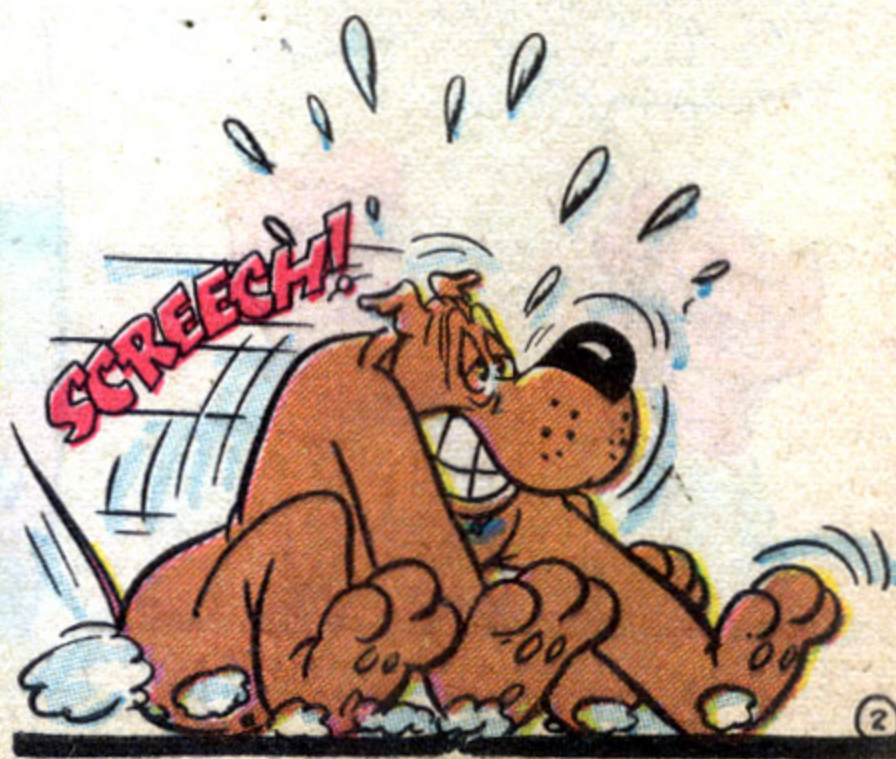
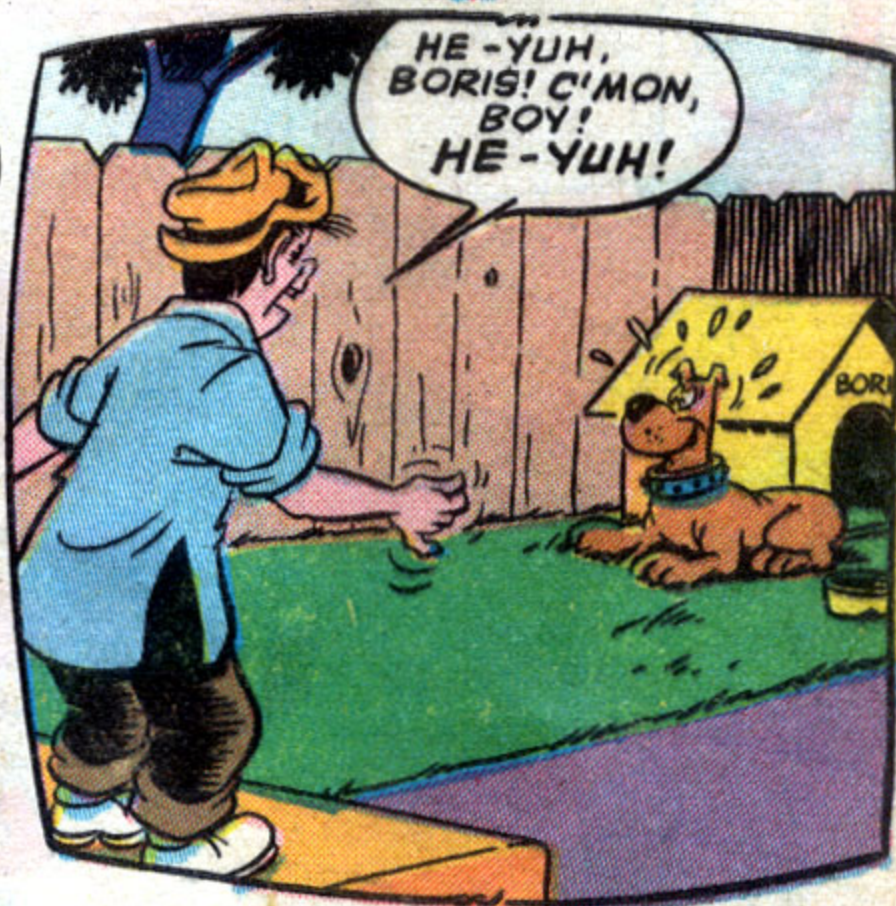
Hair.....

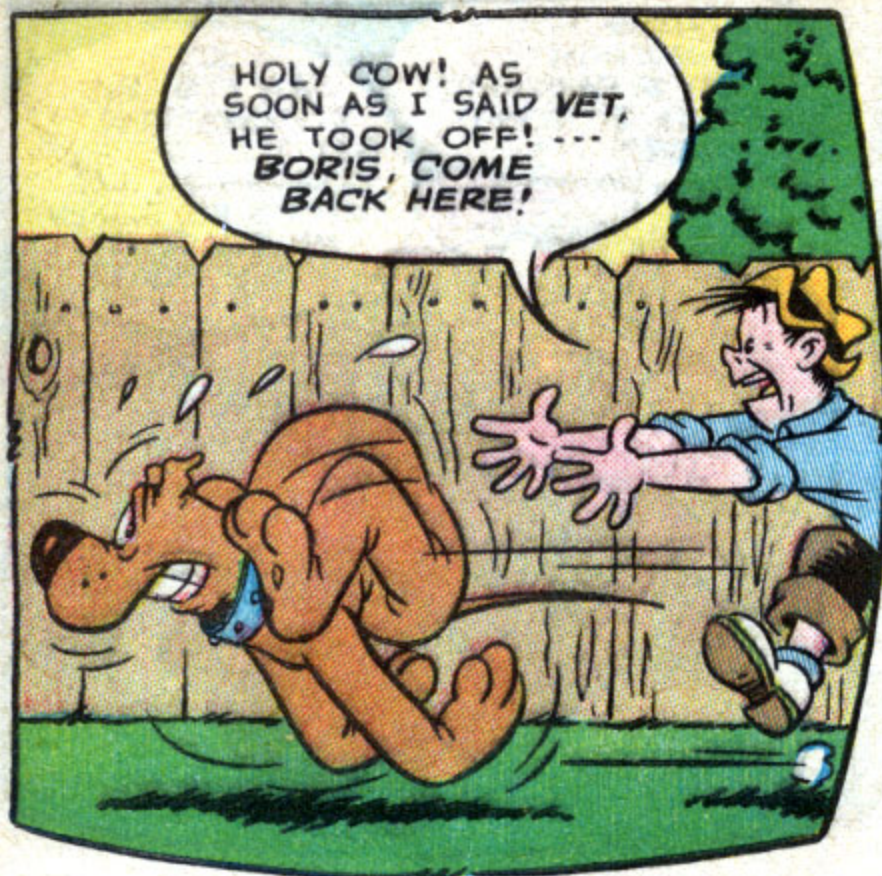
Eyes.....

Clothing.....

"Solid Jackson"







HOLY COW! AS
SOON AS I SAID VET,
HE TOOK OFF! ...
**BORIS, COME
BACK HERE!**

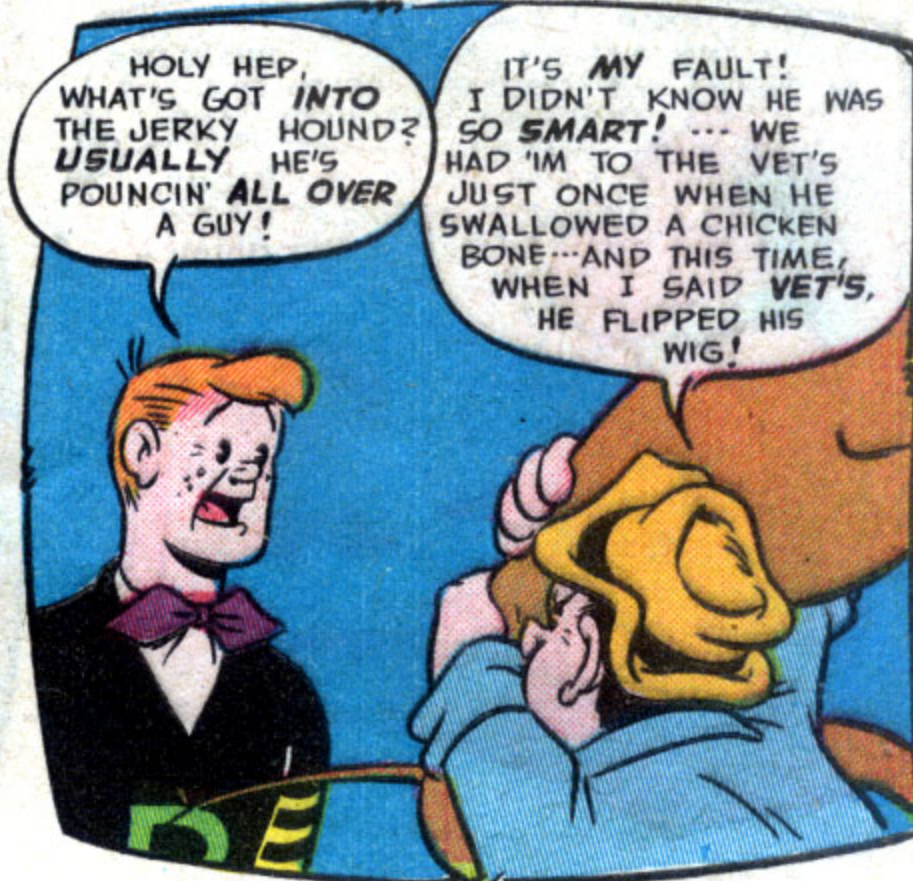


DOGGONE, **LEGGO**
OF THAT CLOTHES
POLE! ... **NATCH!**
HEY, **NATCH!**
C'MERE AND
HELP ME!



WHAT'S
THE
MATTER?

I CAN'T GET THIS MINIA-
TURE ELEPHANT TO COME
WITH ME! ... COME ON,
LEGGO, BORIS!



HOLY HEP,
WHAT'S GOT INTO
THE JERKY HOUND?
USUALLY HE'S
POUNCIN' ALL OVER
A GUY!

IT'S **MY** FAULT!
I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS
SO **SMART!** ... WE
HAD 'IM TO THE VET'S
JUST ONCE WHEN HE
SWALLOWED A CHICKEN
BONE...AND THIS TIME,
WHEN I SAID **VET'S**,
HE FLIPPED HIS
WIG!



HEY, WHAT'S GONNA
GIVE WHEN WE TURN
THIS CANINE HUCKLE-
BUCK ARTIST **LOOSE**
IN THE **CAR?**

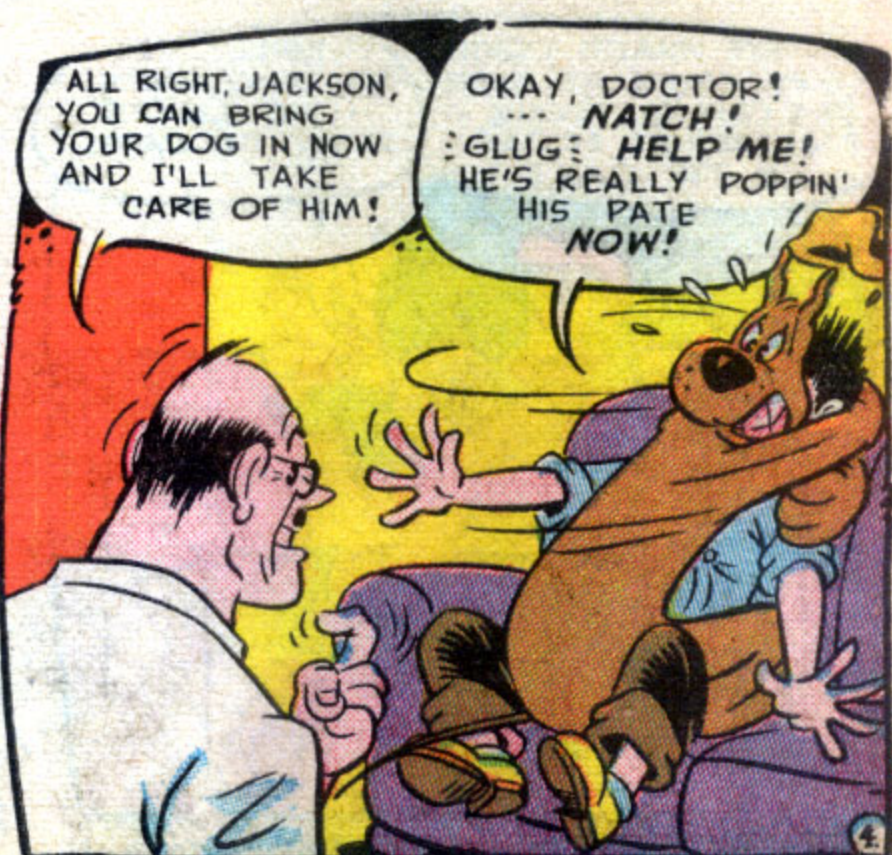
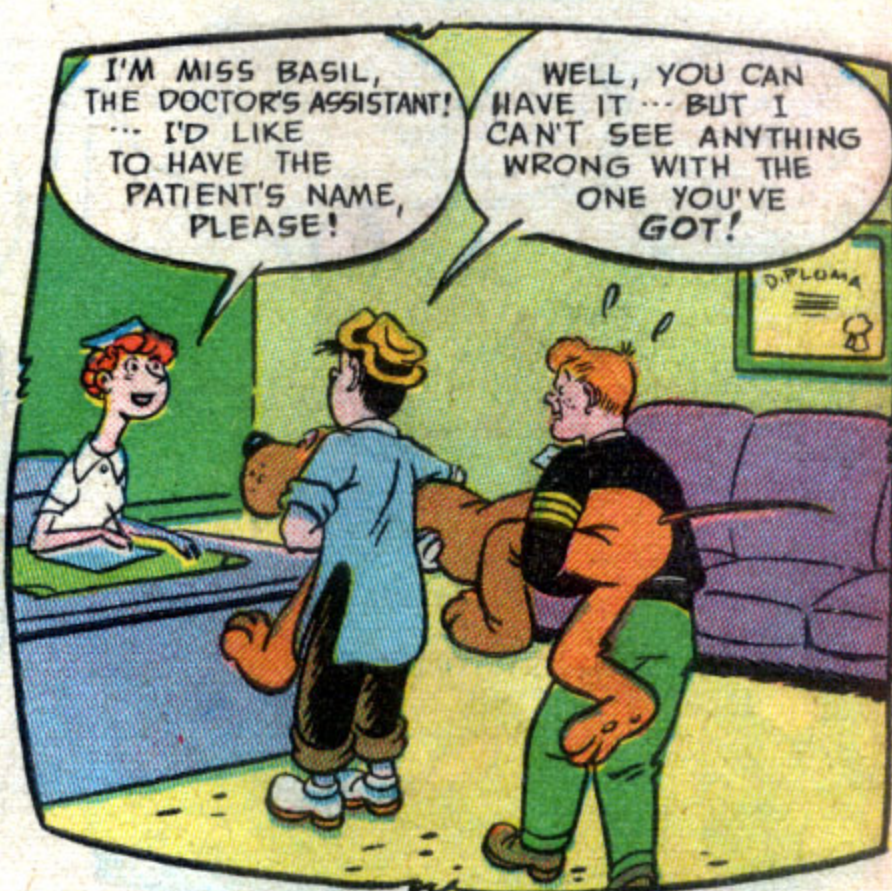
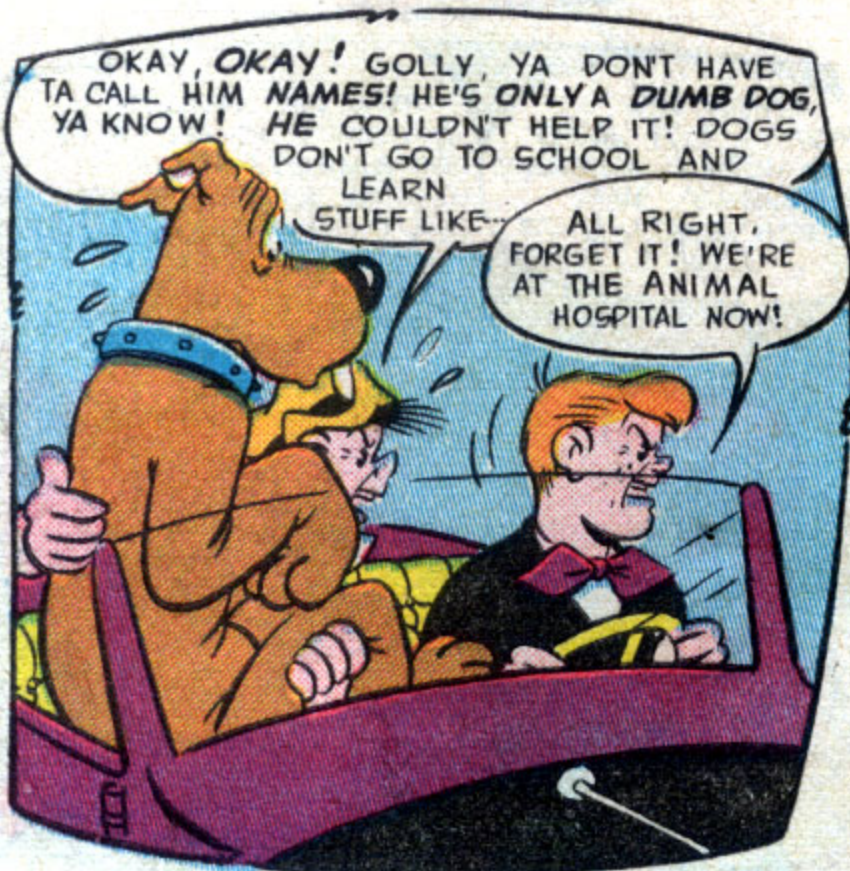
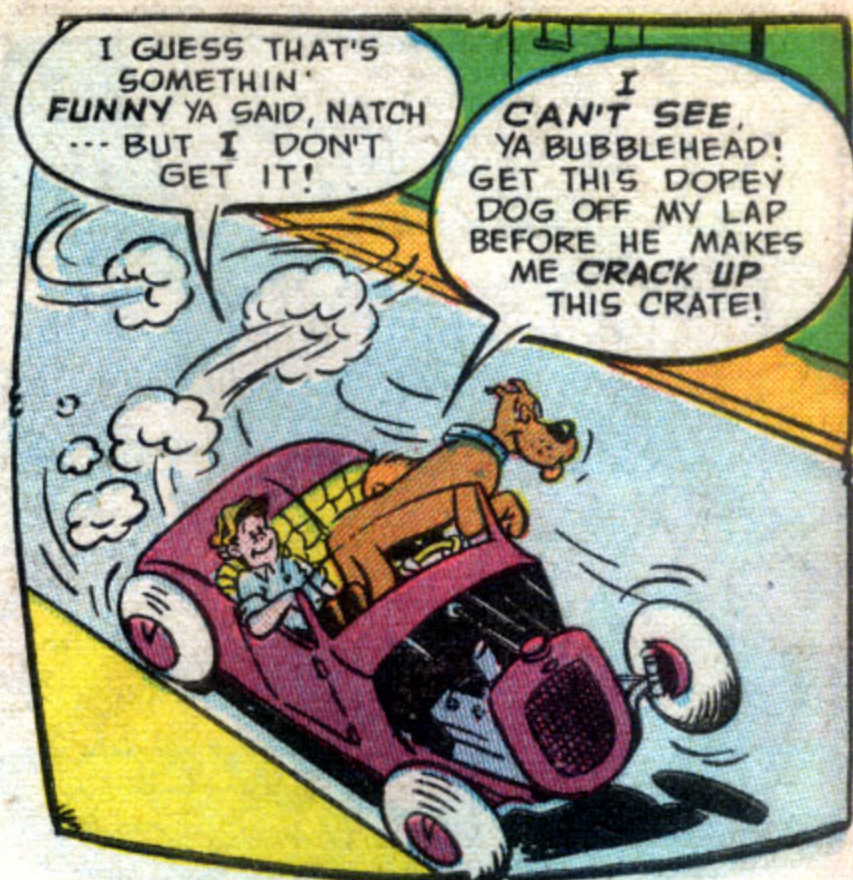
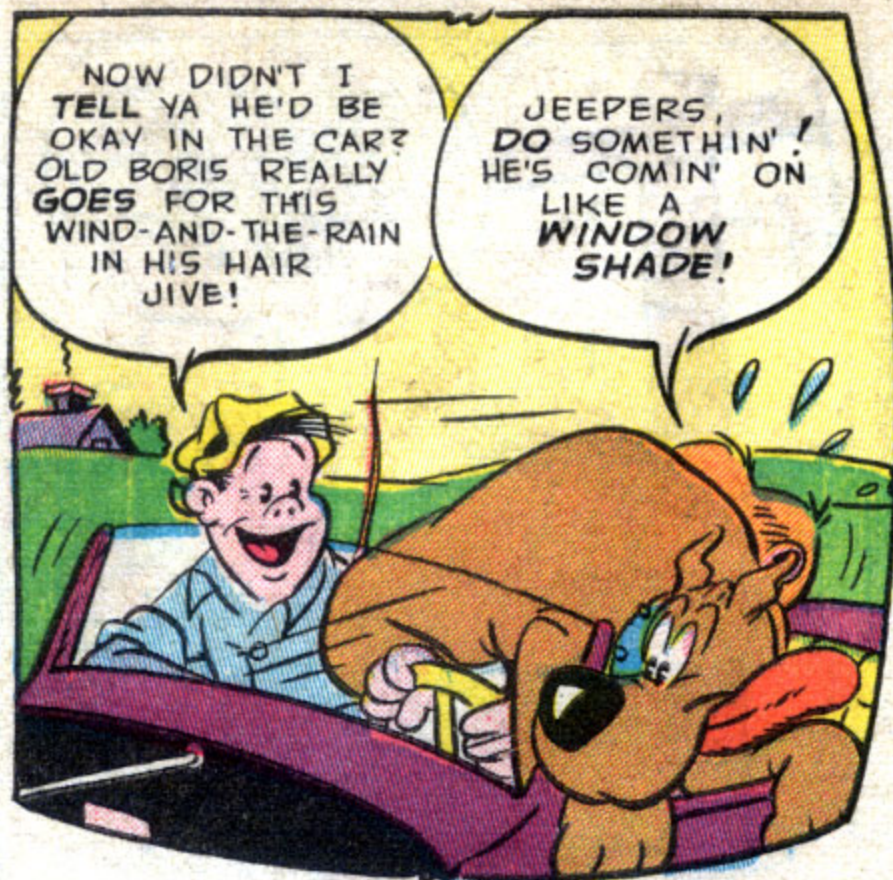
HE'LL
BE OKAY THEN!
... HE **LOVES**
RIDIN' IN CARS!

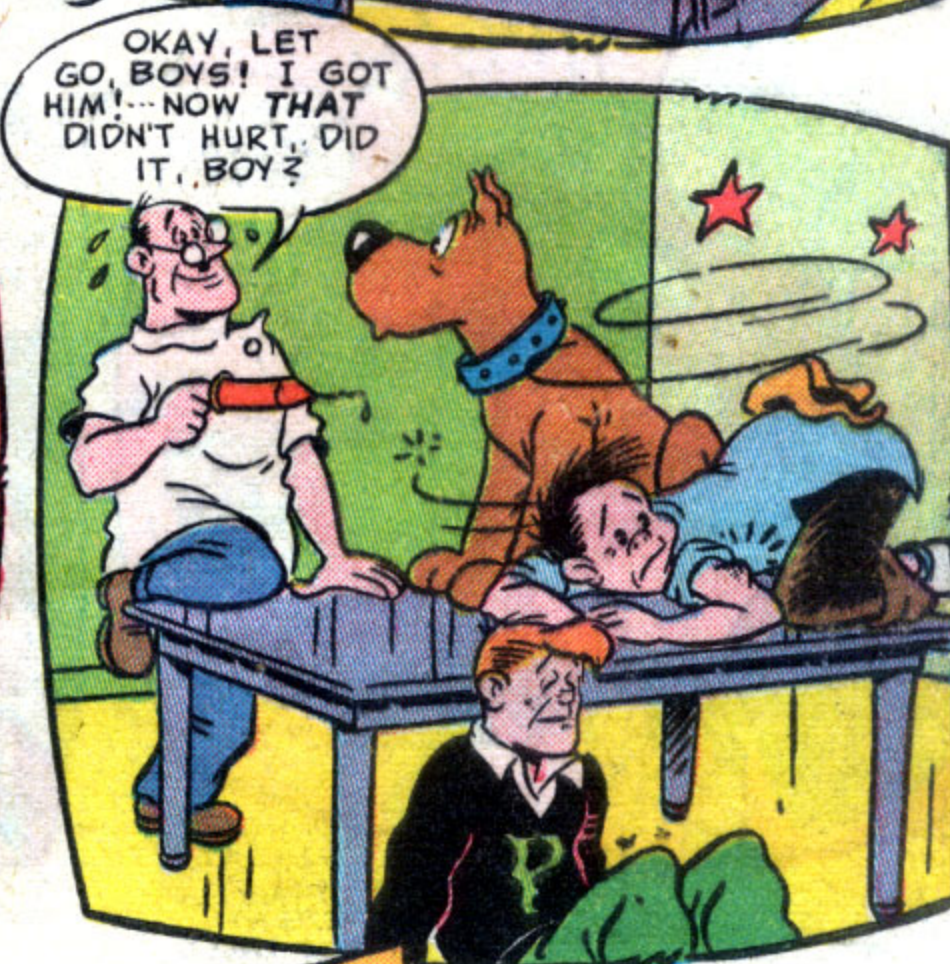
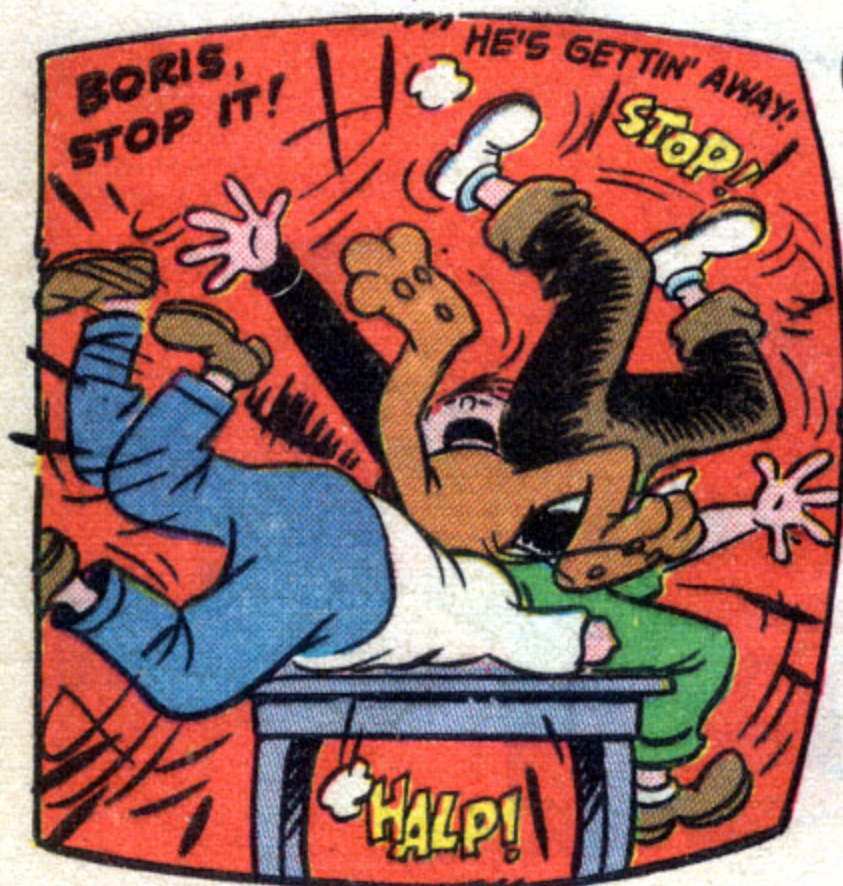
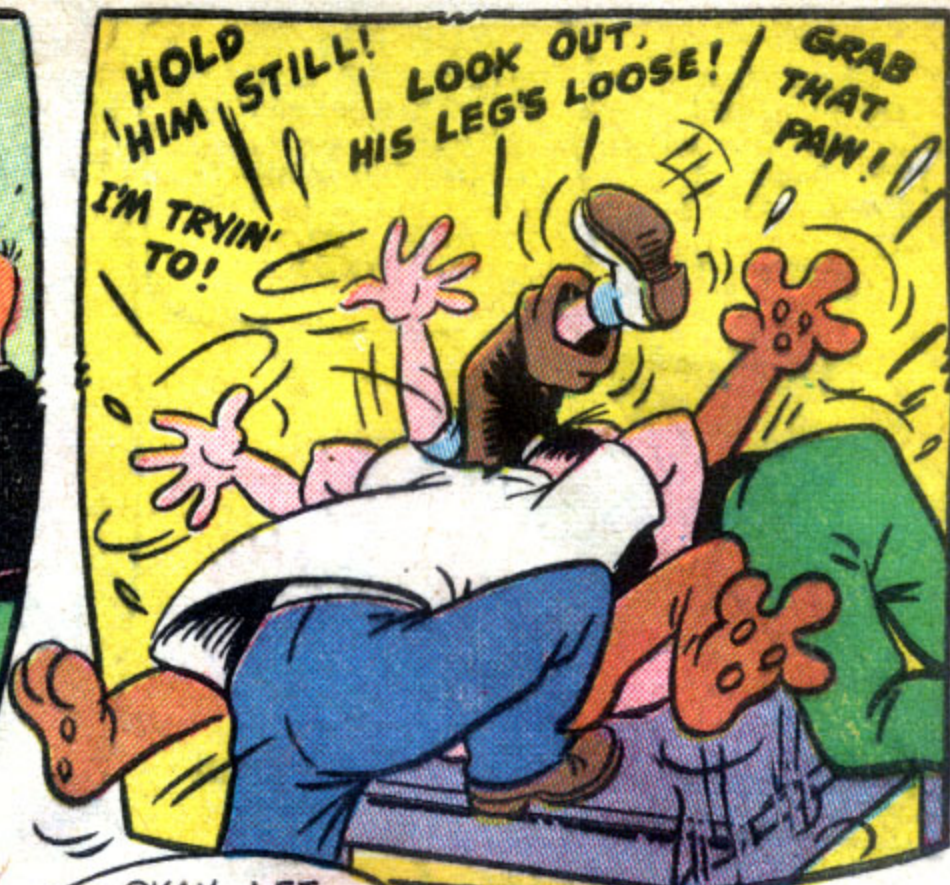
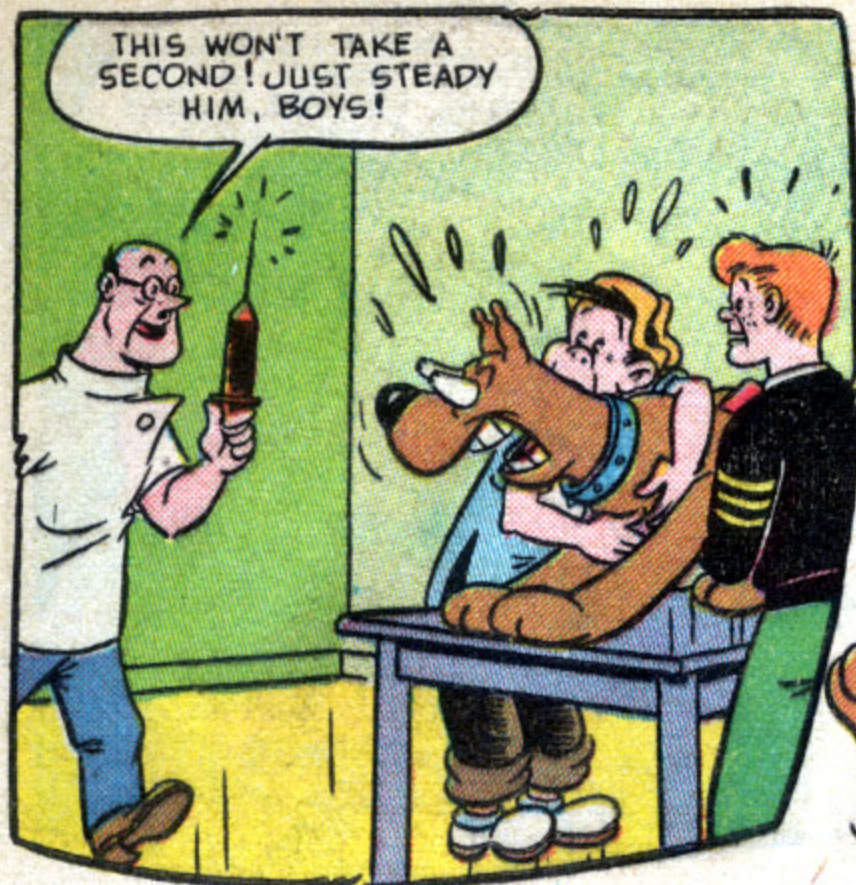


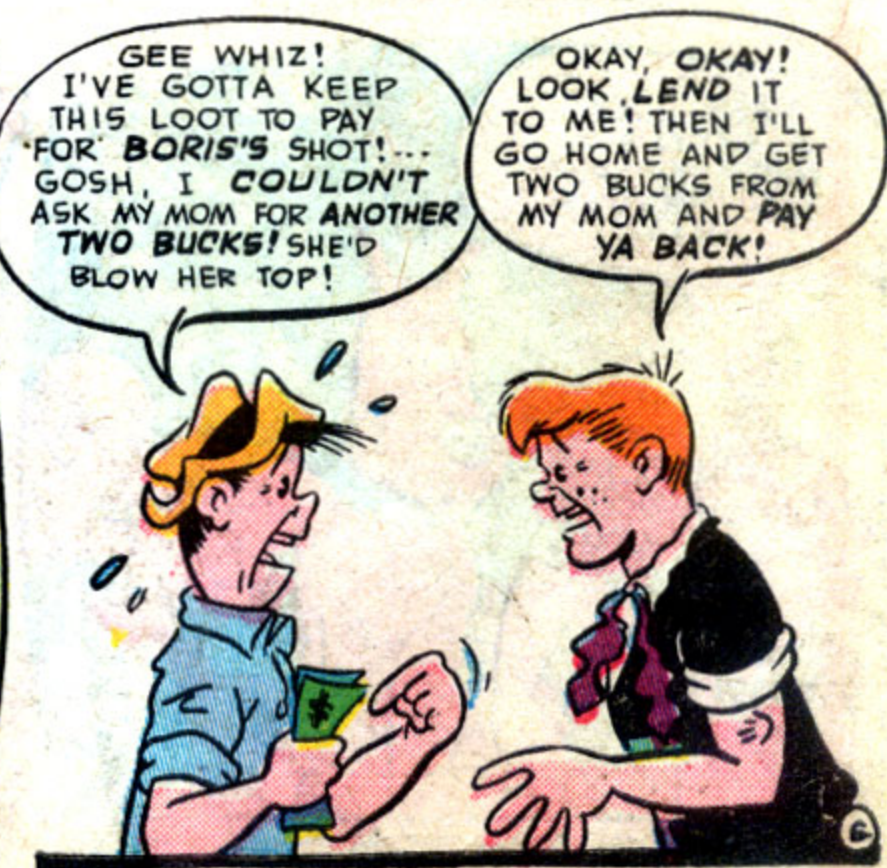
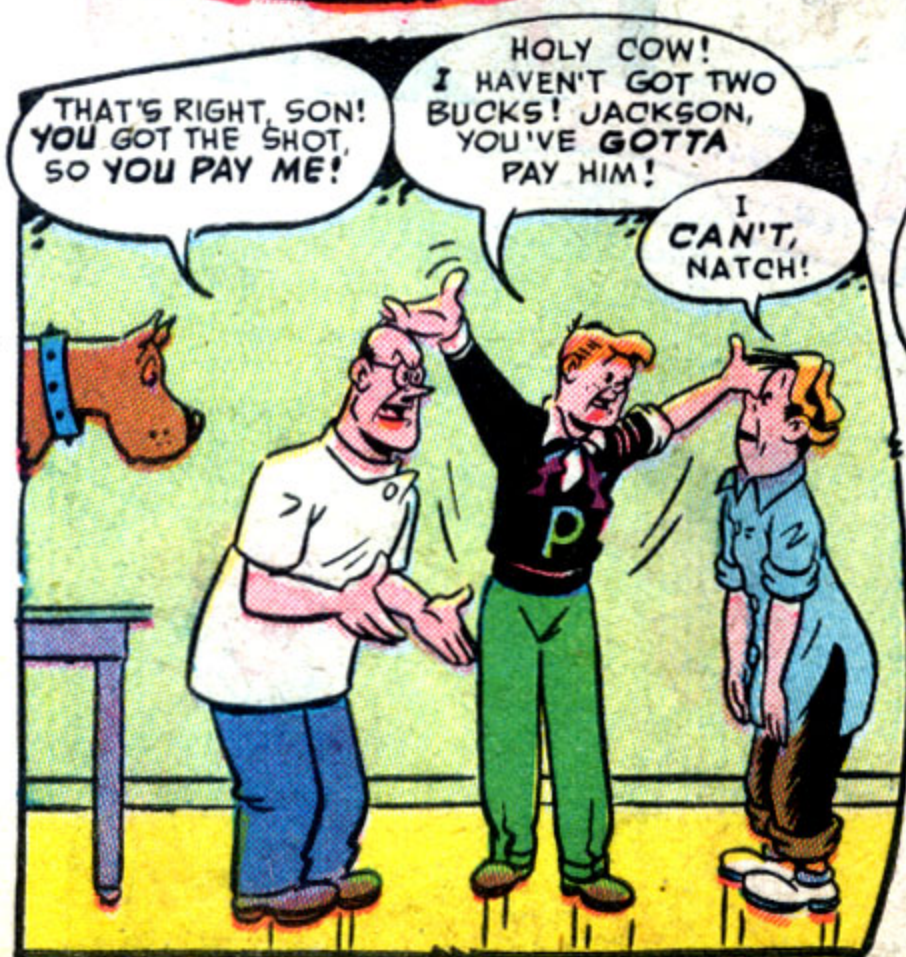
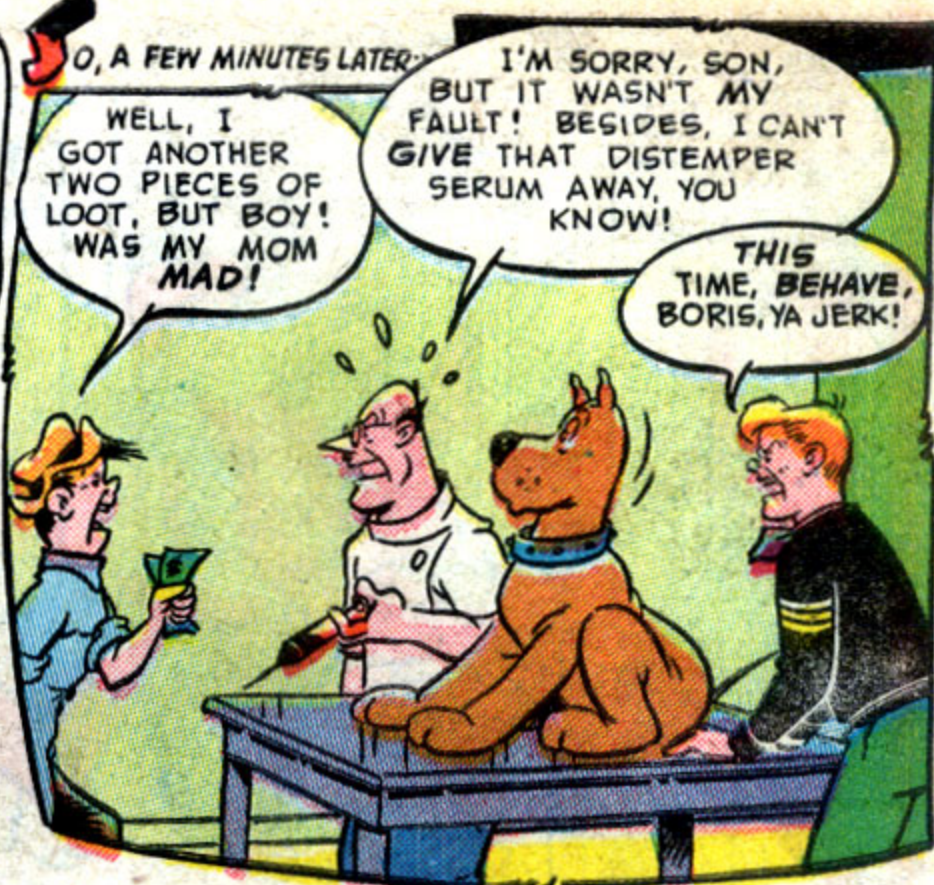
NOW
HERE'S TWO
DOLLARS TO
GIVE TO THE...

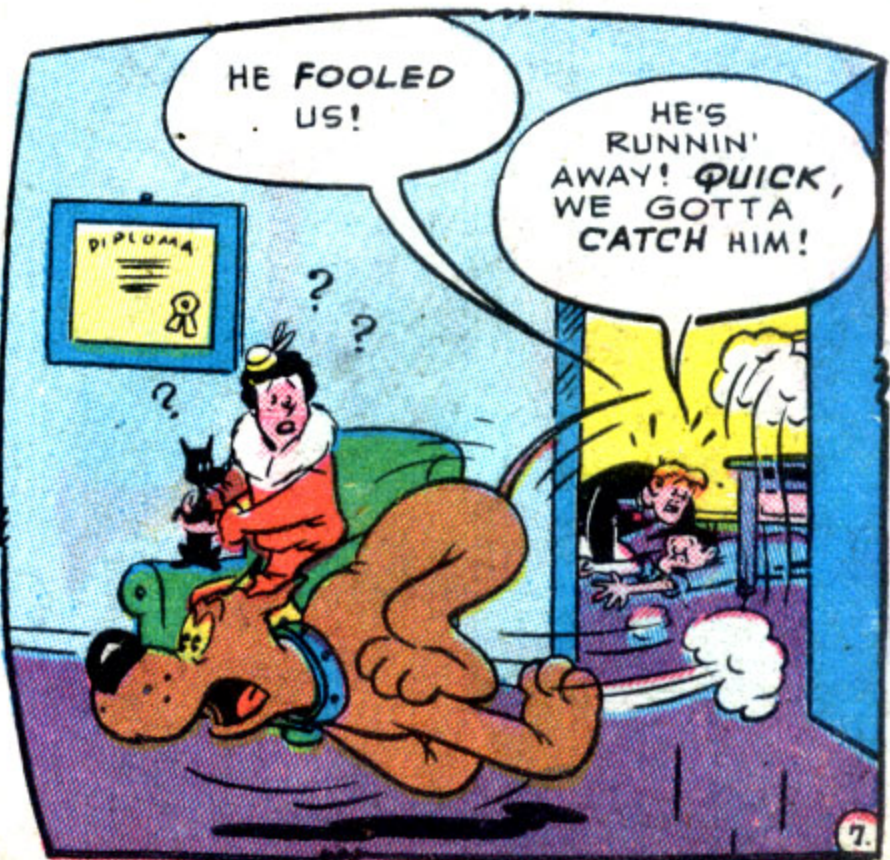
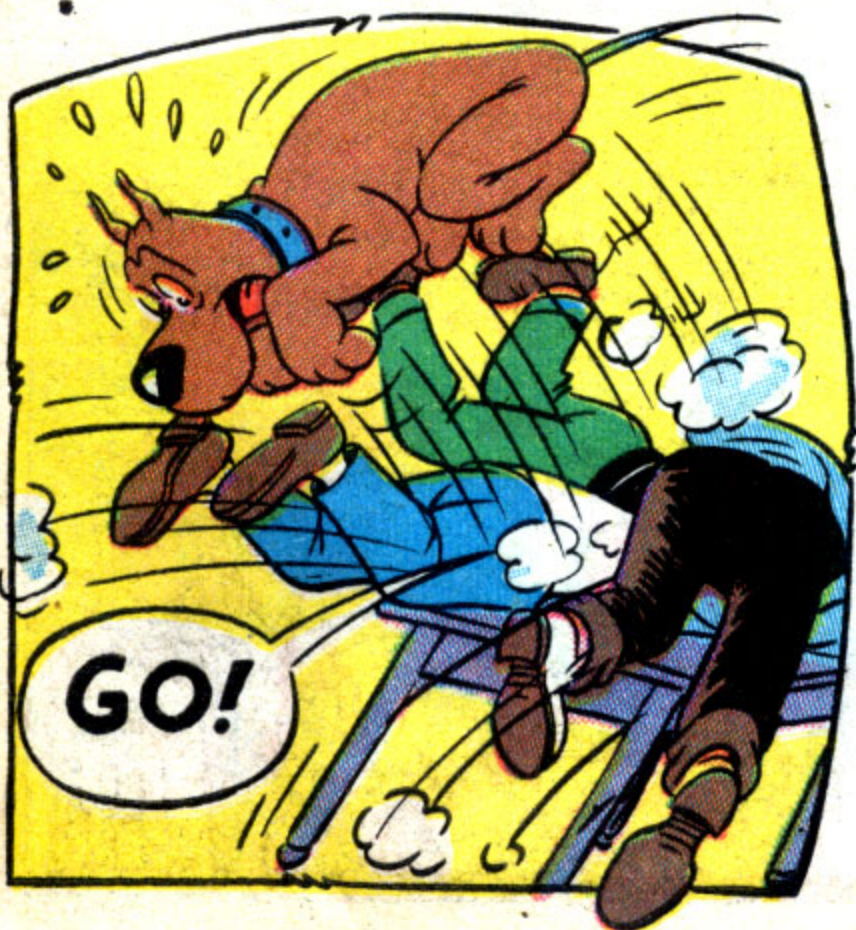
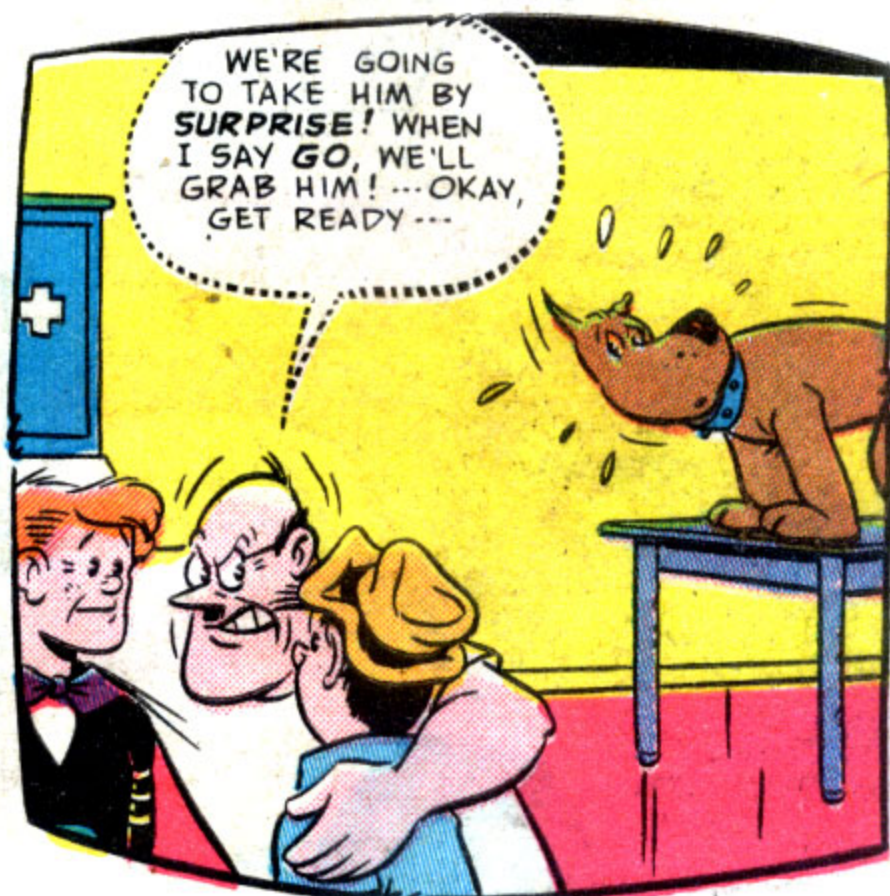
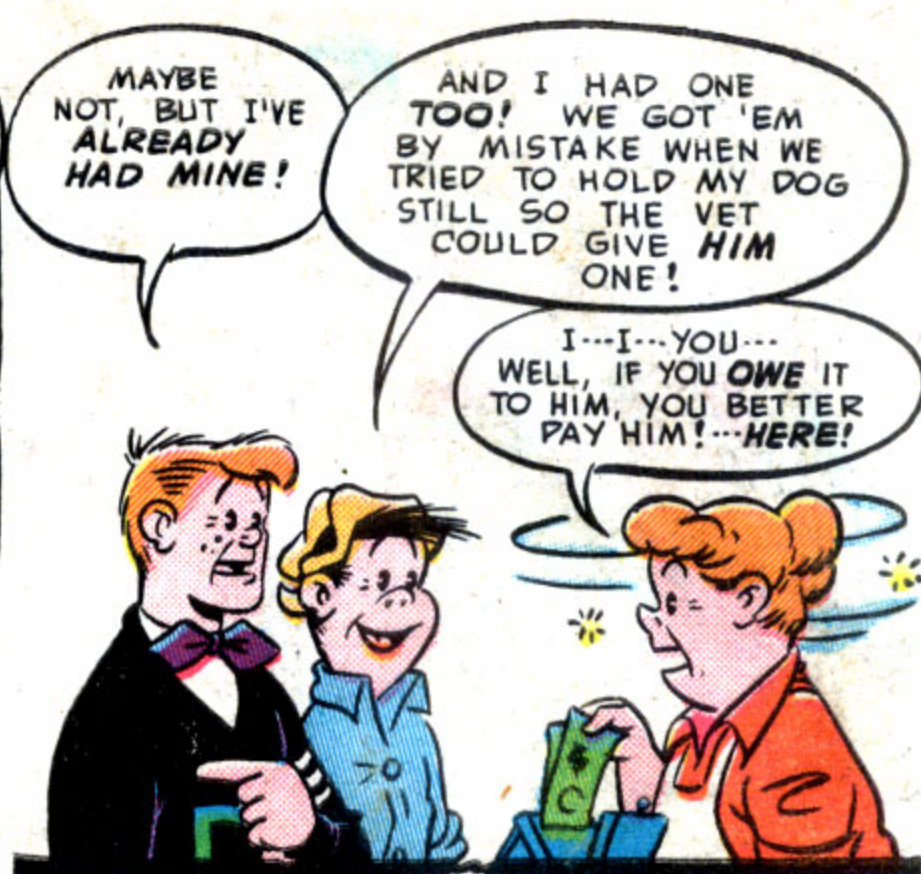
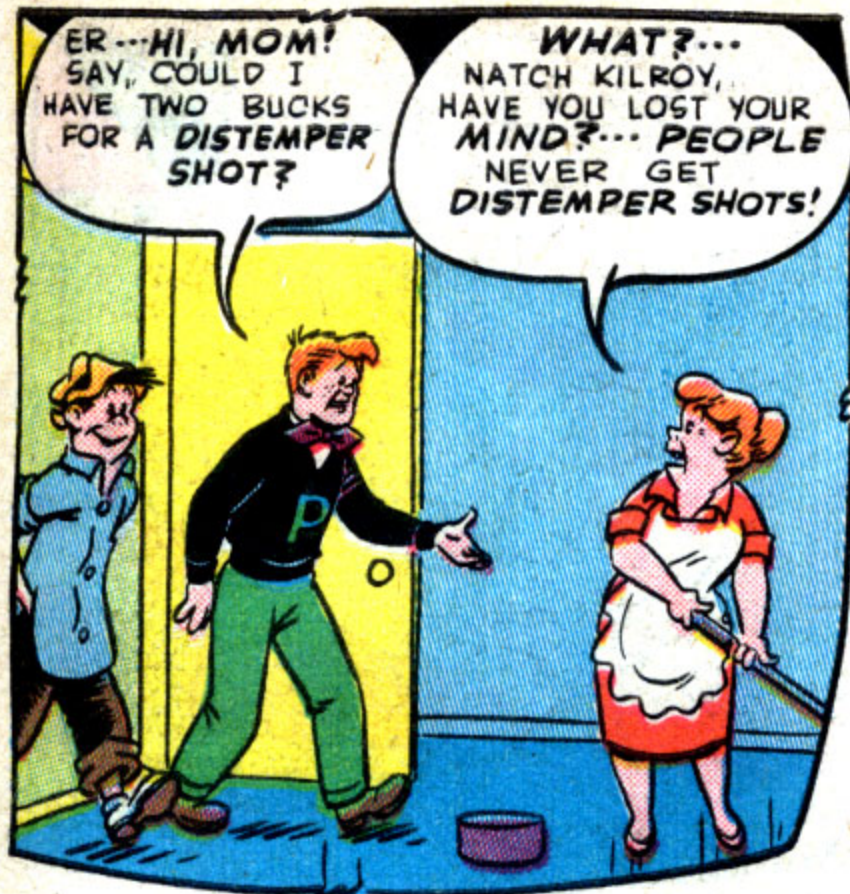
DON'T SAY IT!
DON'T SAY IT!
SPELL IT,
MOM!

VERY
WELL...
V-E-T!





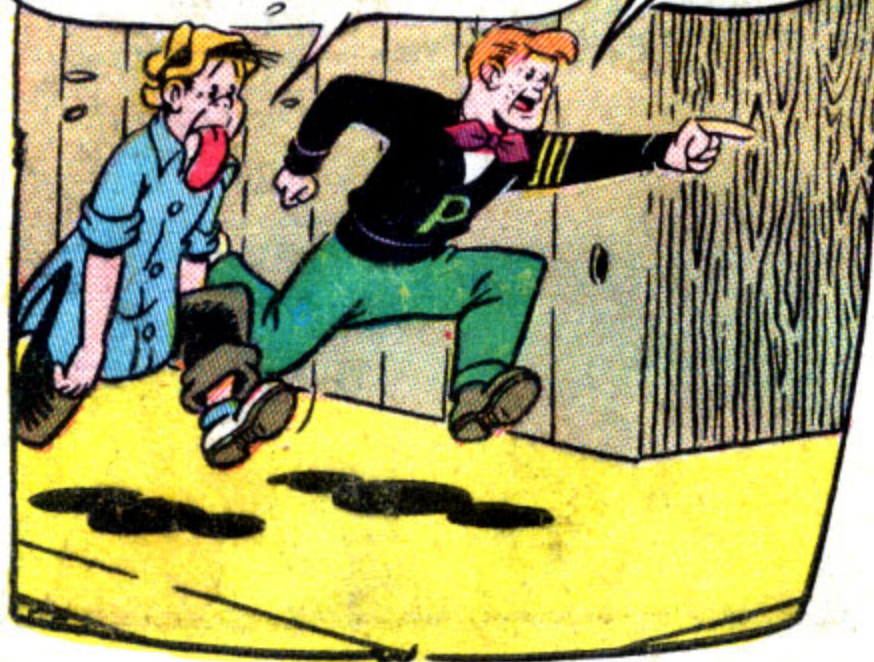




A HALF HOUR LATER ...

MAN! NOW I AM IN A BIG FAT MESS! BORIS NOT ONLY HASN'T GOT HIS SHOT, BUT NOW HE'S LOST! WE'VE LOOKED EVERYWH...

LOOK, JACKSON! --- THERE HE IS! ... QUICK! WE'LL COME UP BEHIND HIM!



GOT 'IM, JACKSON!



QUICK, NATCH! DON'T GIVE 'IM A CHANCE TO STRUGGLE ... BACK TO THE VET'S IN A BIG FAT HAIRY HURRY!

WELL, FOR ... !



HURRY, DOC! HE SEEMS TO BE IN A STUPOR! --- MAKE LIKE FAST WITH THAT SHOT!

STUPOR, EH? FINE!



THAT'S IT! I DID IT! ... I FINALLY GOT HIM!

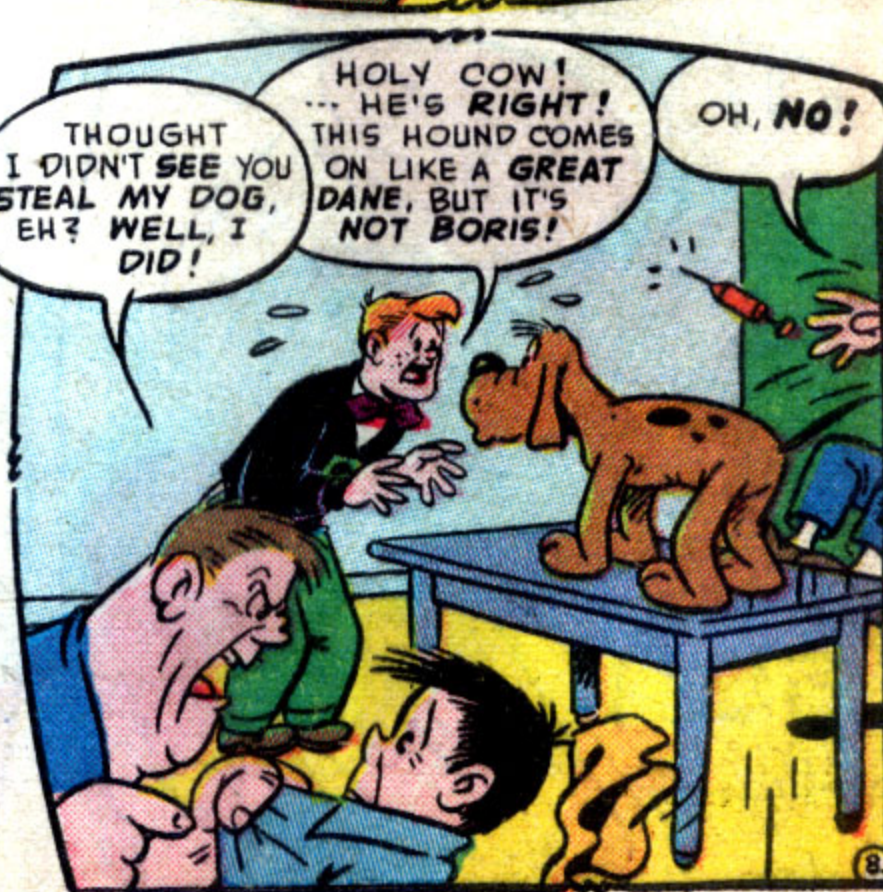
AH-HA! SO THERE YOU ARE!

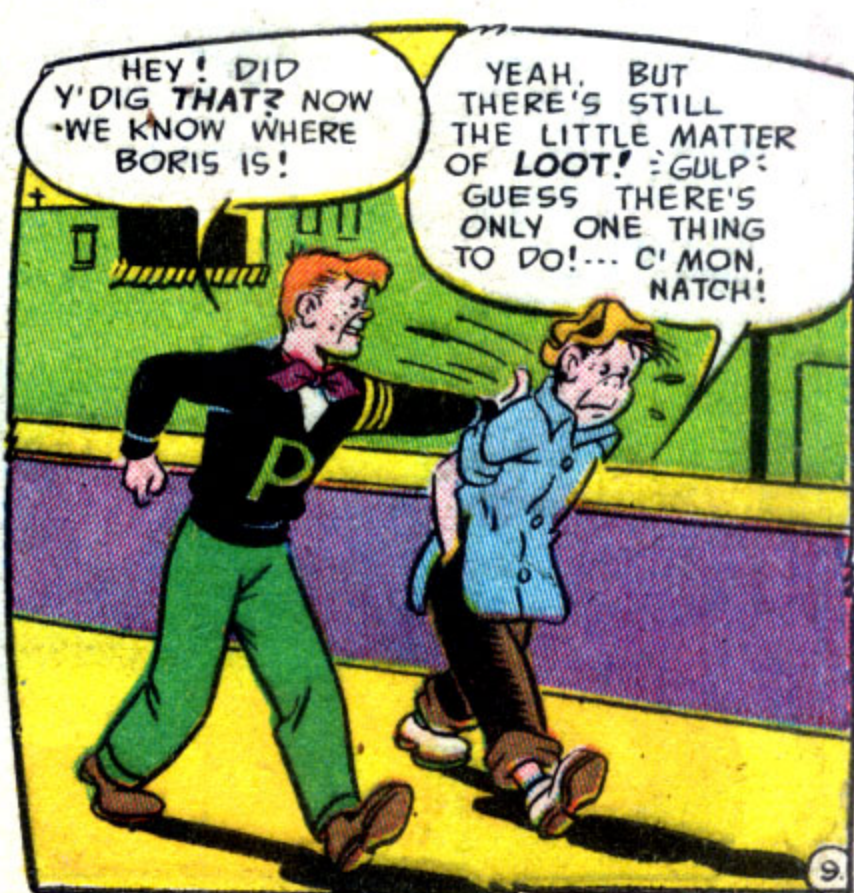
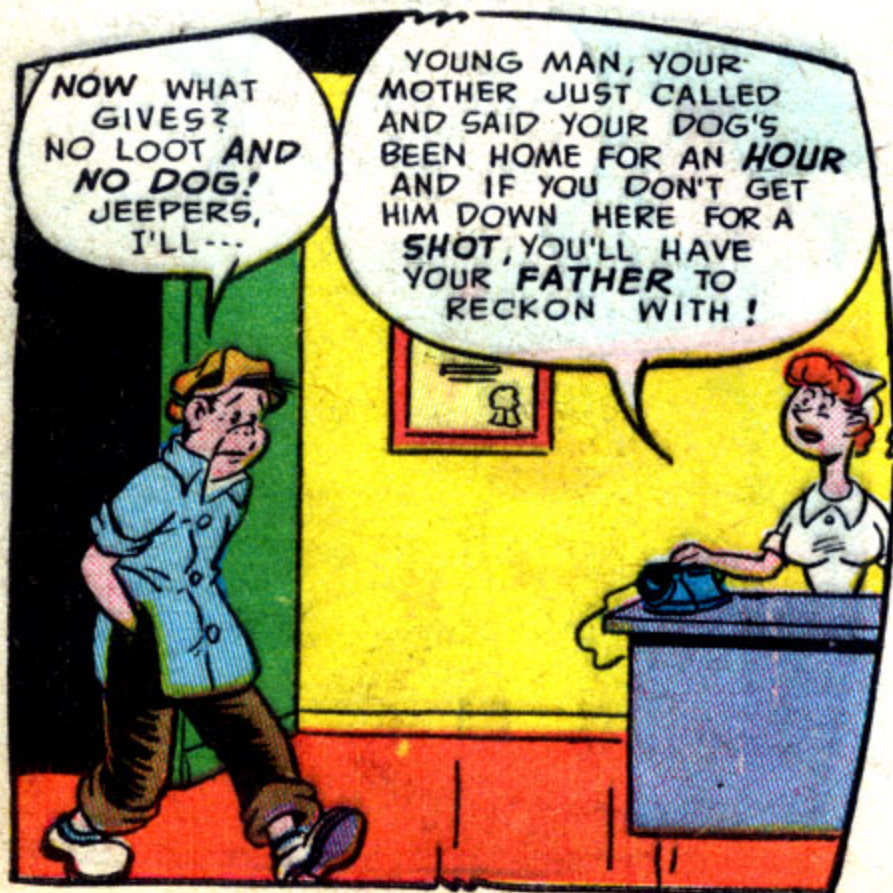
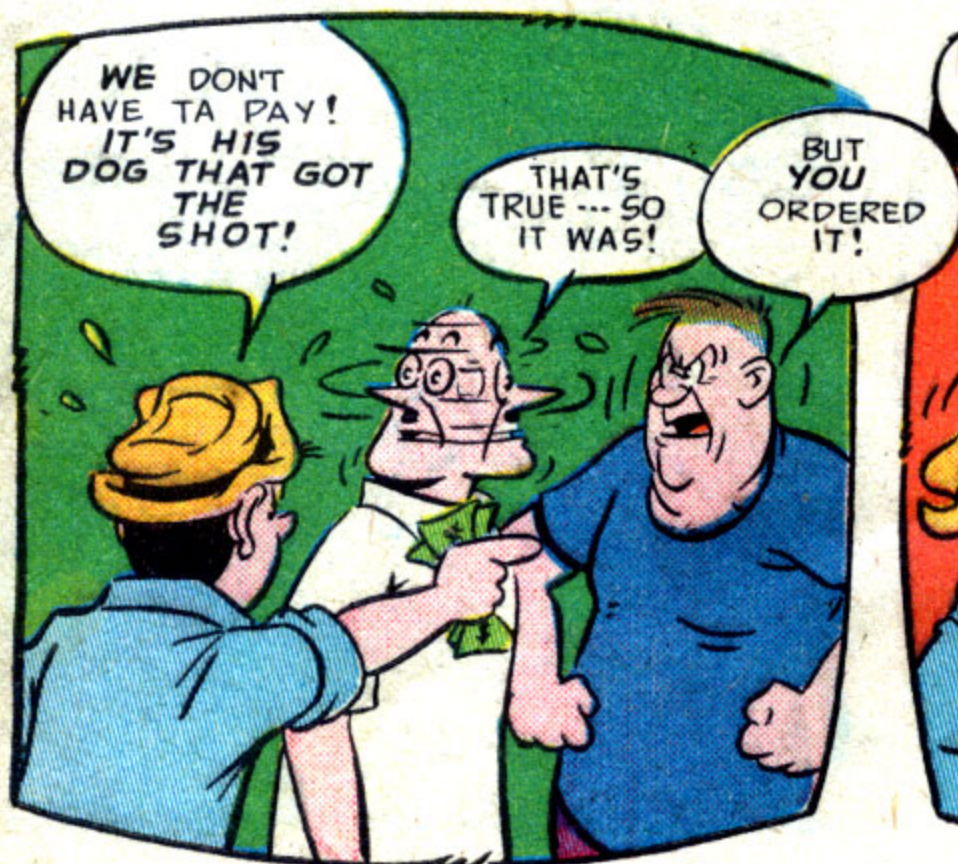
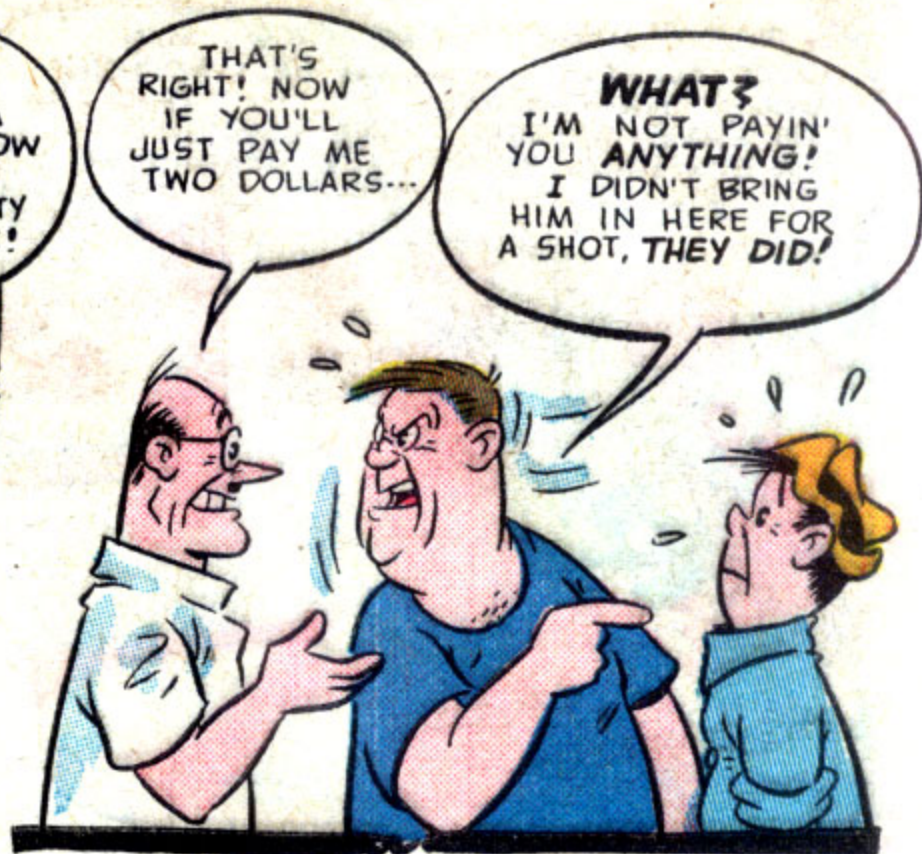


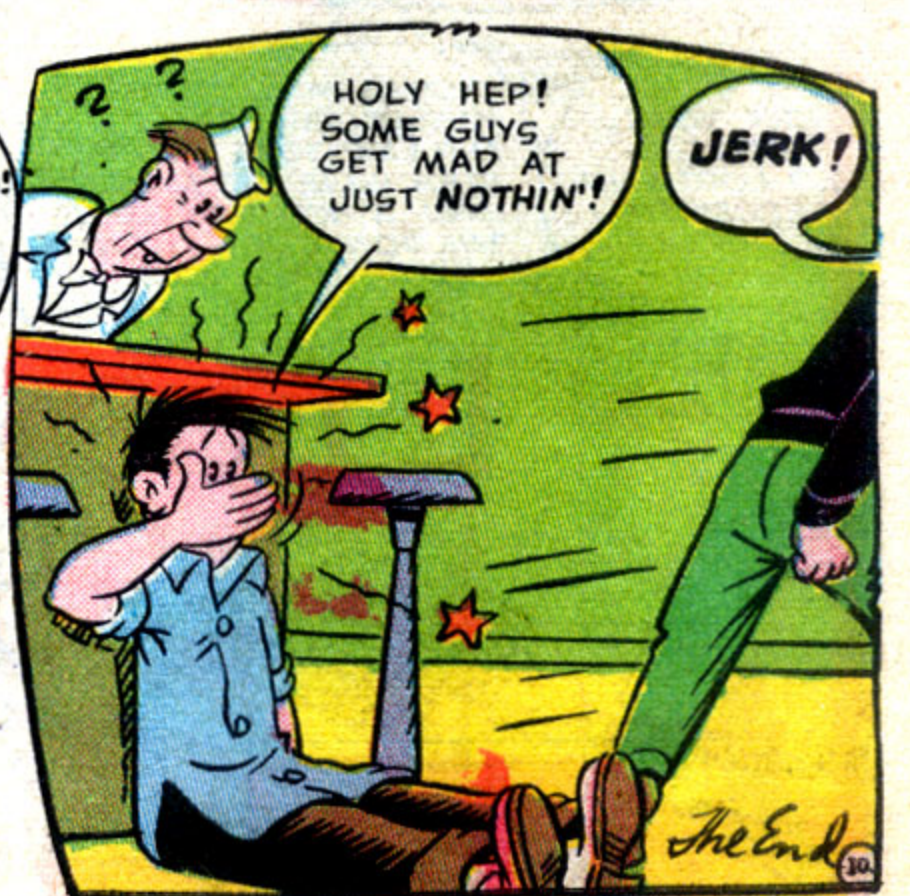
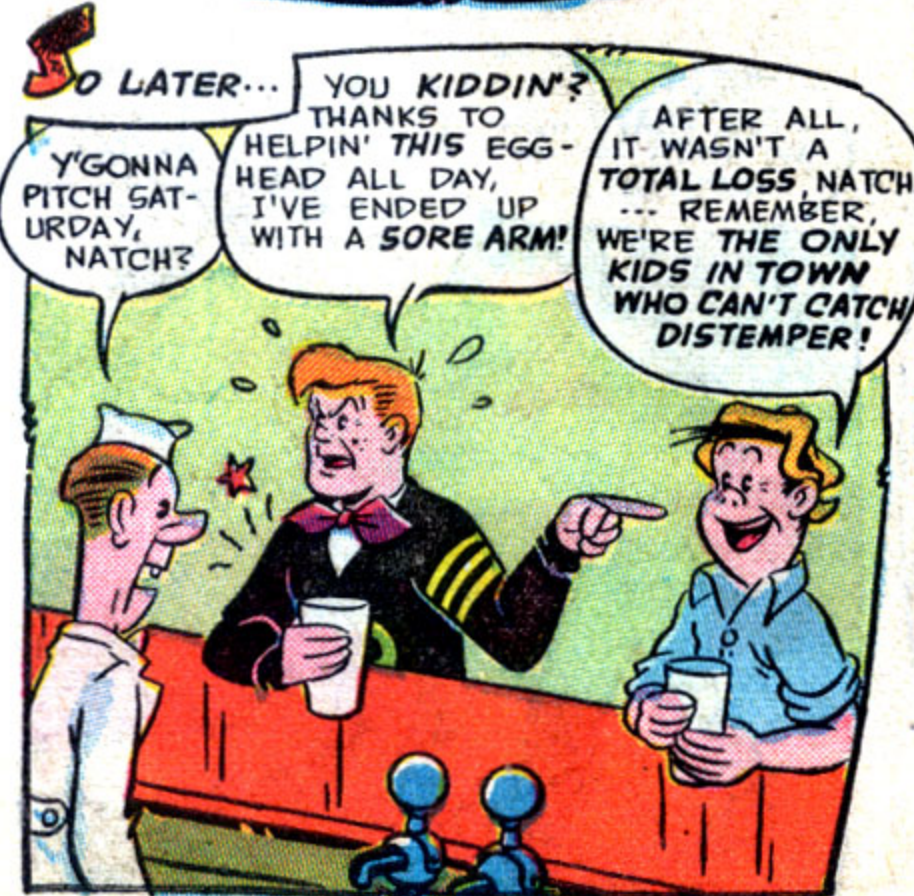
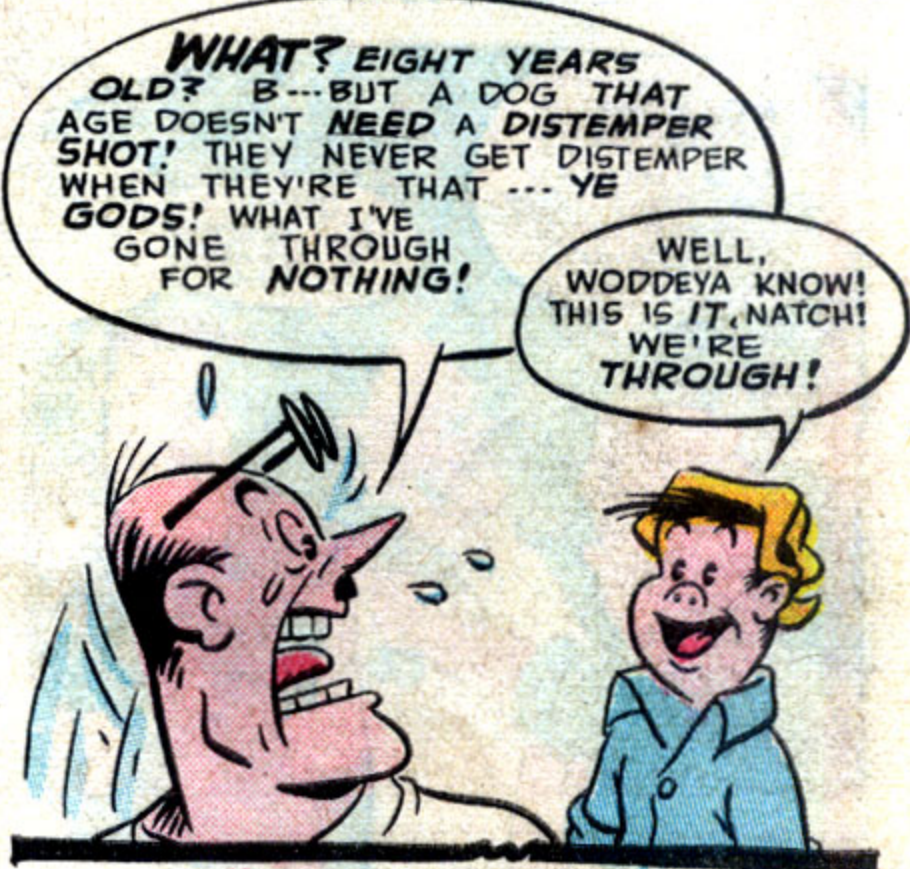
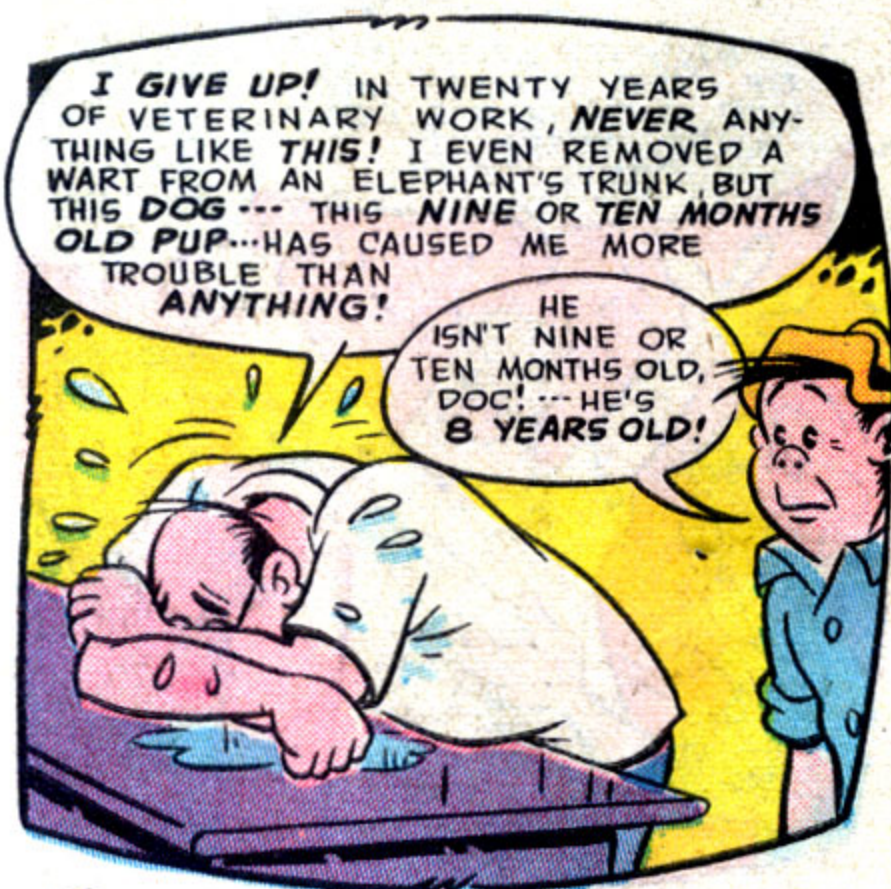
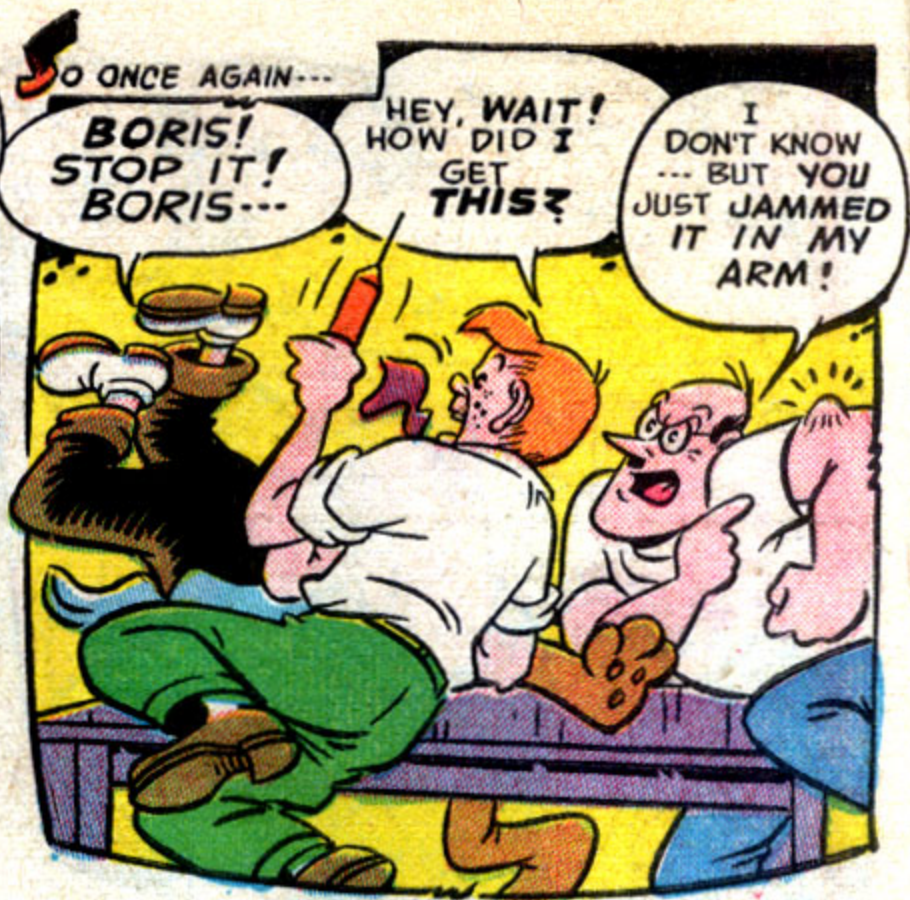
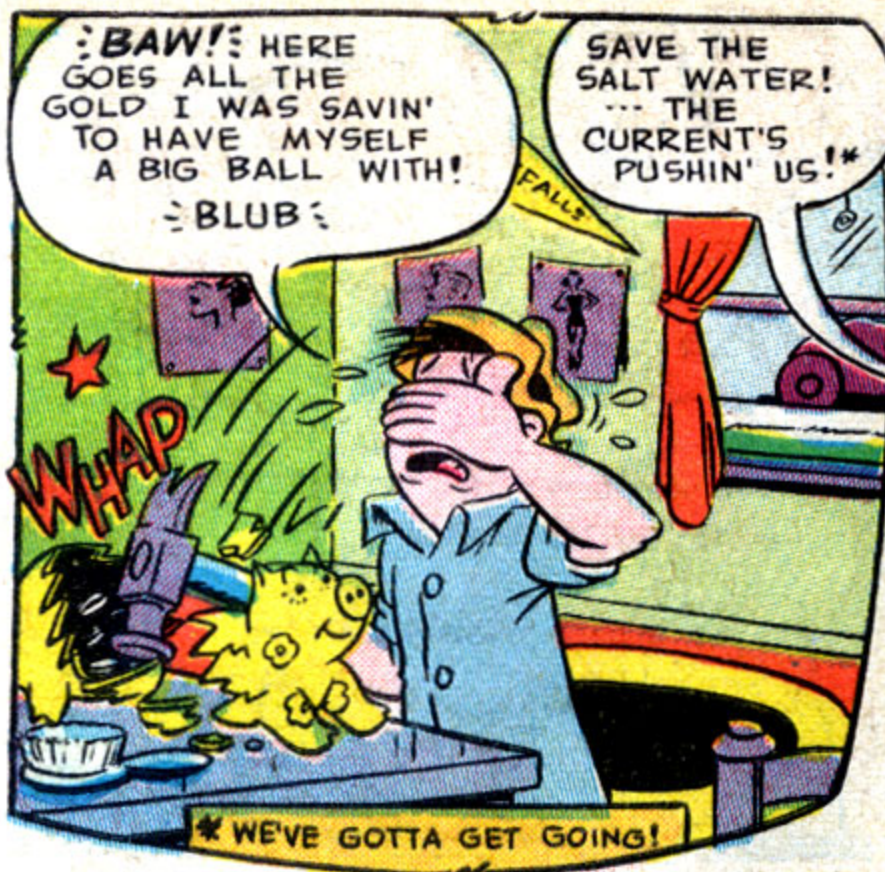
THOUGHT I DIDN'T SEE YOU STEAL MY DOG, EH? WELL, I DID!

HOLY COW! ... HE'S RIGHT! THIS HOUND COMES ON LIKE A GREAT DANE, BUT IT'S NOT BORIS!

OH, NO!



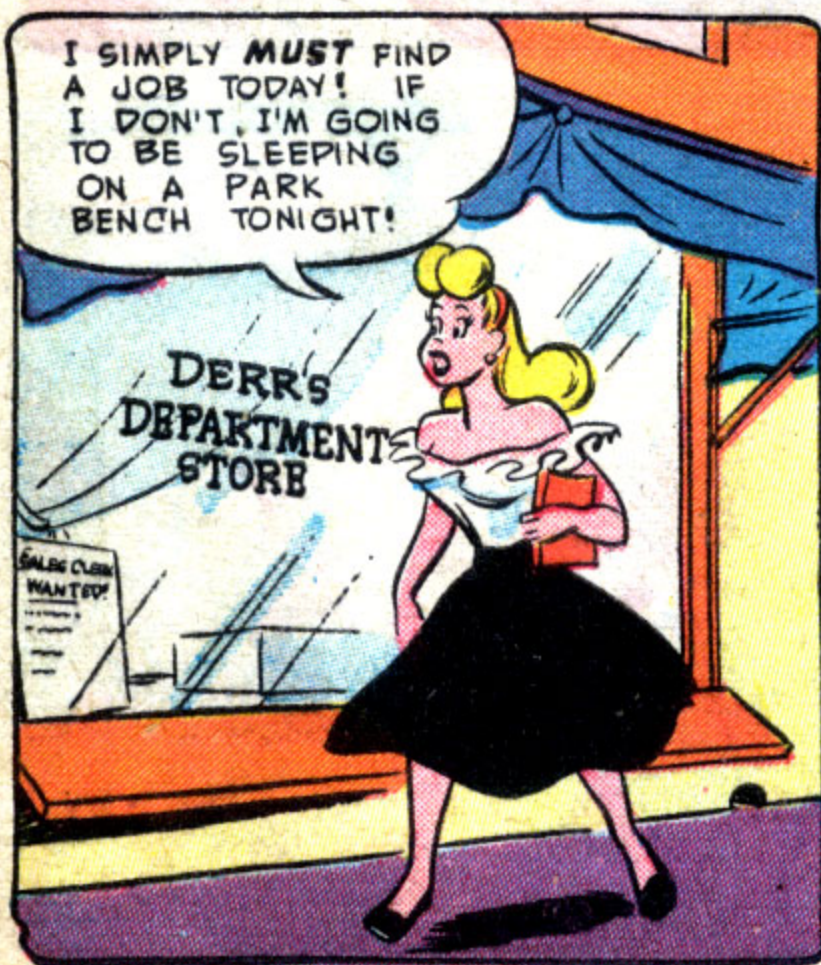
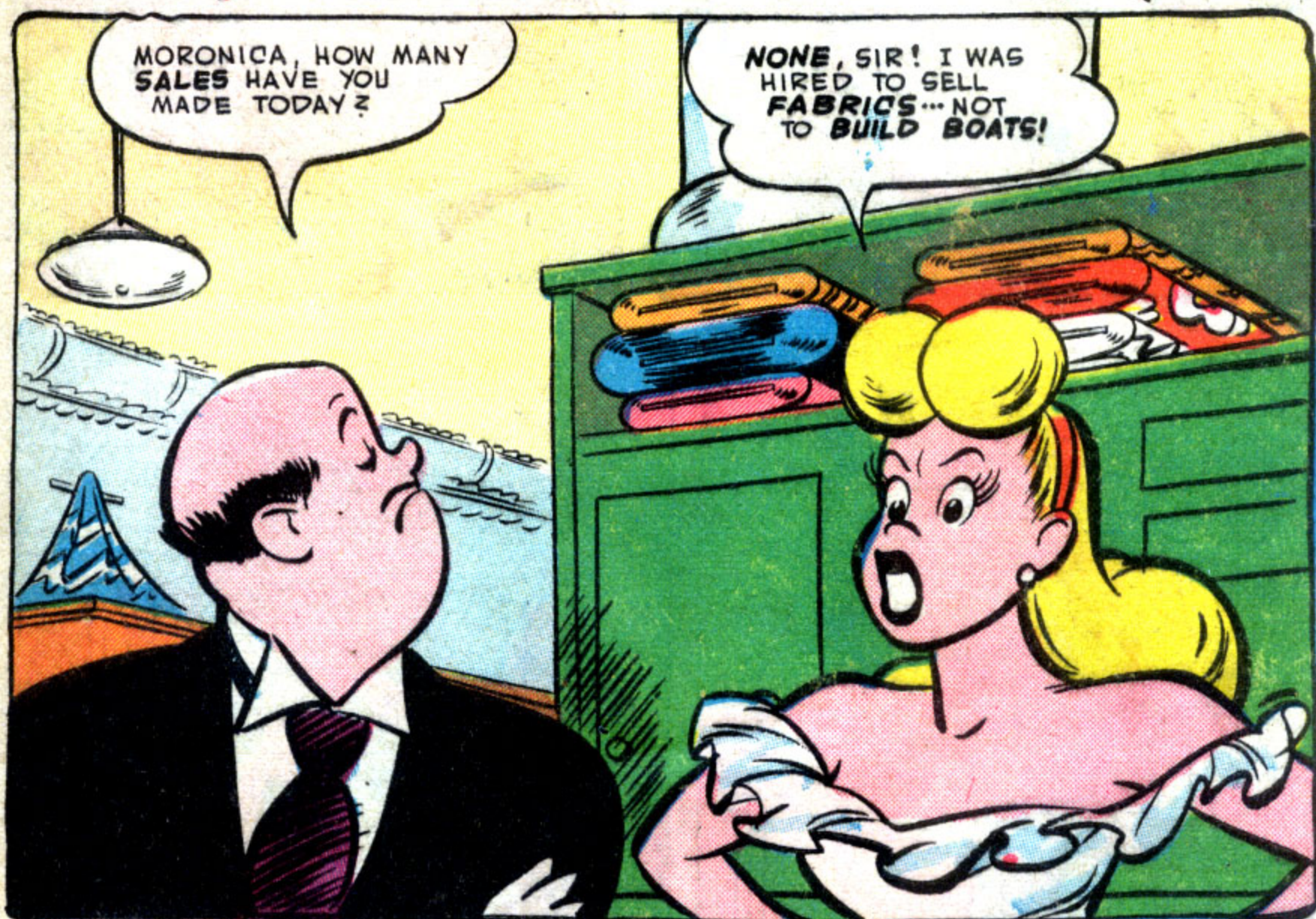


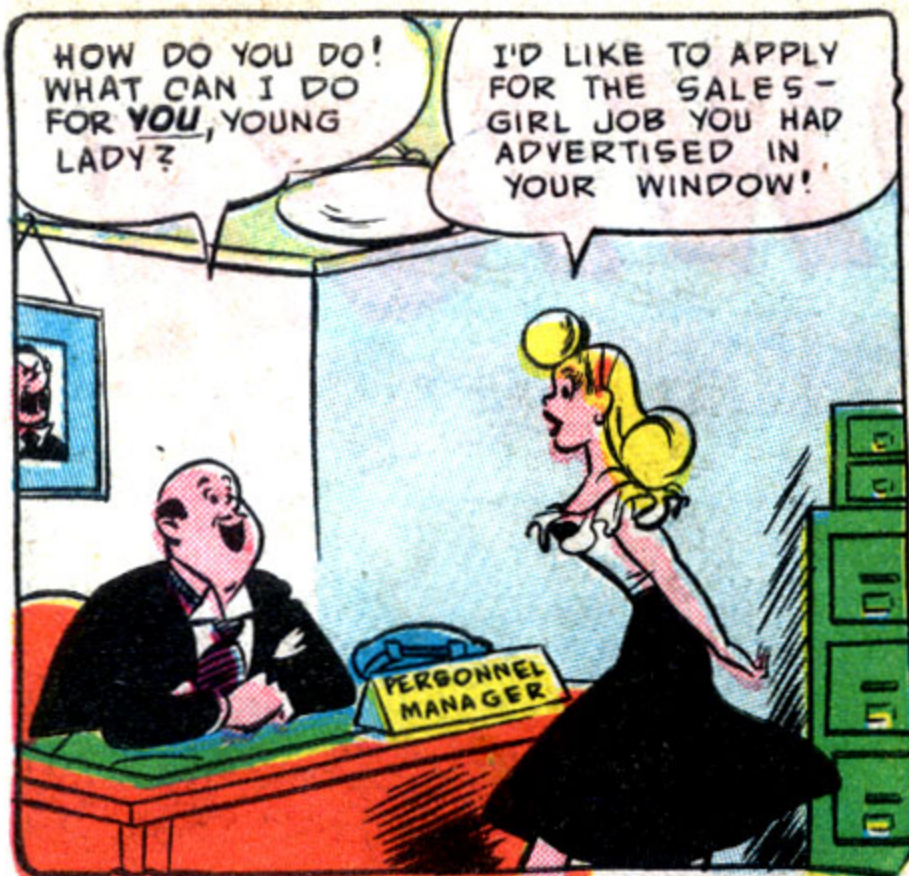


The End 10

MORONICA

MISS NITWIT of 1951





HOW DO YOU DO!
WHAT CAN I DO
FOR **YOU**, YOUNG
LADY?

I'D LIKE TO APPLY
FOR THE SALES-
GIRL JOB YOU HAD
ADVERTISED IN
YOUR WINDOW!



AH, YES! FIRST
WE MUST DETER-
MINE IF YOU
QUALIFY! WHAT
IS YOUR NAME---
AND ARE YOU
INTELLIGENT?

MY NAME'S
MORONICA, AND
I'M **VERY** INTELL-
IGENT! YOU CAN
TAKE MY **WORD**
FOR IT!



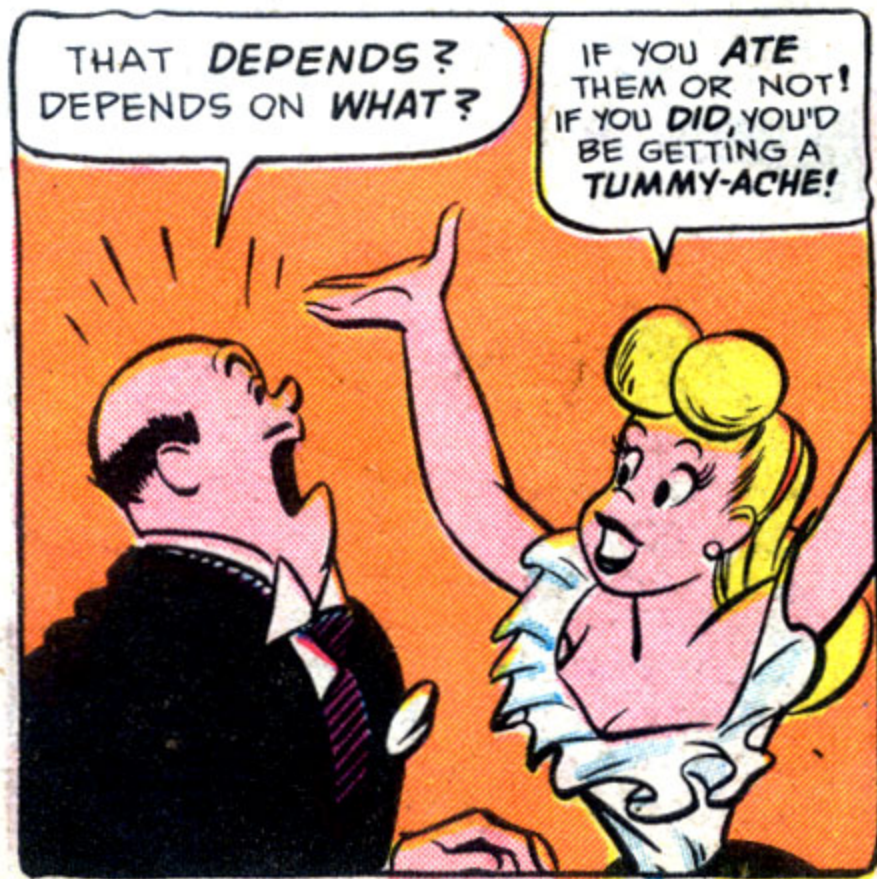
WITH A NAME LIKE
THAT, I'D RATHER **NOT!**
I'LL GIVE YOU A SIMPLE
TEST TO **DETERMINE**
YOUR INTELLIGENCE! HM M...
IF THE ACME APPLE COMPANY
HAD 6,000 SURPLUS APPLES---

YES...
6,000
APPLES!



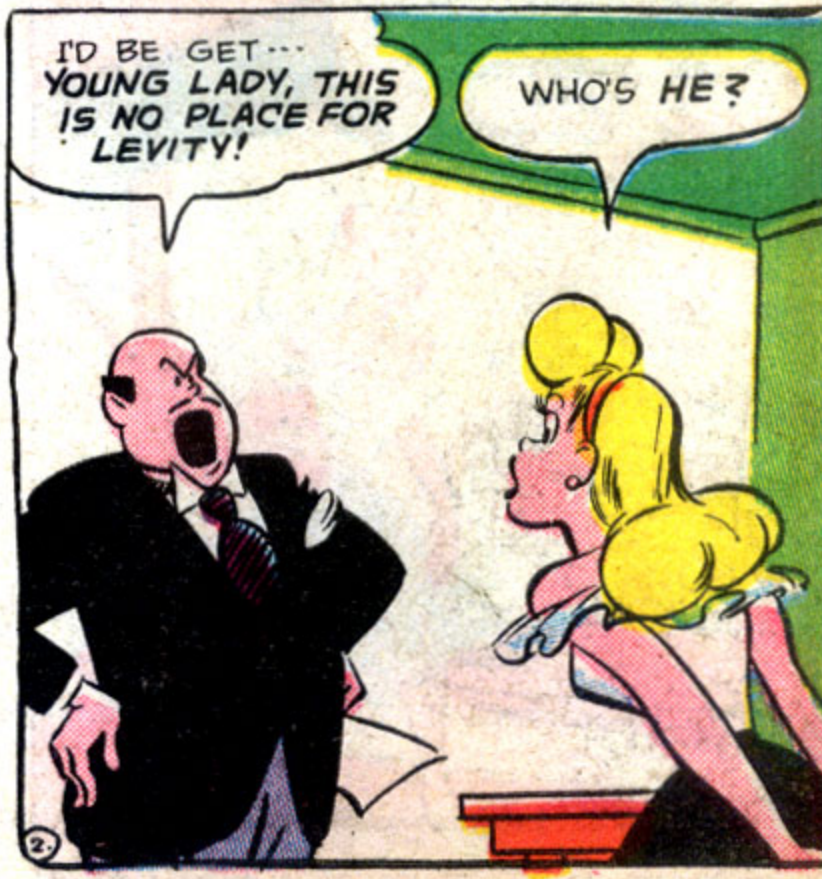
... AND GAVE YOU SIX
OF THEM AND THE REST
TO **ME**, WHAT WOULD I
BE GETTING?

THAT
DEPENDS!



THAT **DEPENDS?**
DEPENDS ON **WHAT?**

IF YOU **ATE**
THEM OR **NOT!**
IF YOU **DID**, YOU'D
BE GETTING A
TUMMY-ACHE!



I'D BE GET...
YOUNG LADY, THIS
IS NO PLACE FOR
LEVITY!

WHO'S **HE?**



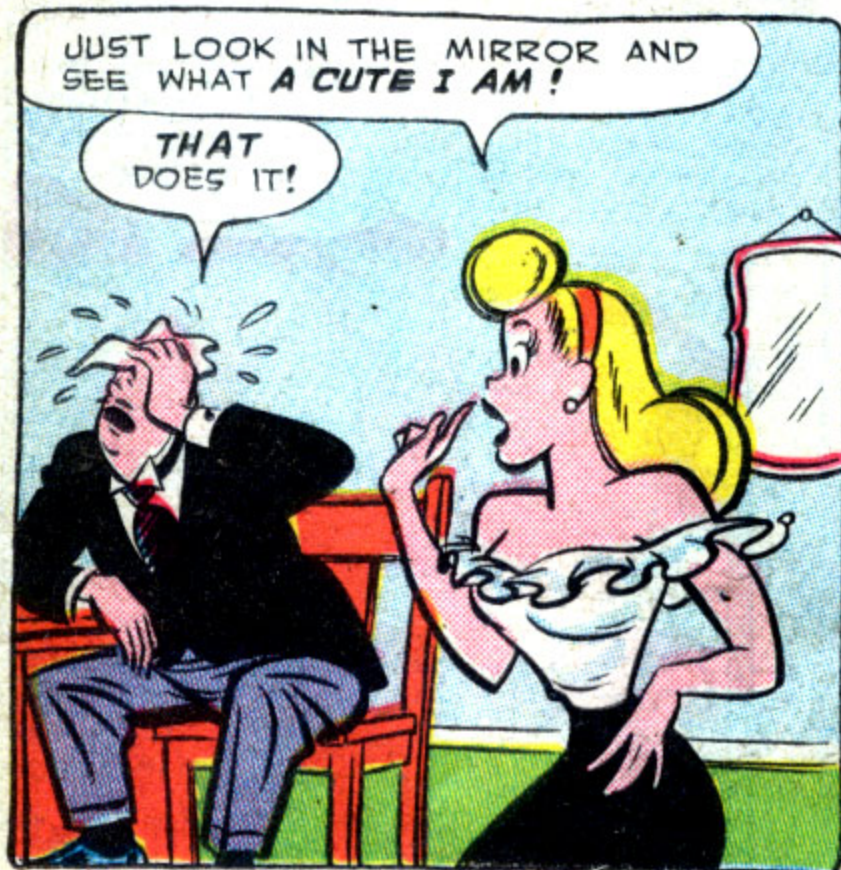
WHO'S **WHO**?

LEVITY! THE PERSON
YOU SAID THIS WAS
NO PLACE FOR!



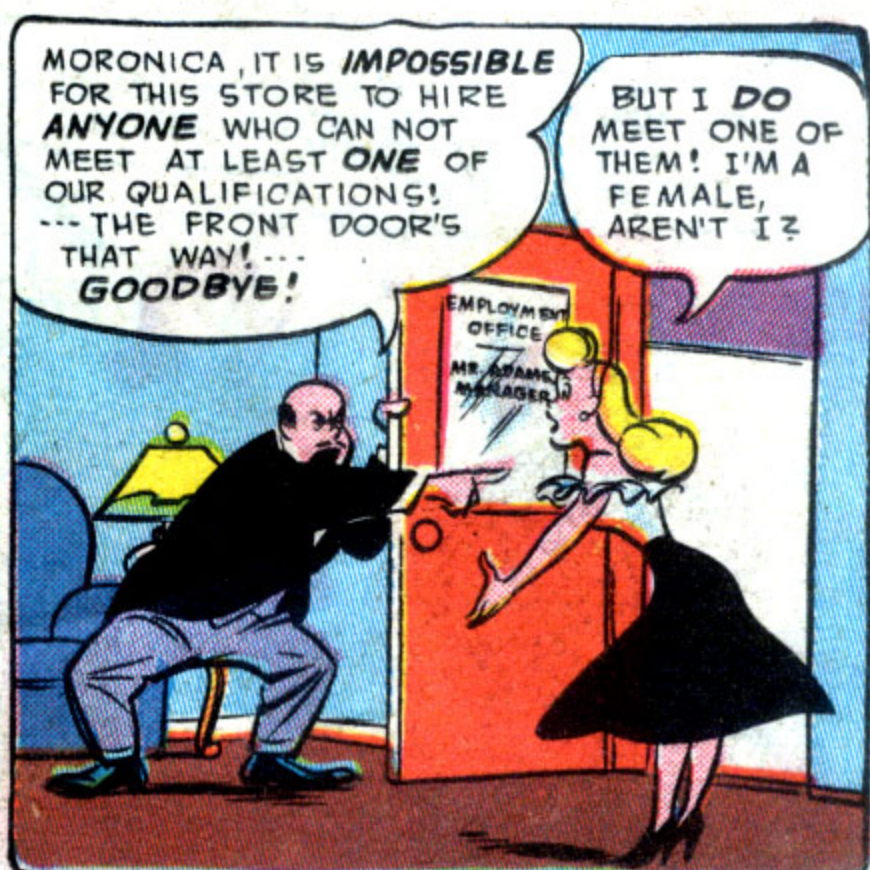
LEVITY ISN'T A **HE**...
HE'S A **WORD**...I MEAN--
WORD IS A --- **OH,**
SKIP IT! --- WE'LL
GO ON WITH THE
NEXT QUALIFICATION--
ARE YOU **ACUTE**?

WELL, **CERTAINLY!**
I WOULDN'T HAVE
APPLIED FOR THE
JOB IF I WEREN'T!



JUST LOOK IN THE MIRROR AND
SEE WHAT A **CUTE** I AM!

THAT
DOES IT!



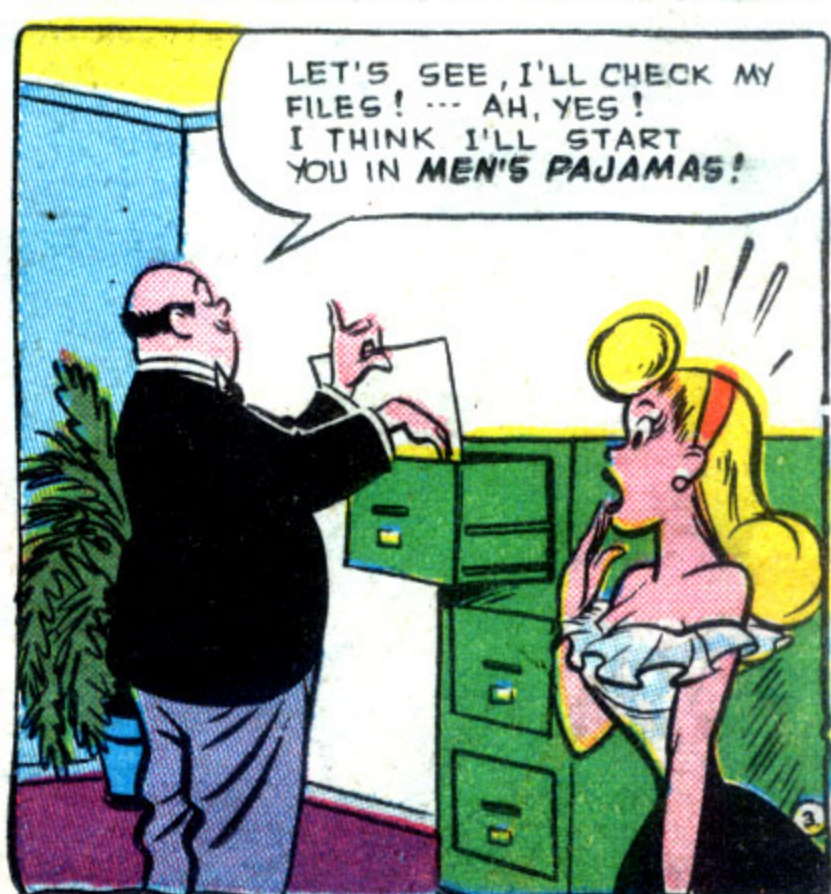
MORONICA, IT IS **IMPOSSIBLE**
FOR THIS STORE TO HIRE
ANYONE WHO CAN NOT
MEET AT LEAST **ONE** OF
OUR QUALIFICATIONS!
---THE FRONT DOOR'S
THAT WAY! ---
GOODBYE!

BUT I **DO**
MEET ONE OF
THEM! I'M A
FEMALE,
AREN'T I?

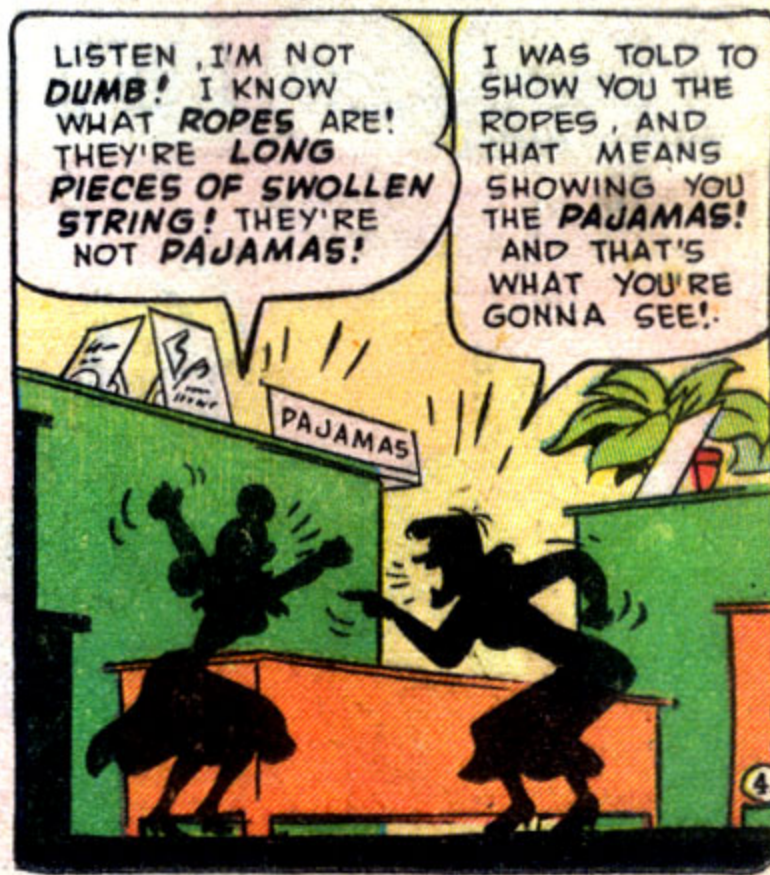
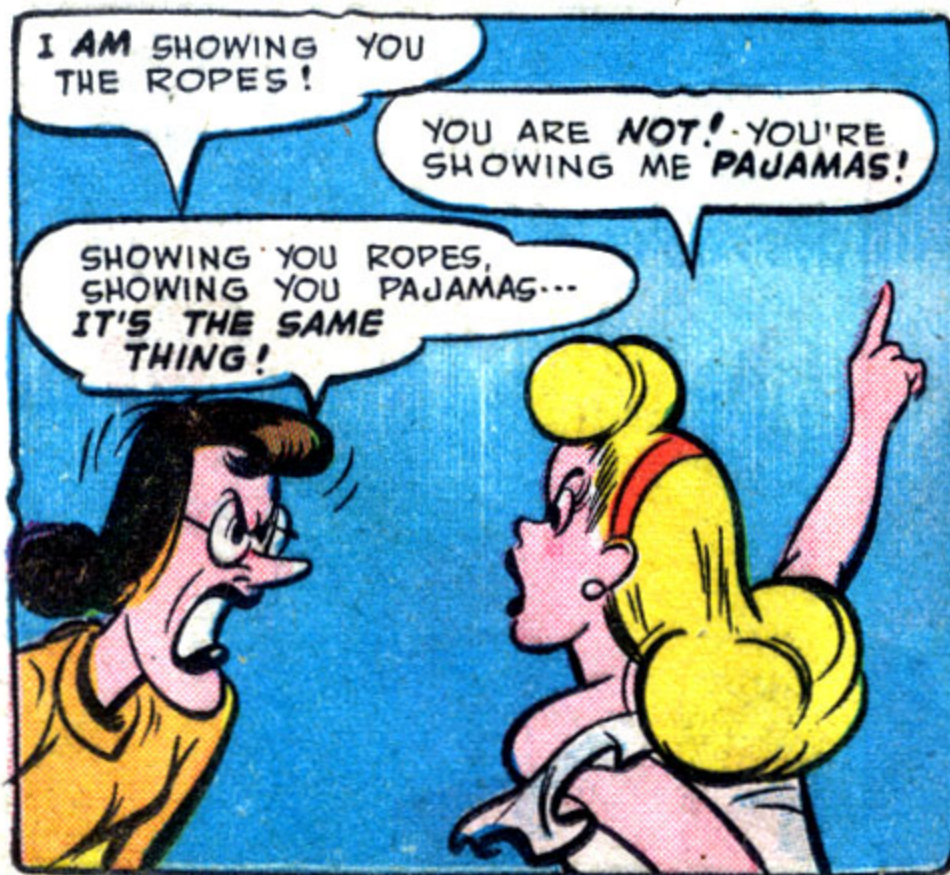
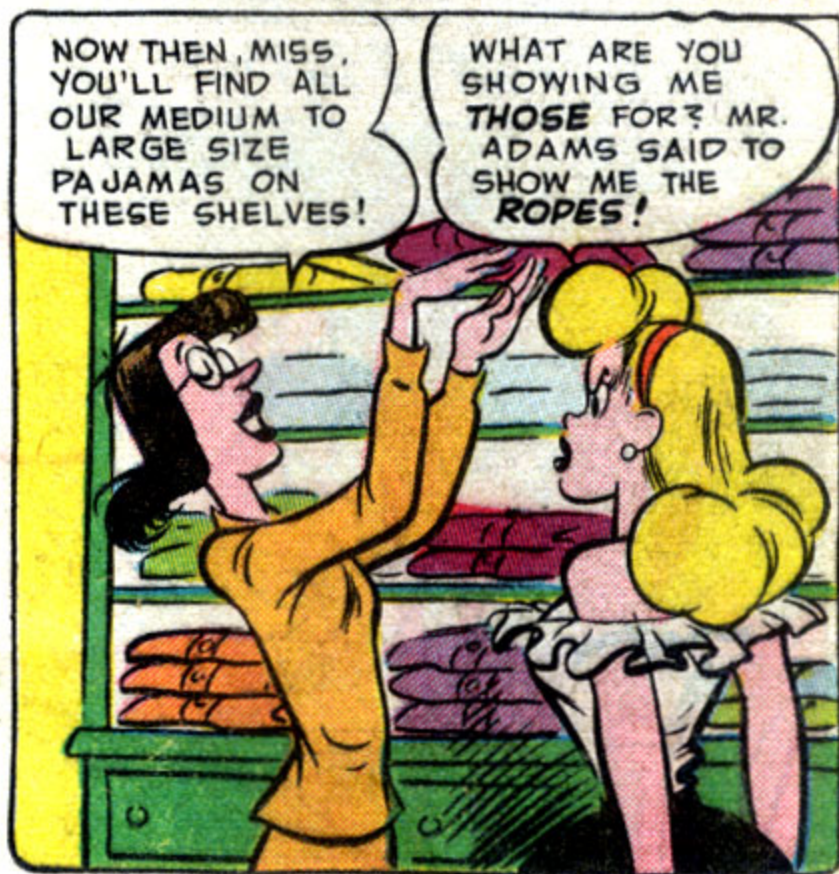
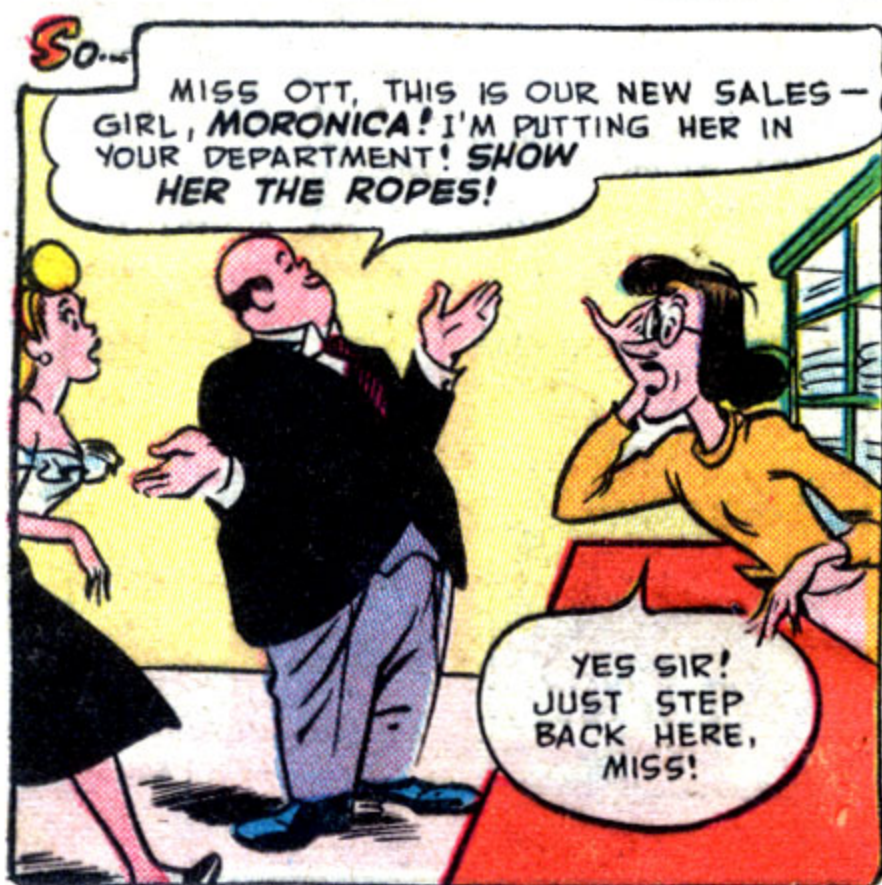
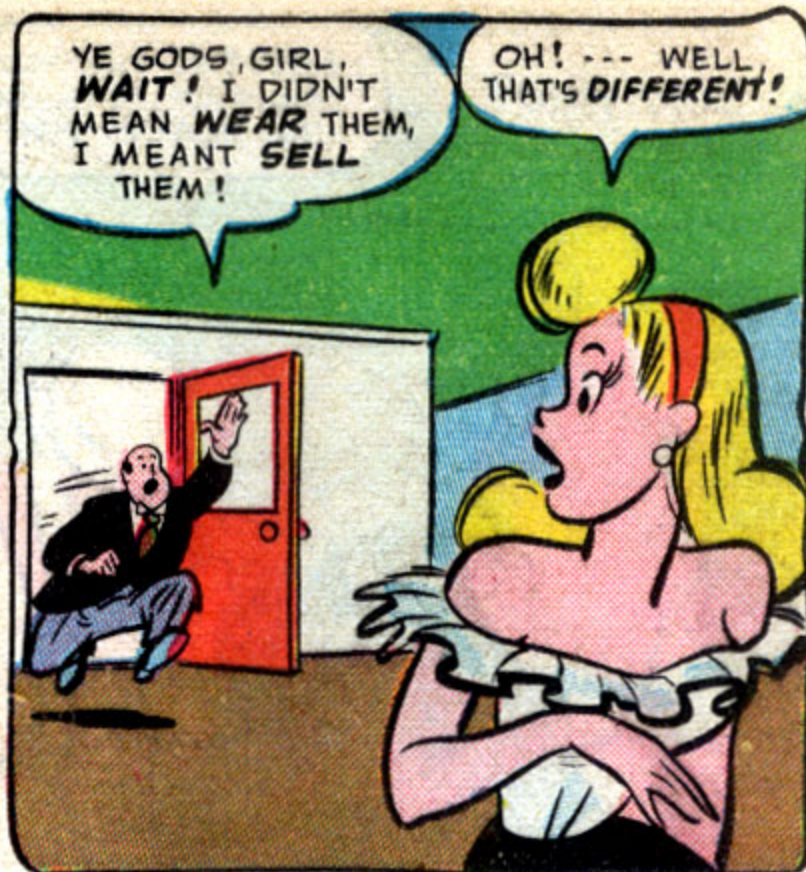
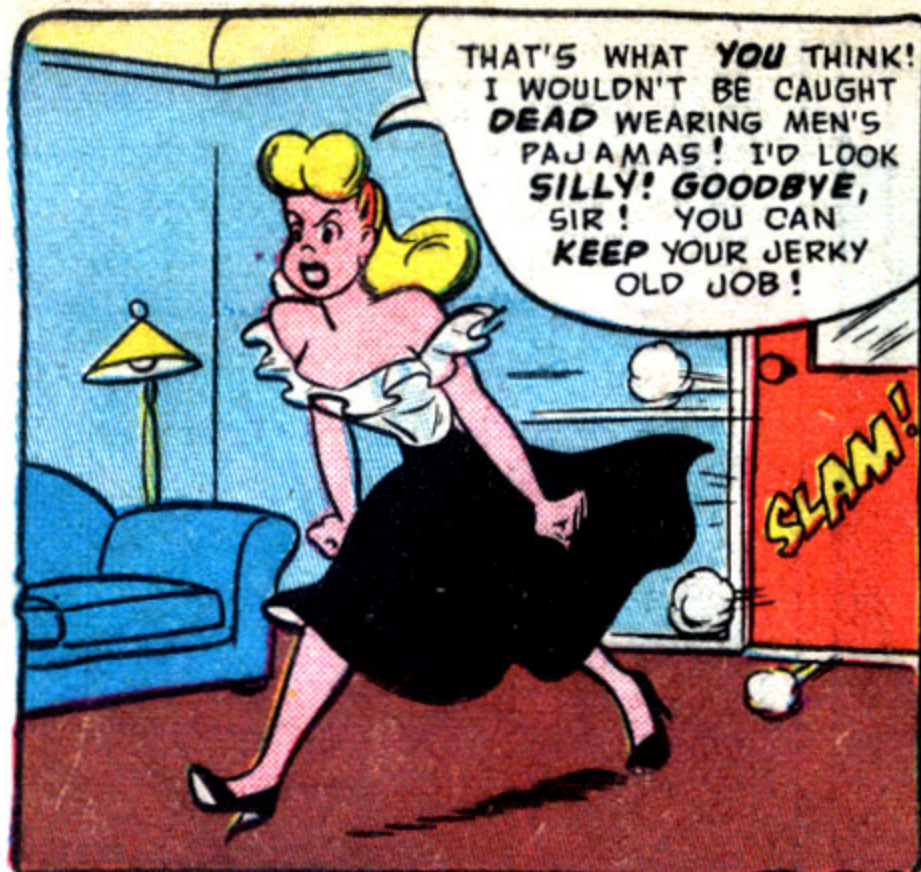


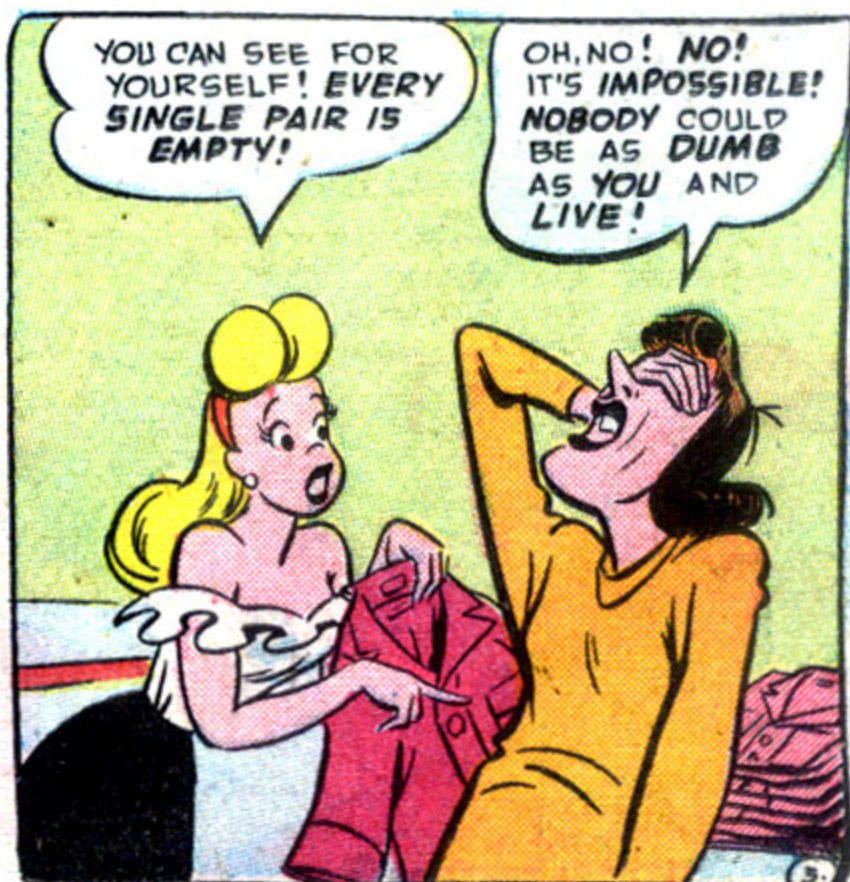
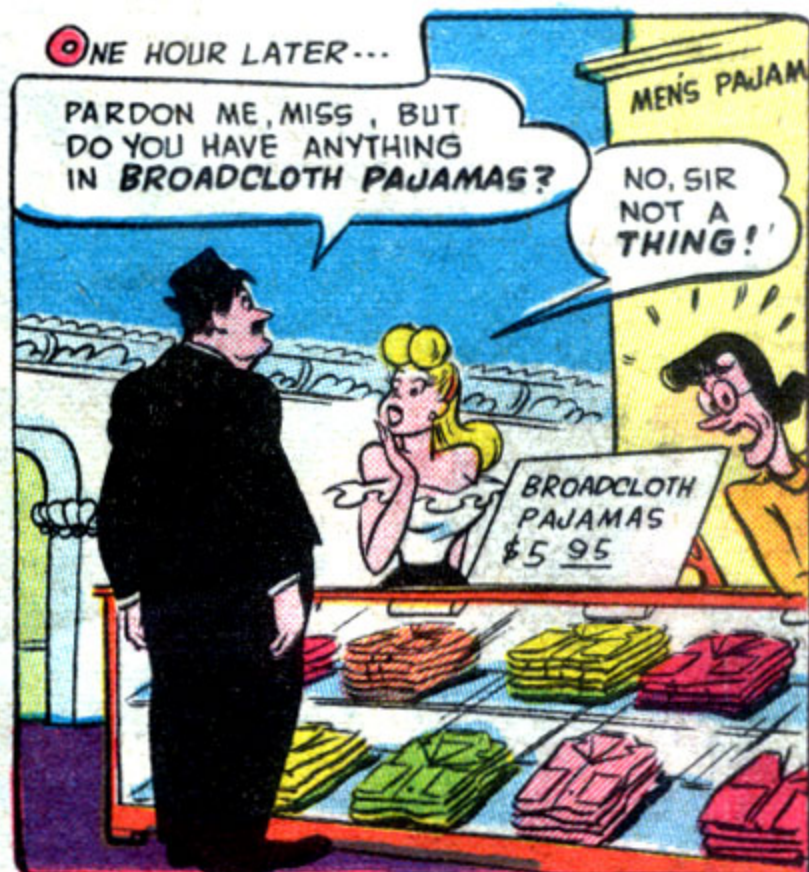
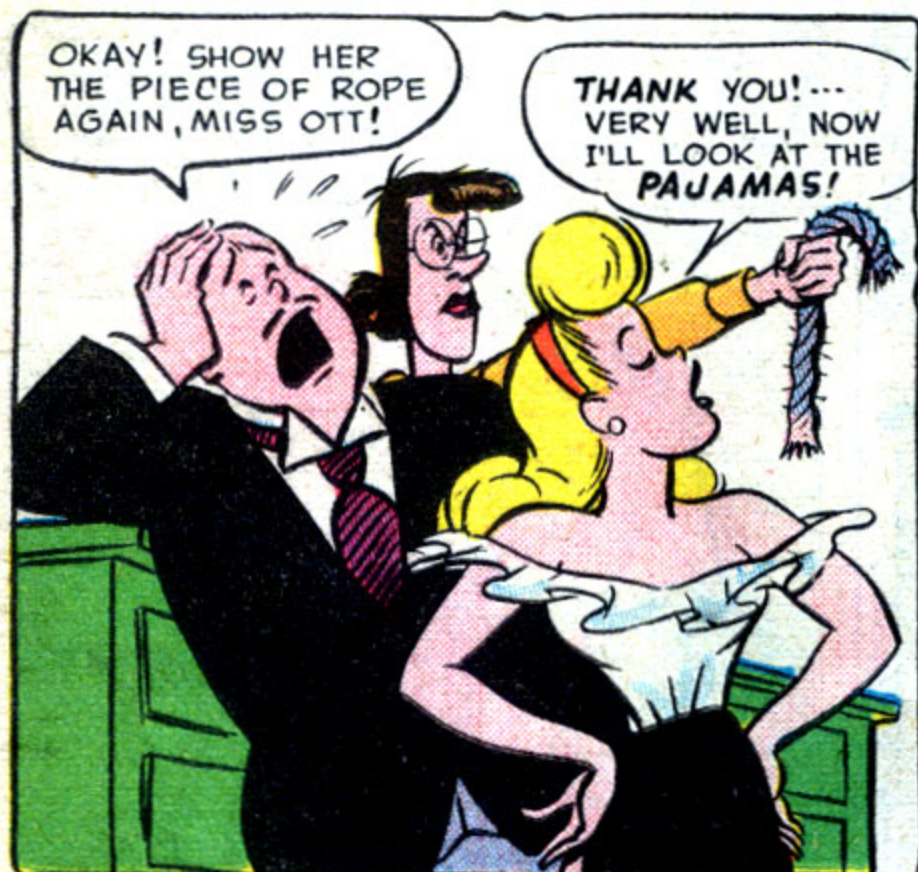
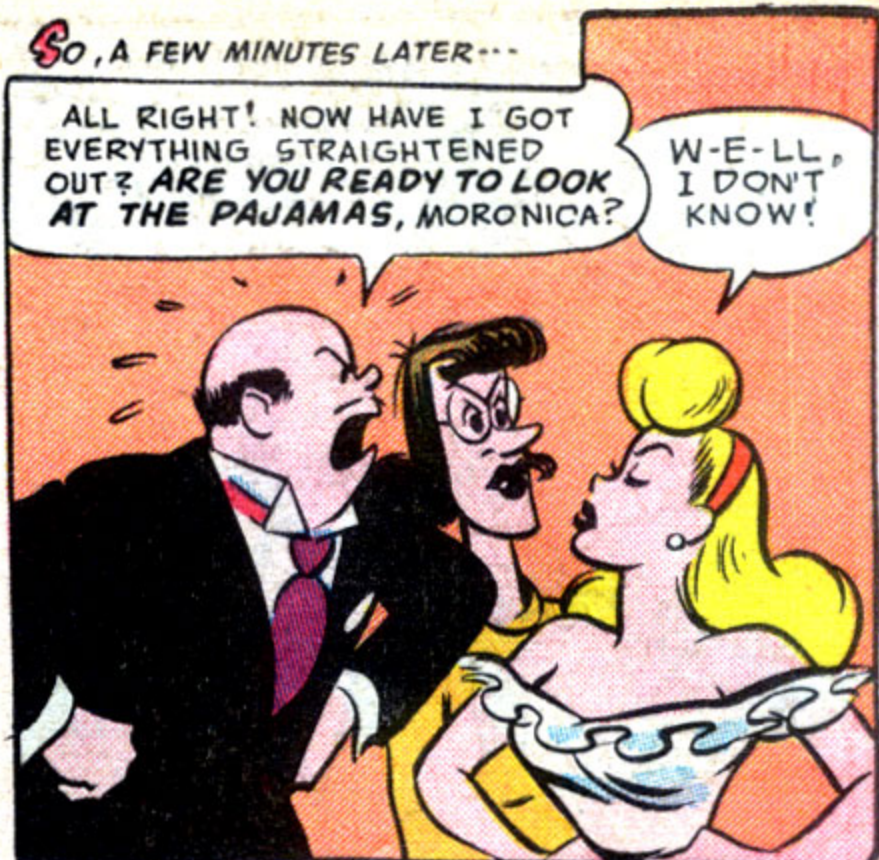
HM! YES, YOU **ARE!**
VERY **PRETTY**, IN FACT!
ALL RIGHT, MORONICA,
YOU'RE **HIRED!**

OH, **WONDERFUL!**
WHAT DO I DO,
MR. ADAMS?



LET'S SEE, I'LL CHECK MY
FILES! --- AH, YES!
I THINK I'LL START
YOU IN **MEN'S PAJAMAS!**

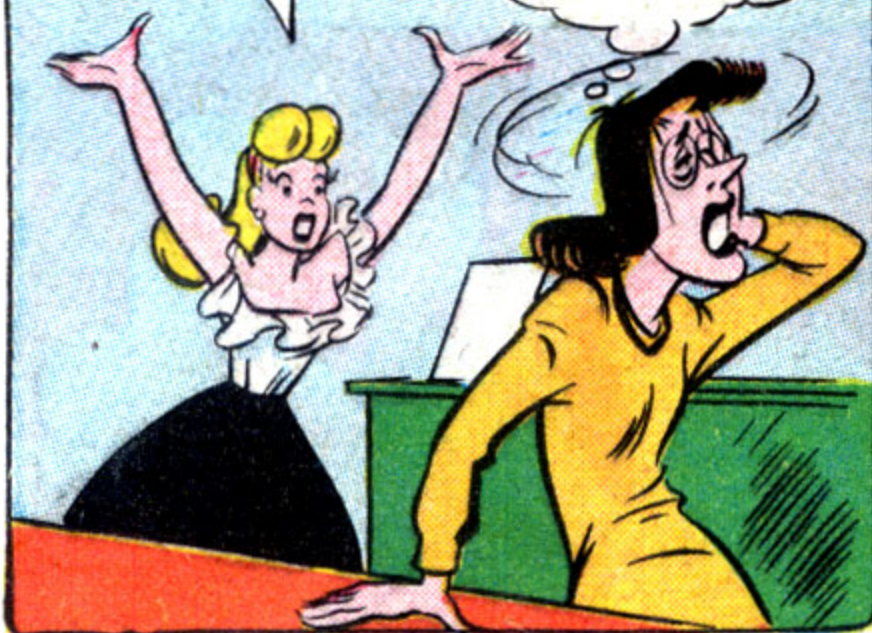




WHY, IT IS **NOT** IM-
POSSIBLE! ... **I'M**
AS DUMB AS
ME, AND **I'M**
LIVING, AREN'T I?

HOW SHOULD I KNOW?
I'M NO DOCTOR!

GOTTA GET SOME
ASPIRIN...
ASPIRIN!



ONE HOUR AND TWO BOXES OF ASPIRIN LATER...

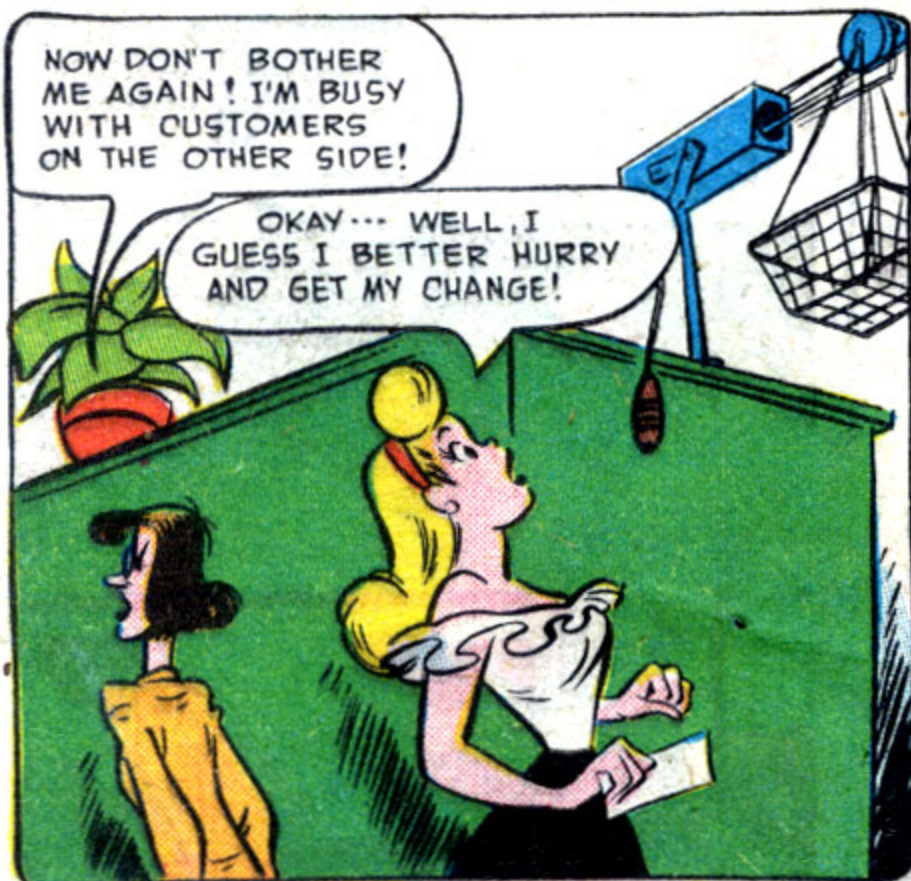
MISS OTT, I DID IT!
I MADE A **SALE!**
WHERE DO I GET
THE CHANGE FOR
THIS TWENTY
DOLLAR BILL?

FROM THE CASHIER!
SHE'S RIGHT UP THERE
ON THE BALCONY! YOU
USE THE BASKET, IT
SHOOTS RIGHT UP TO
HER! JUST OPERATE
IT BY PULLING THAT
STRING!

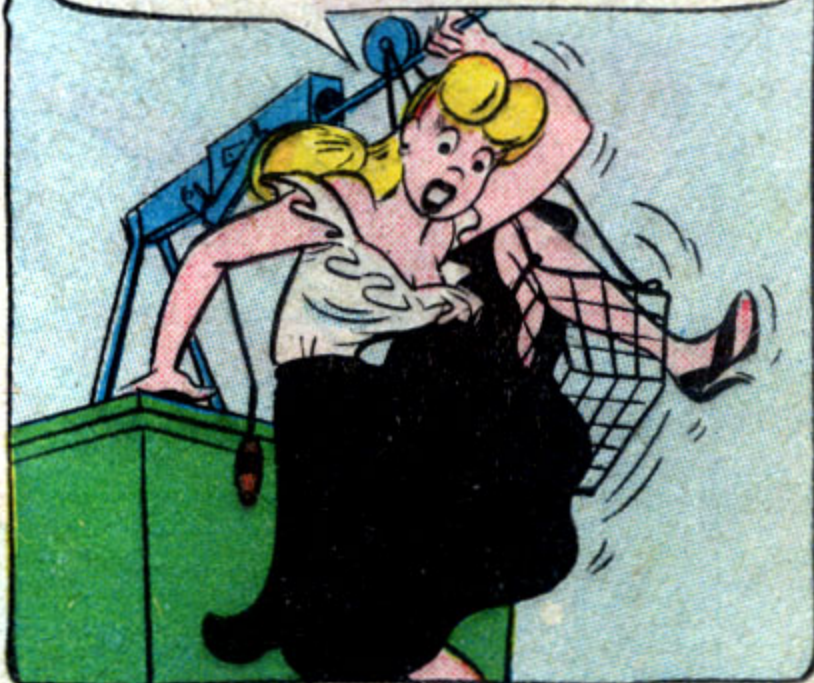


NOW DON'T BOTHER
ME AGAIN! I'M BUSY
WITH CUSTOMERS
ON THE OTHER SIDE!

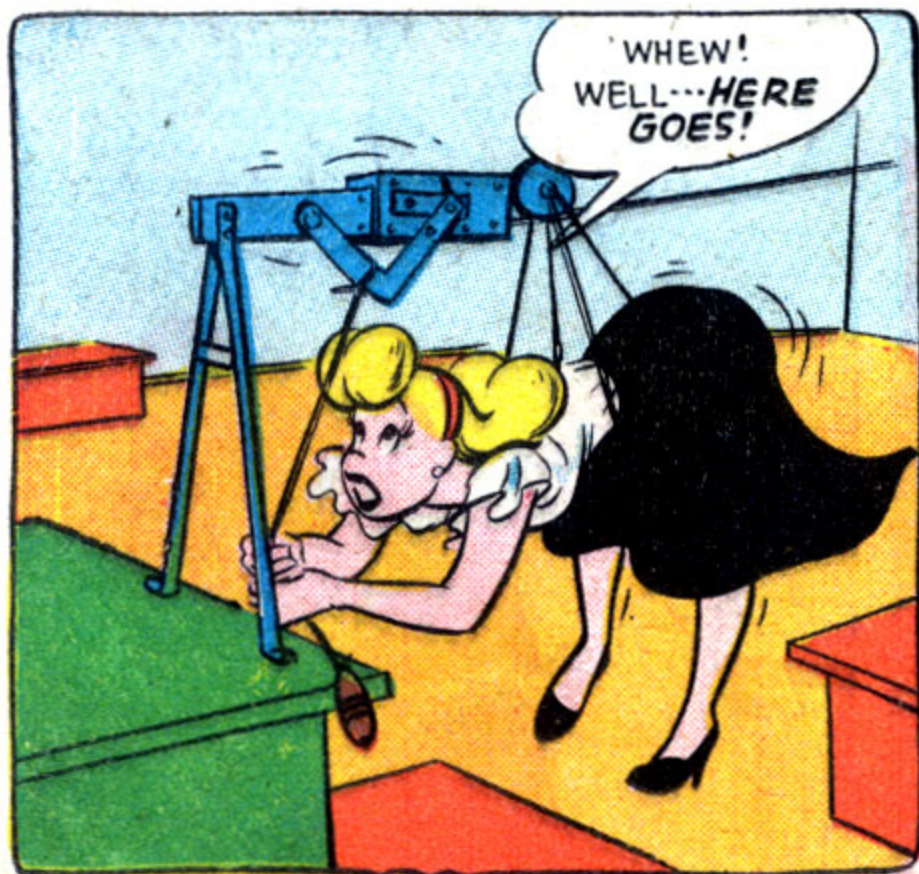
OKAY... WELL, I
GUESS I BETTER HURRY
AND GET MY CHANGE!



GOOD GRIEF! YOU'D THINK THE JERKS
WOULD MAKE THESE **BASKETS** BIGGER!
WHO DO THEY THINK WORKS HERE, A
BUNCH OF **MIDGETS?** (PUFF!)(PUFF!)



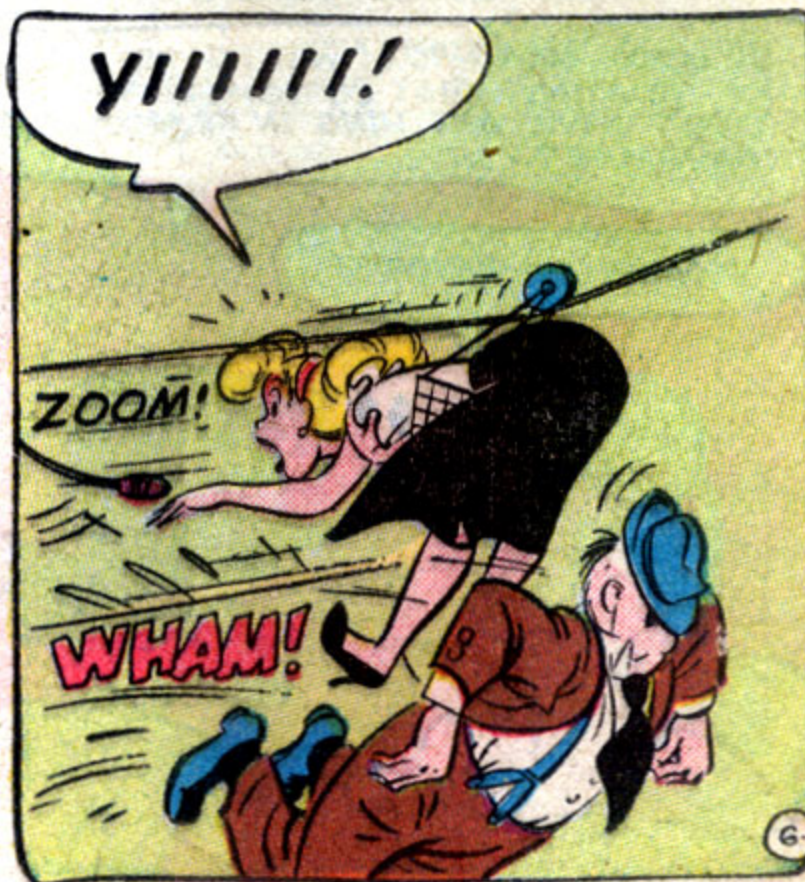
'WHEW!
WELL...**HERE**
GOES!

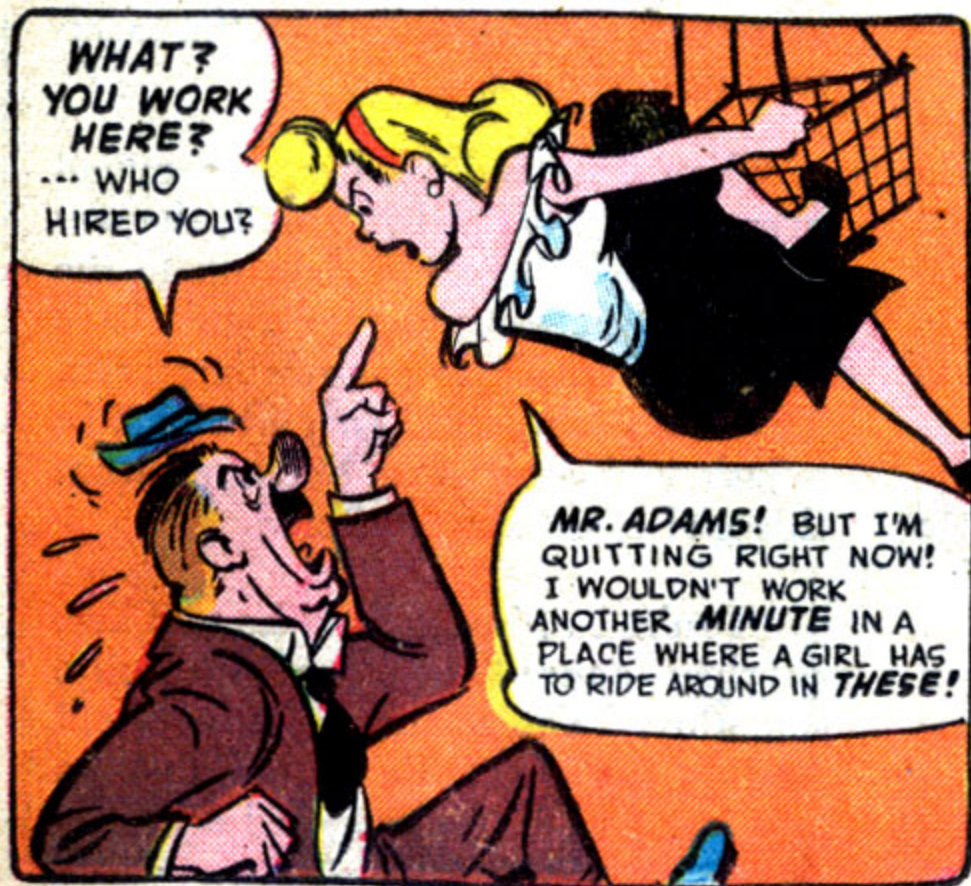
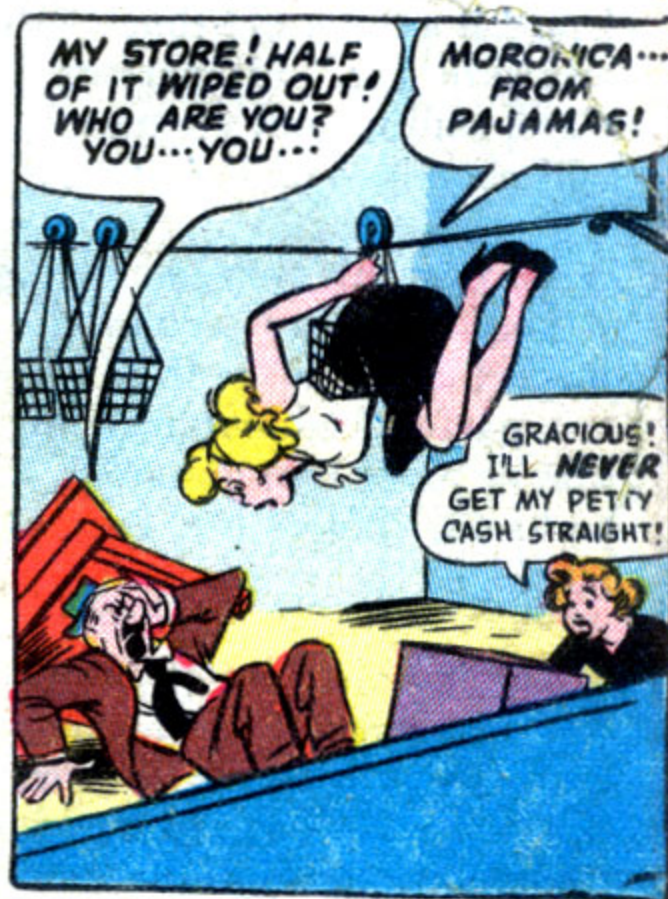
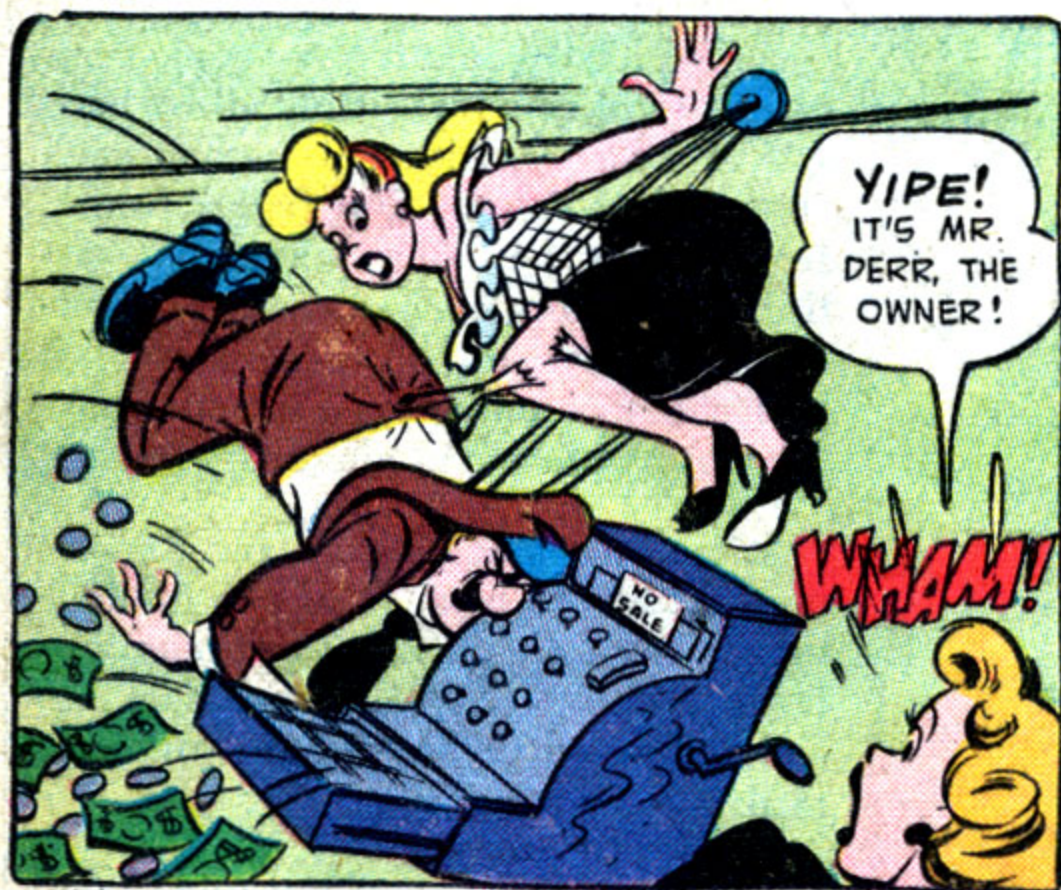
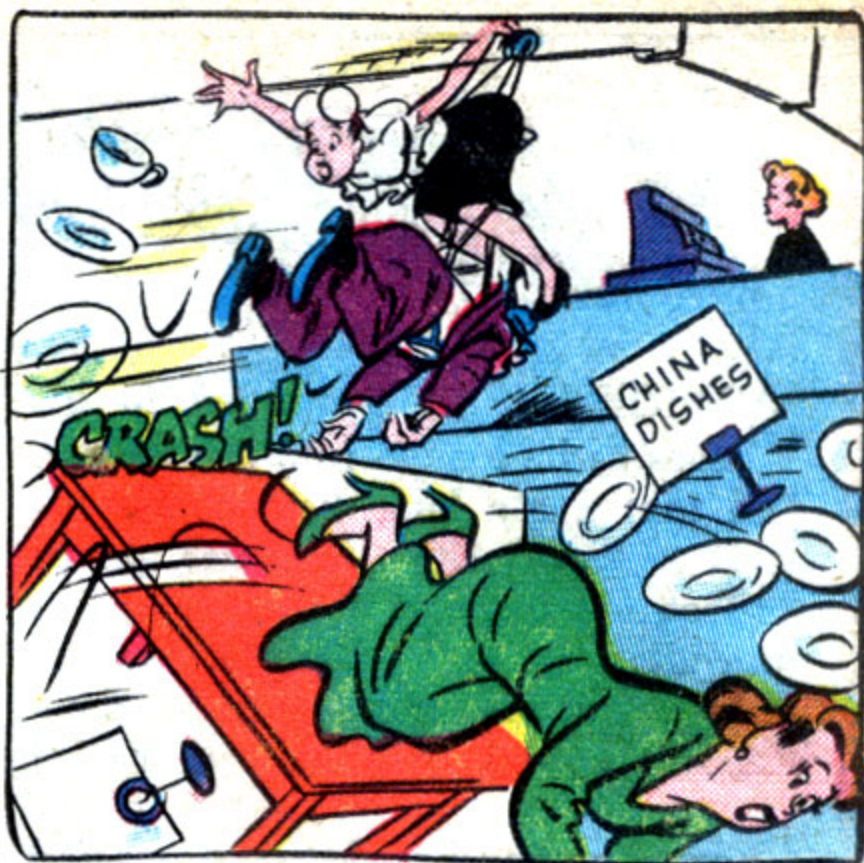


YIIIIII!

ZOOM!

WHAM!





The AWKWARD AGE

RONNIE'S heart descended to his toes as he looked into the mirror. And that was a long distance for his heart to travel, since Ron was almost six feet, two inches tall, though he was not quite seventeen years old. Now, as he looked at his reflection in his navy blue suit, he was completely miserable!

For, if he had heard it once, he had heard it a thousand times. "He's at the awkward age," his parents would declare, smiling and yet meaning it. "He will come out of it in time!"

Why, at this very moment, mom was poking her head 'round the door to inspect him and see if he was okay for the party. And not meaning to hurt him or make him unhappy, she smiled and said, "It's no use, Ron, you're just too big!"

To Ron, the idea of going to a party was just about as welcome as getting a case of measles. He was sure to bump into things, to be the butt of jokes and comments, to find that any girl he might ask to dance would measure his height first and then reply, "No, thanks, I'm resting." But he couldn't get out of going, for then there would have to be so many explanations at home. It sure was hard to make people understand that a guy couldn't help being too tall, any more than he could help being snub-nosed!

As Ron walked down the block to the house where the party was being given, he cringed inwardly. Well, he would just put in an appearance, sit around a while and then leave. That would be the easiest way, with no questions asked.

Shyly, Ron entered the living room, feeling like a giant who had just invaded a city of dwarves. All around him, couples were dancing, laughing, joking, munching on wieners and having a fine time.

"I don't fit in," Ron thought, settling himself into an easy chair. "I'm too awkward."

As he looked about the room, Ron caught sight of a girl sitting all by herself in a corner. Although he had never seen her before, Ron had a funny feeling that he knew what she was thinking. There was something about the expression on her face that told him she was unhappy, that she, too, felt out of place and alone!

It took a lot of courage for Ron to do what he did next. Rising to his full height, he walked across the room, introduced himself to the lonely-looking girl and asked shyly, "Would you care to dance with me?"

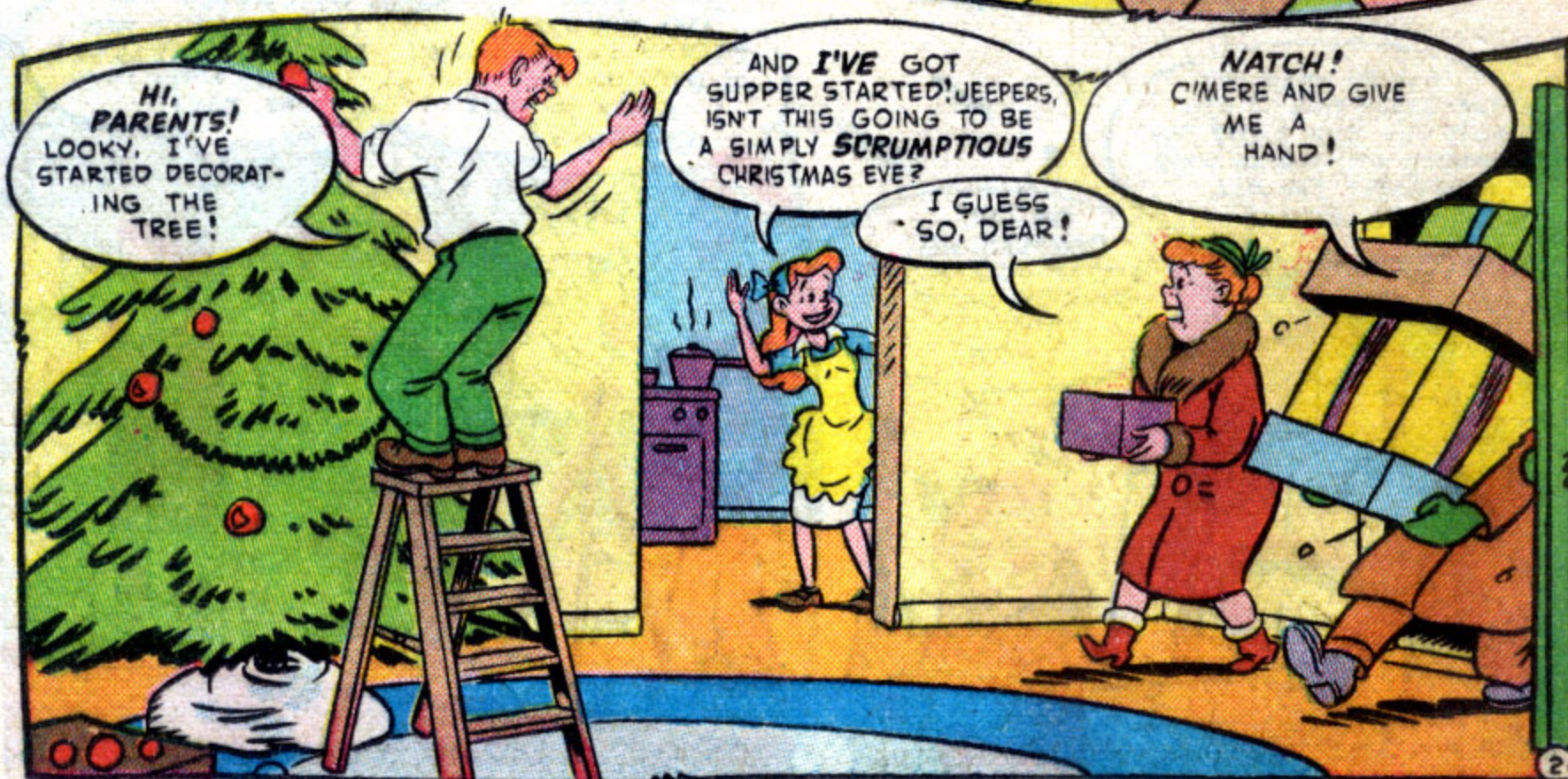
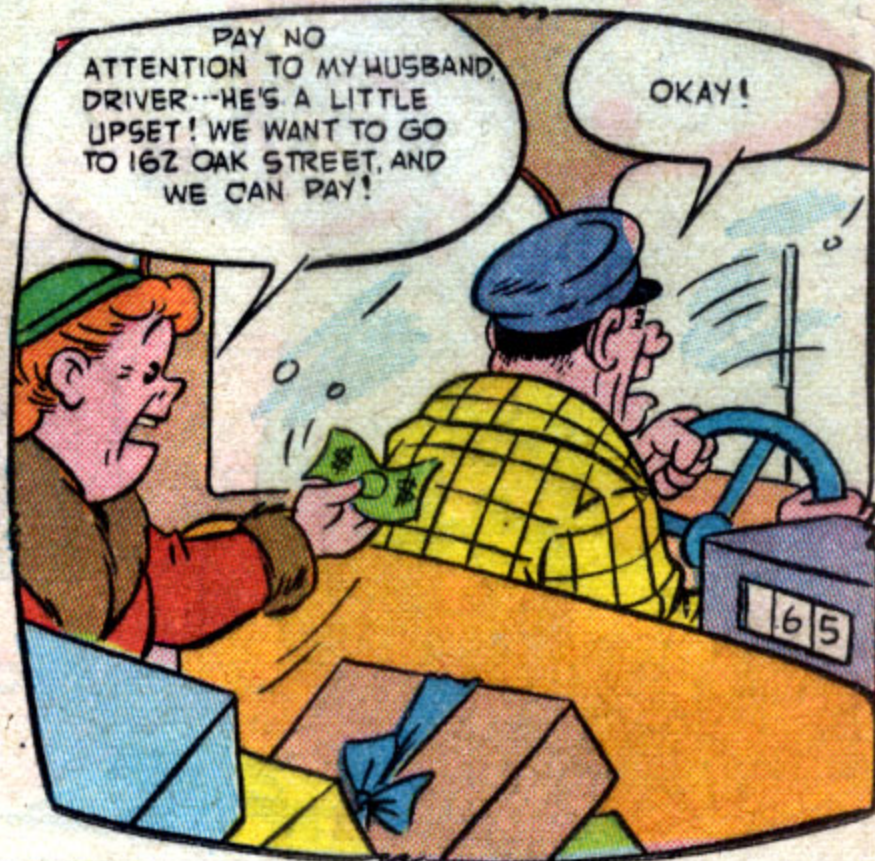
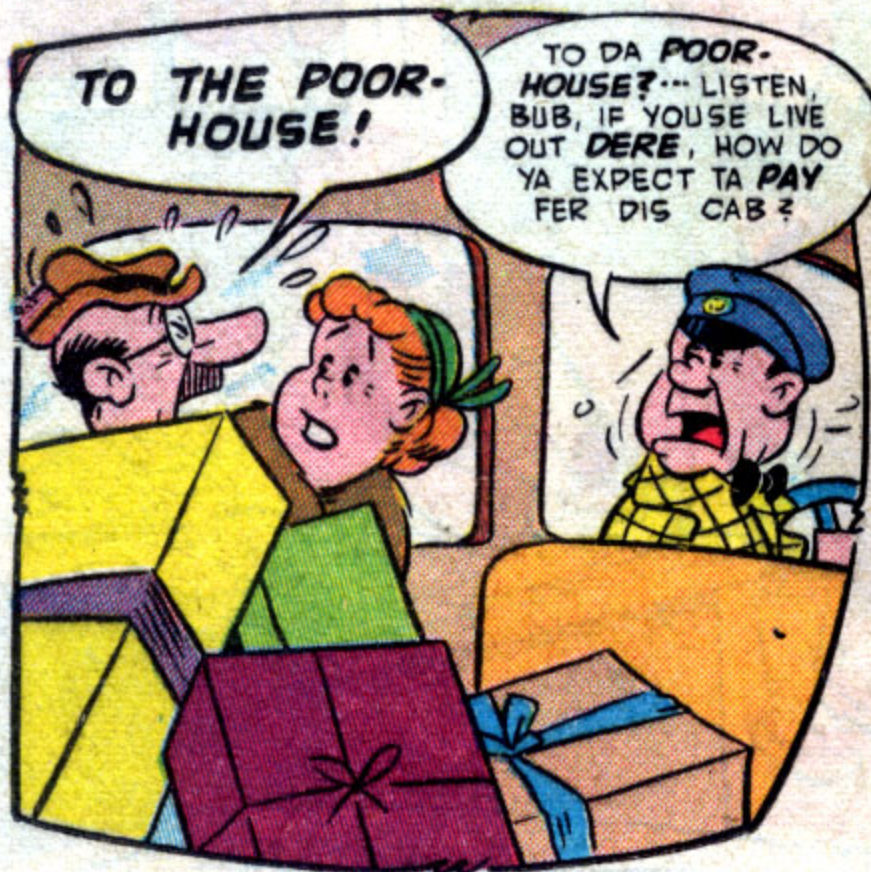
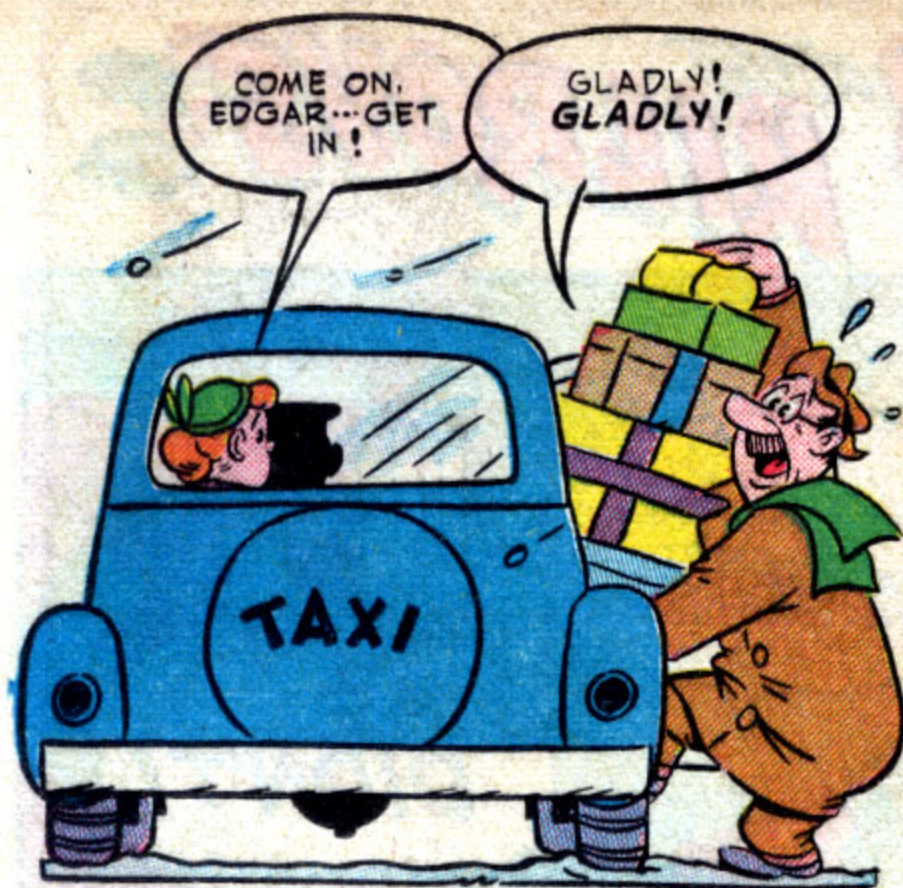
"Yes, I would. I *really* would!" she answered, surprising Ron by the eagerness in her voice.

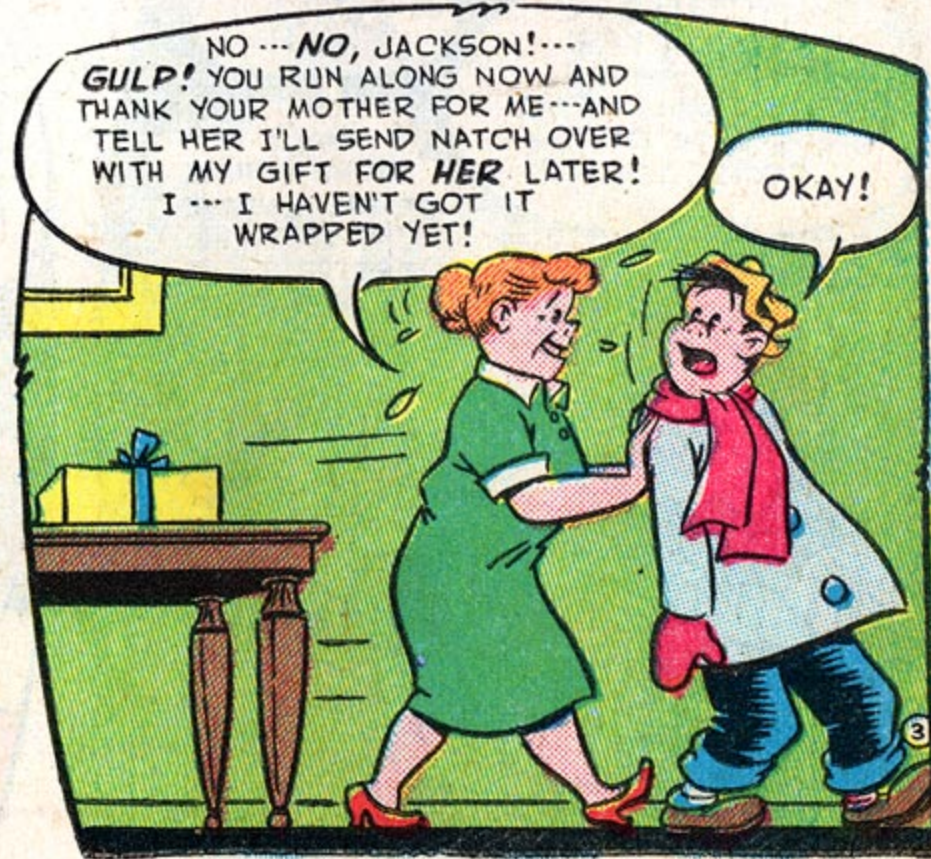
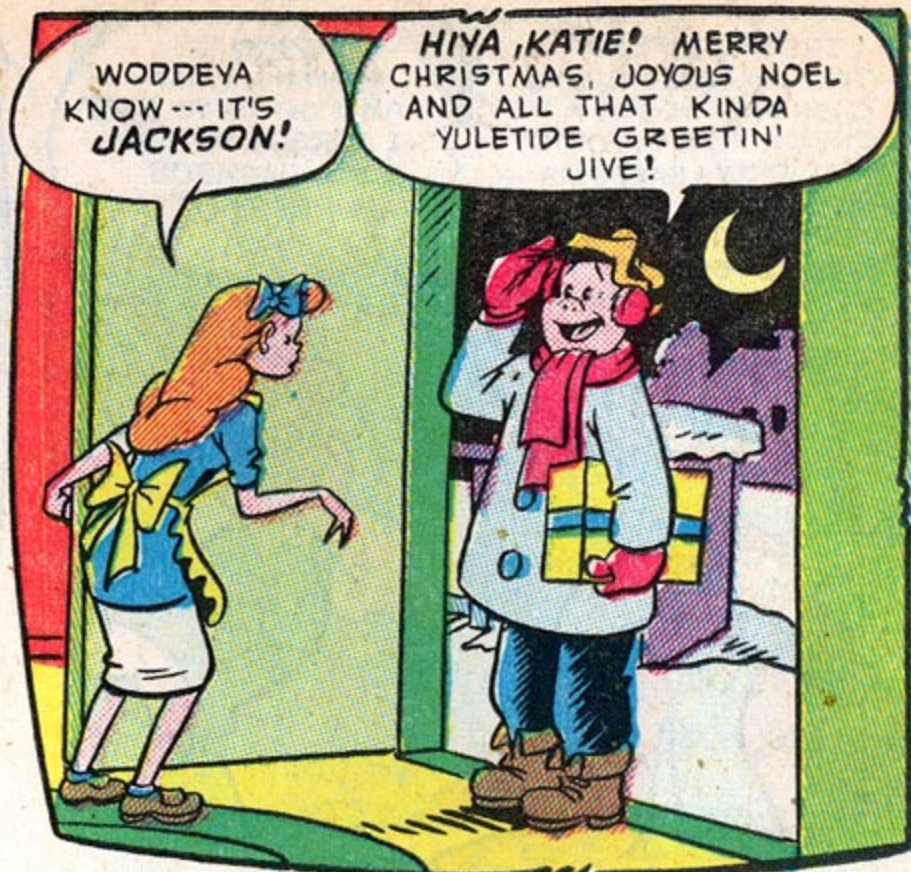
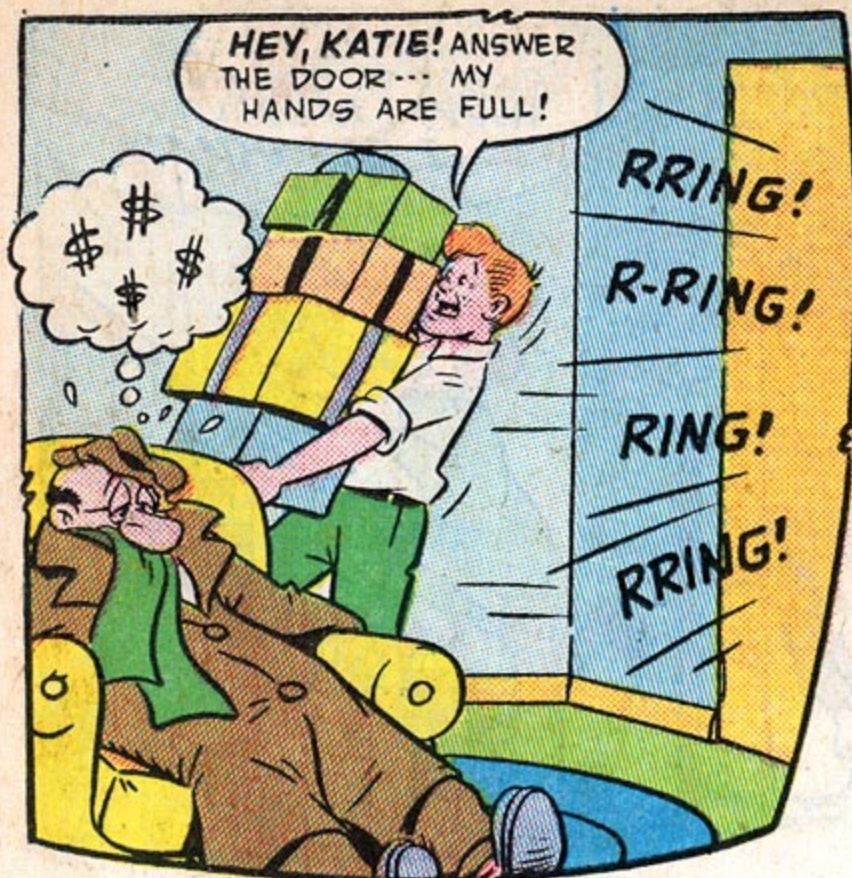
When she stood up, Ron understood everything. This girl . . . well, she was sensational! She came right up to the tip of Ron's ear, and he didn't have to stoop clumsily to encircle her waist. This was a king-sized girl, all right! In a flash, without a word, Ron knew what this girl must have suffered.

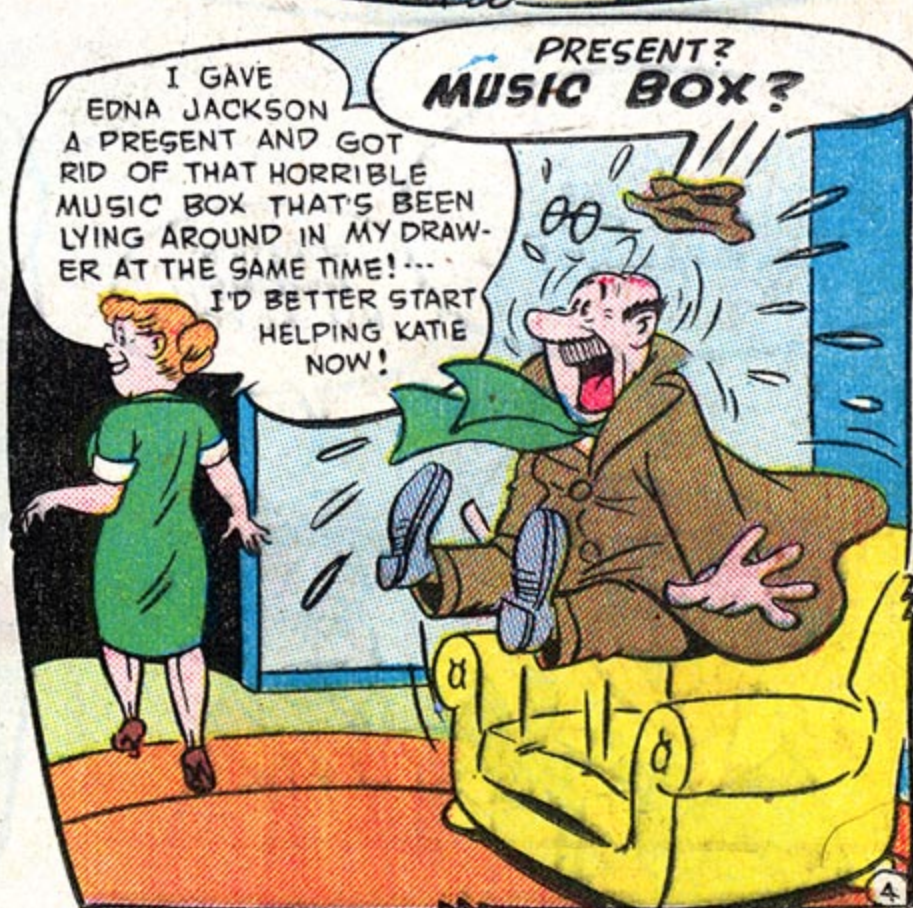
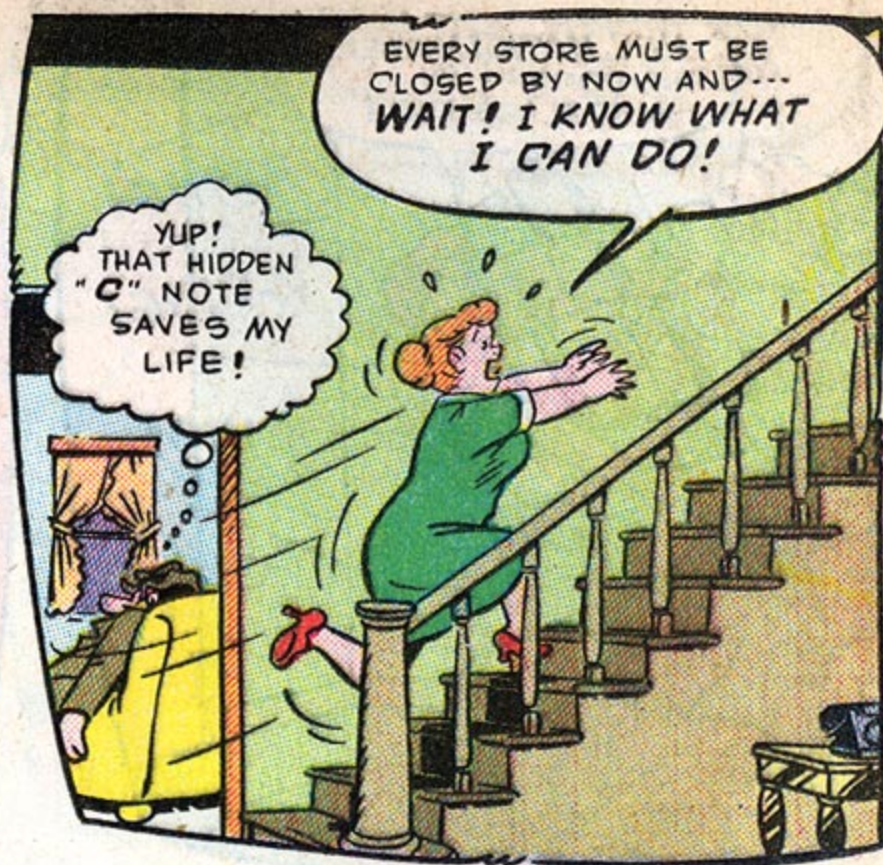
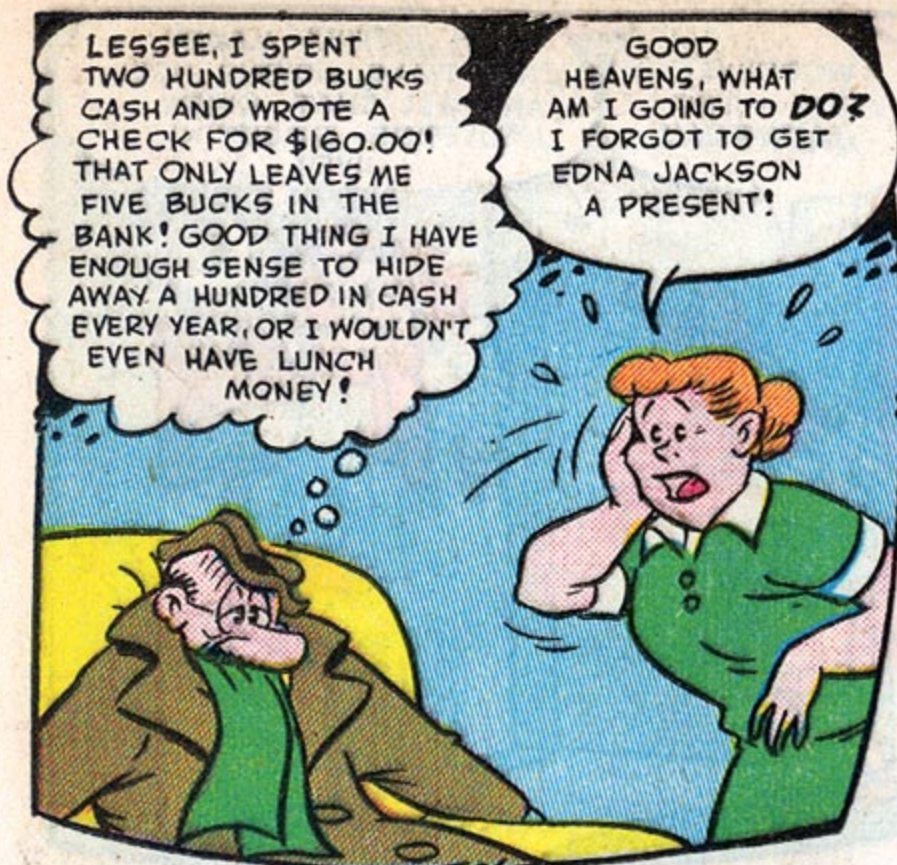
"You're . . . just right!" he told her, as they danced together gracefully, smoothly. "You're just right for me!" And in his heart, Ron knew that he had just passed the awkward age!

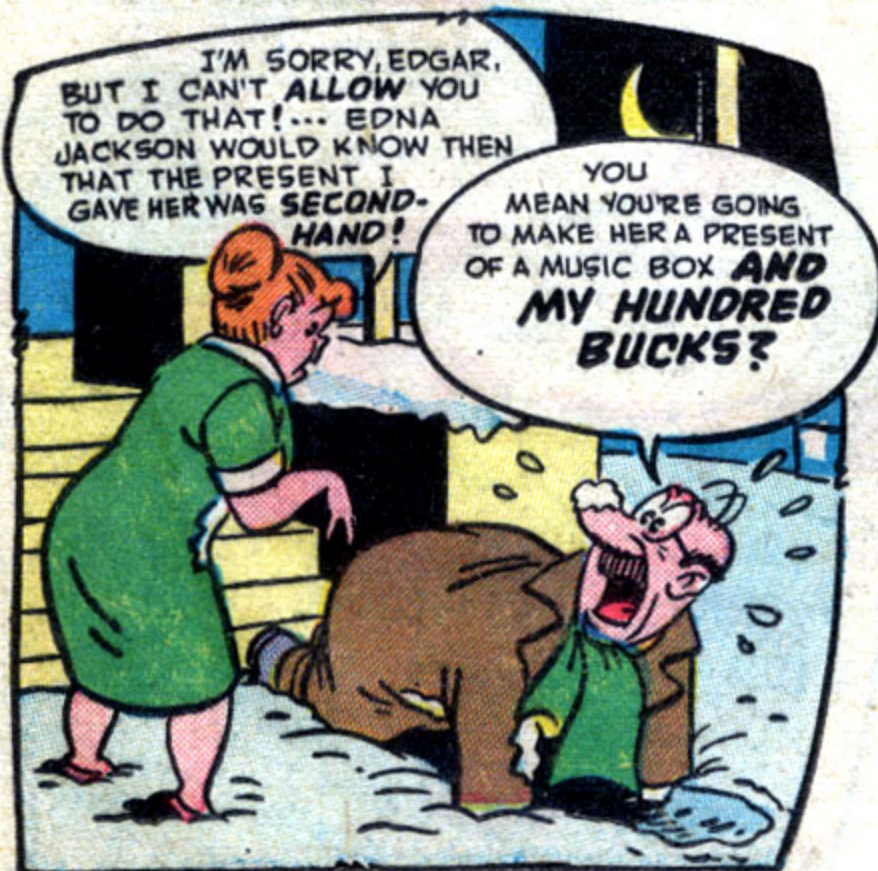
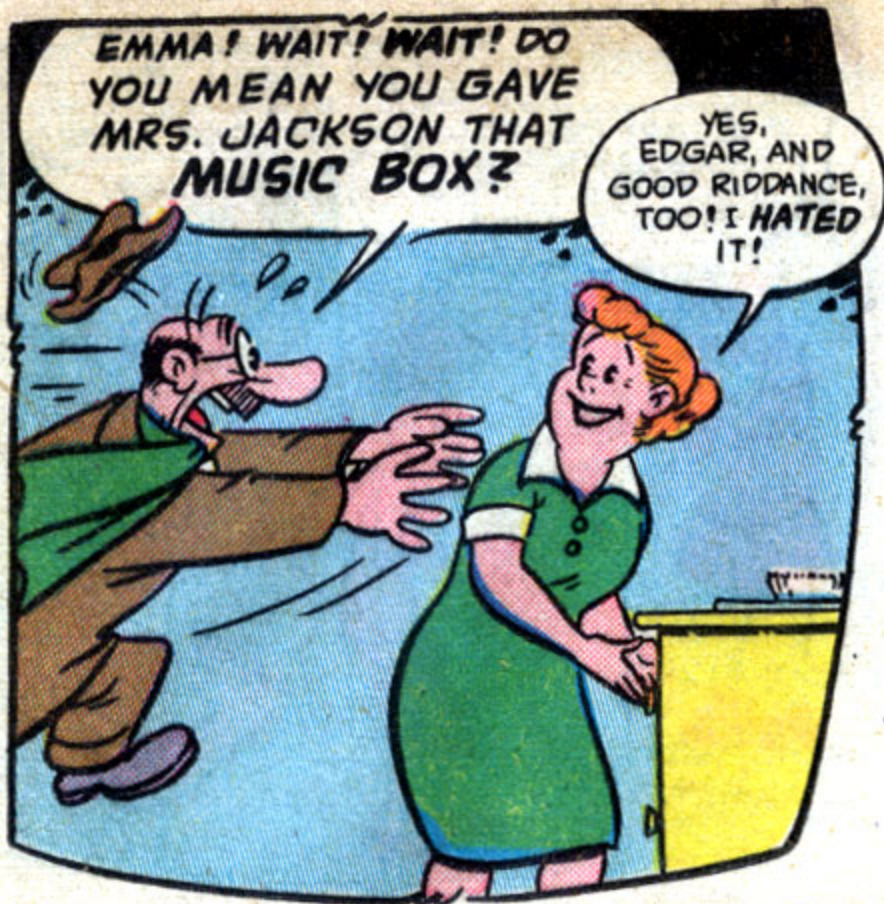
KRISTMAS *at the* KILROYS!

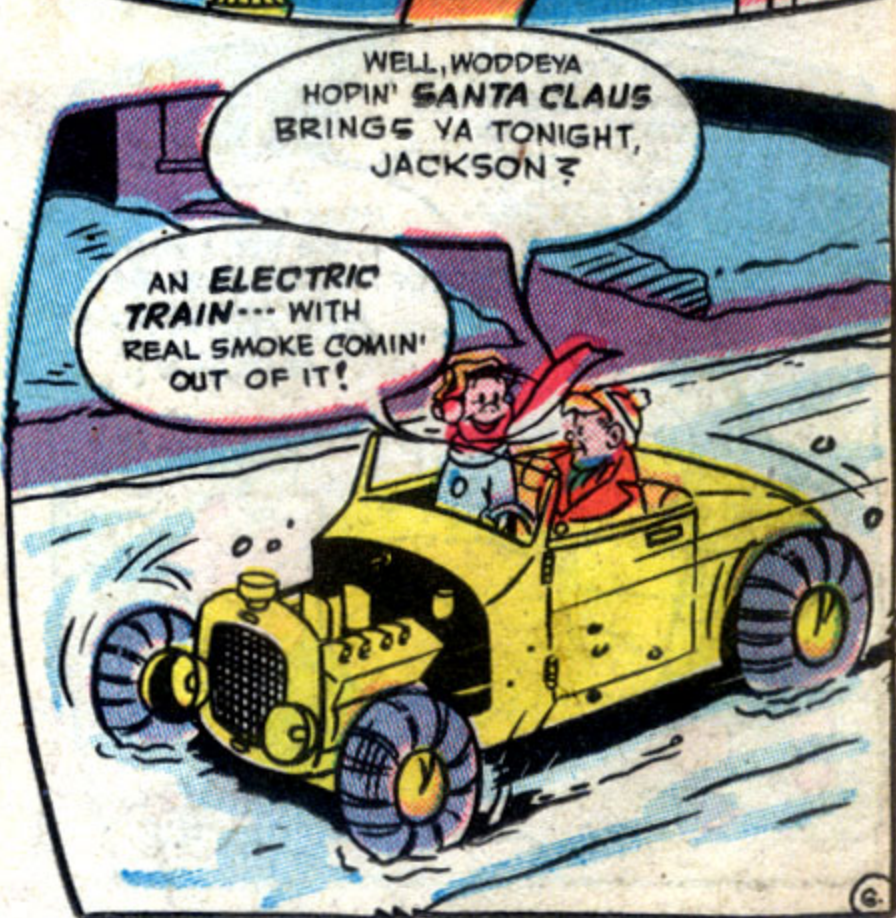
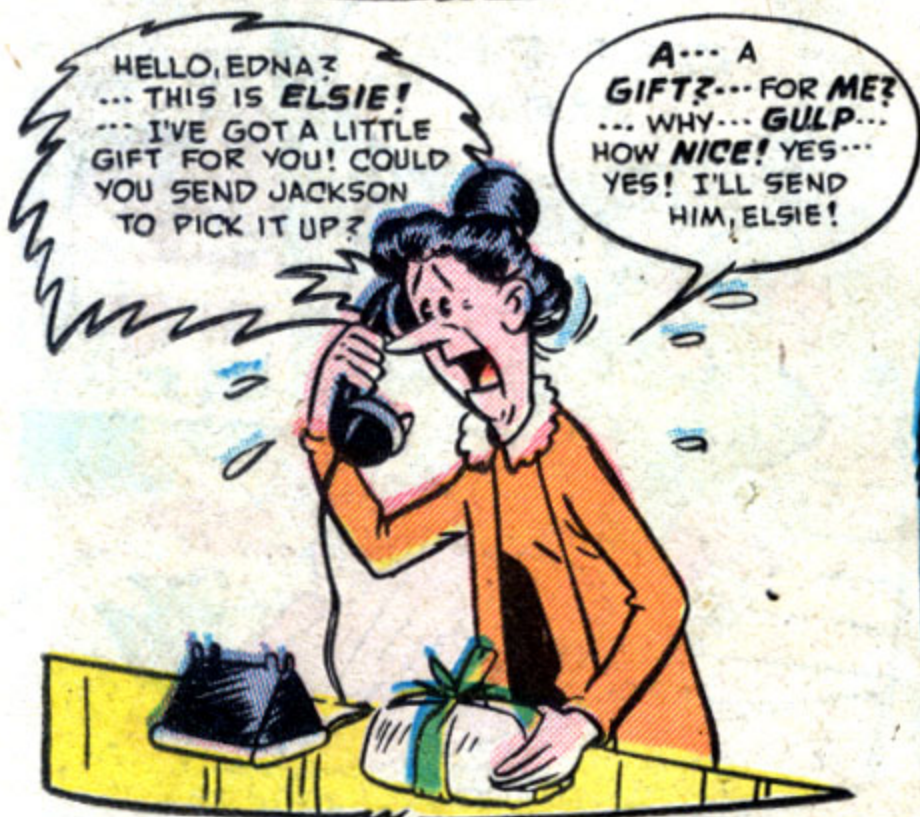
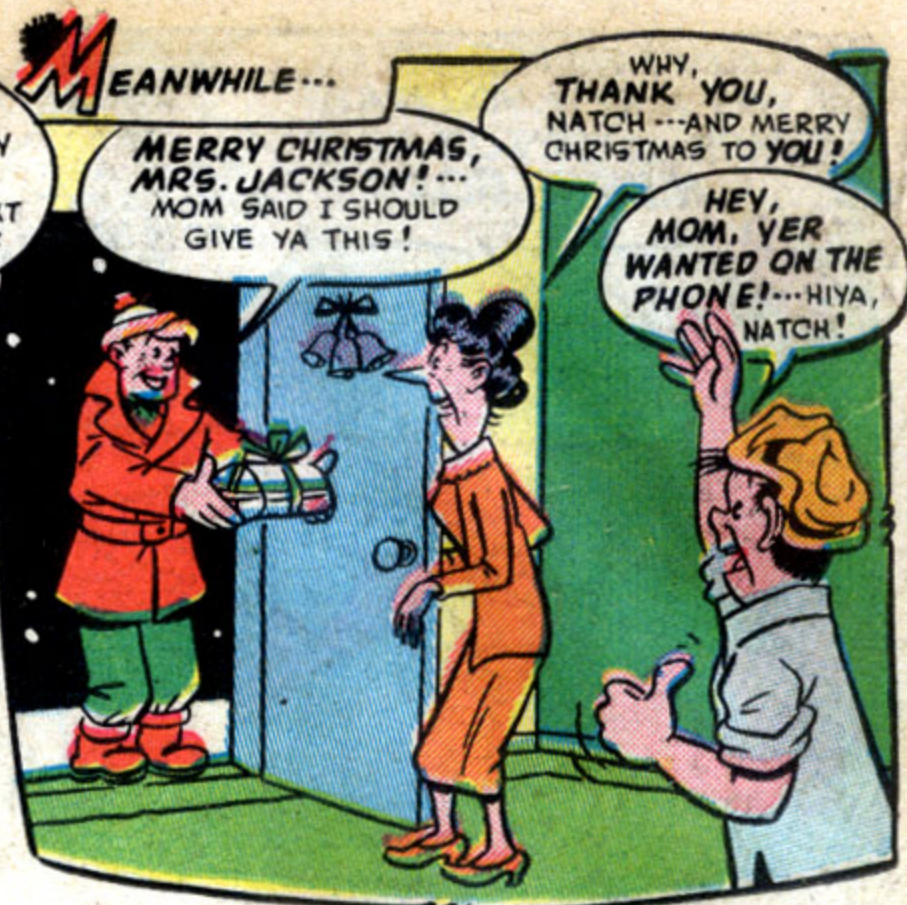
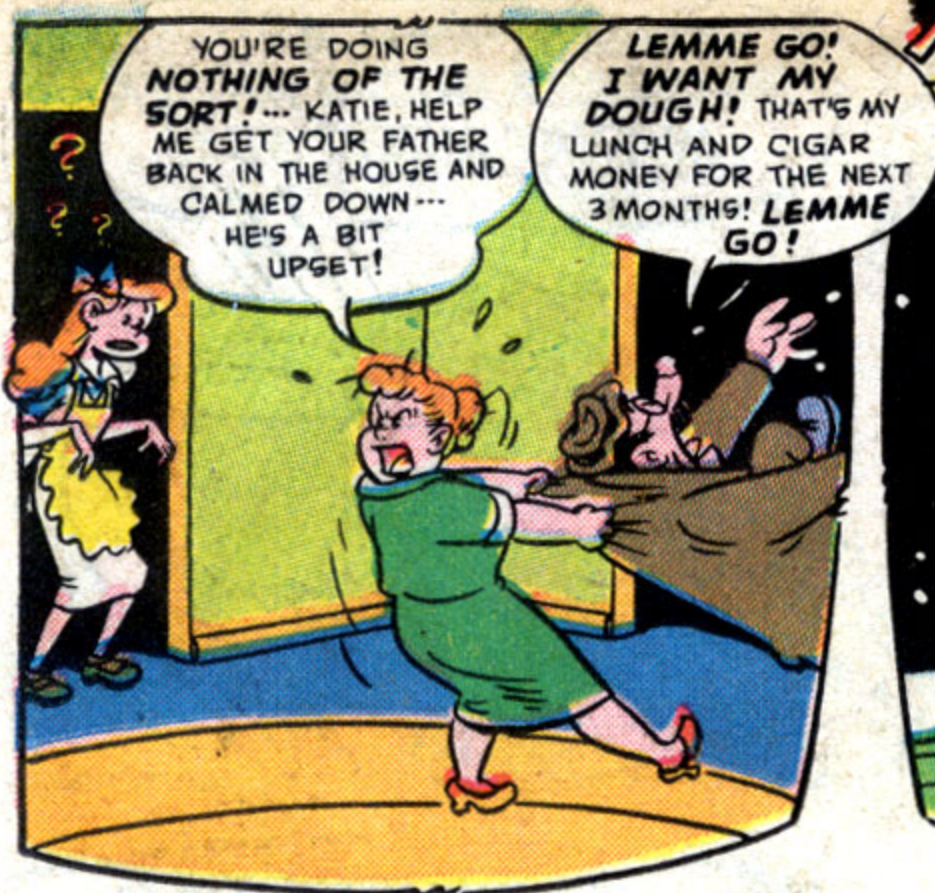


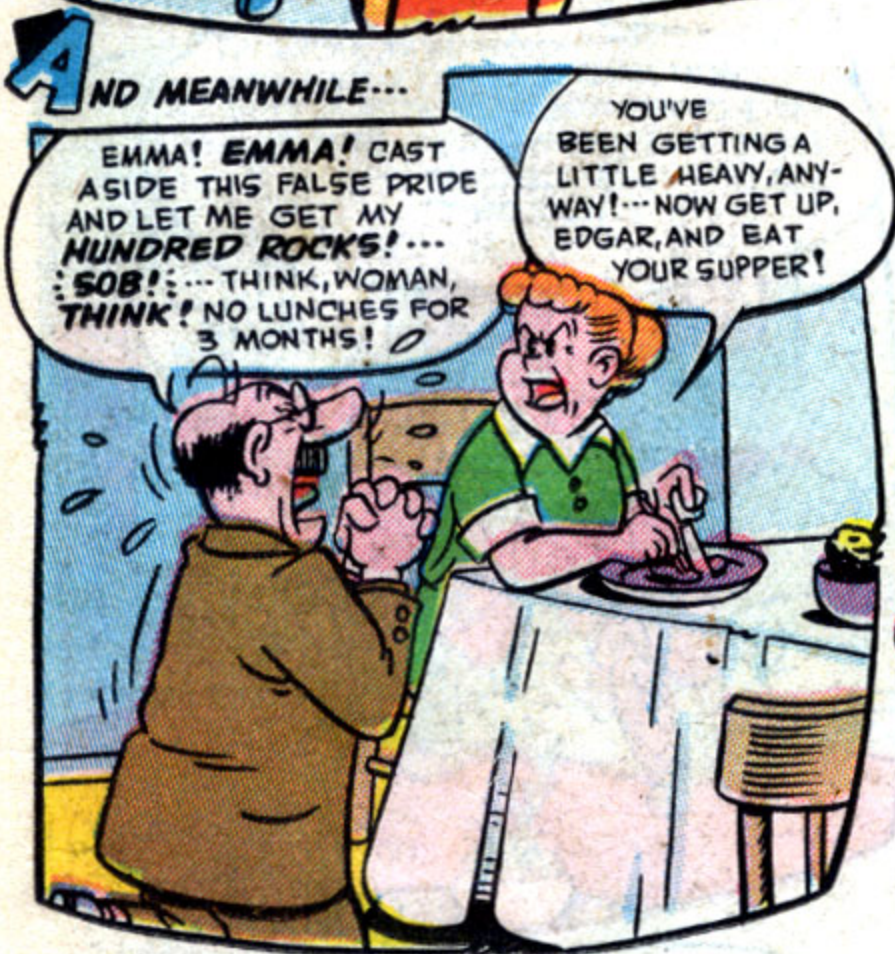
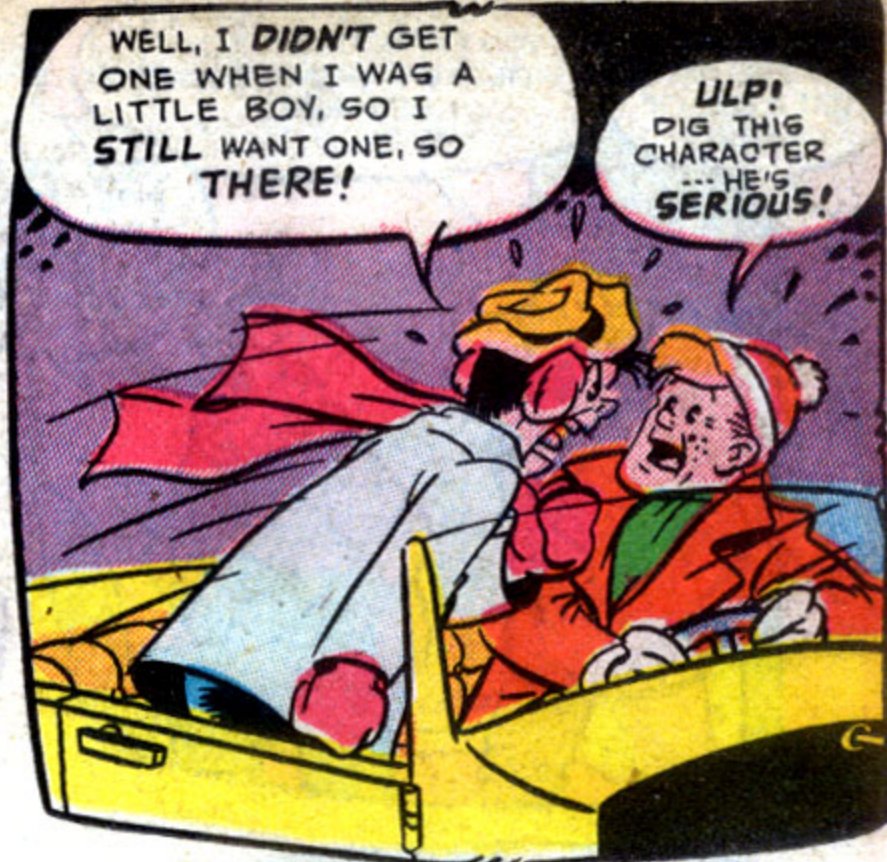
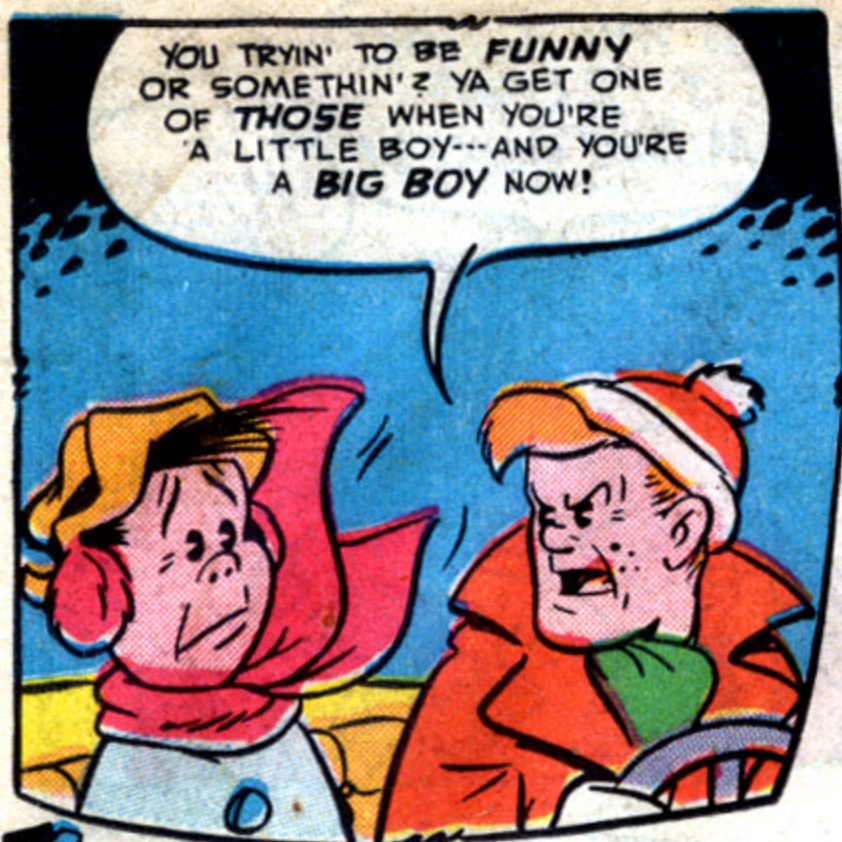


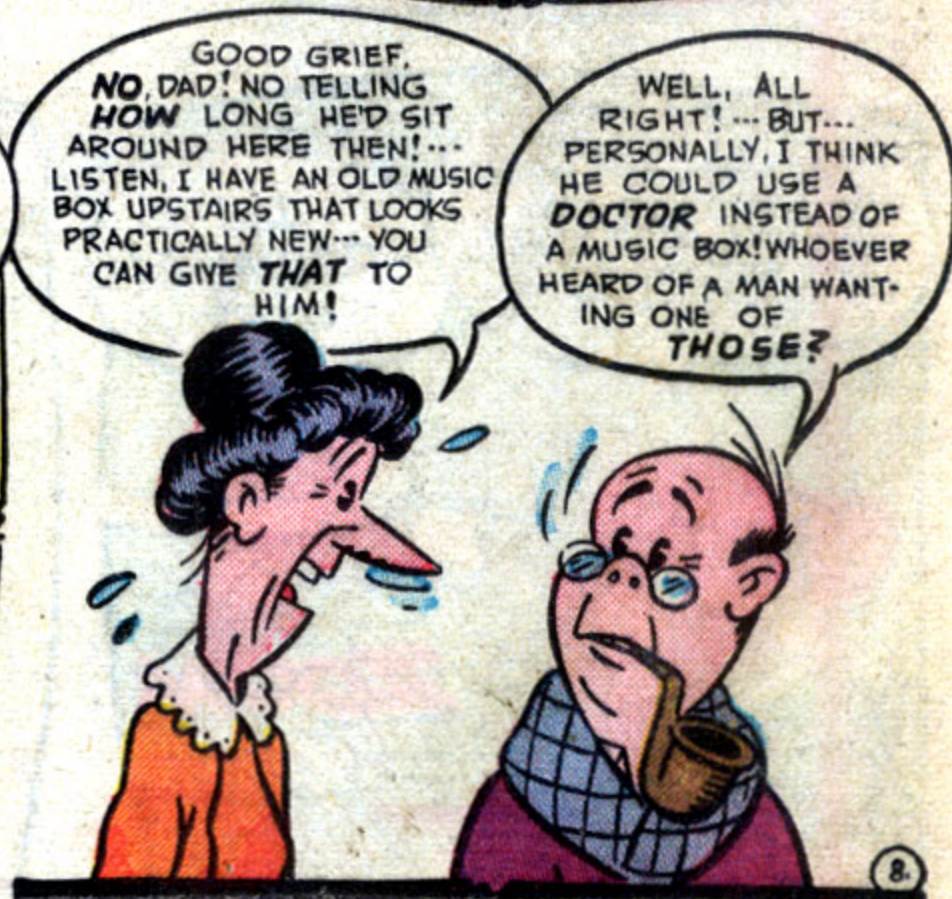
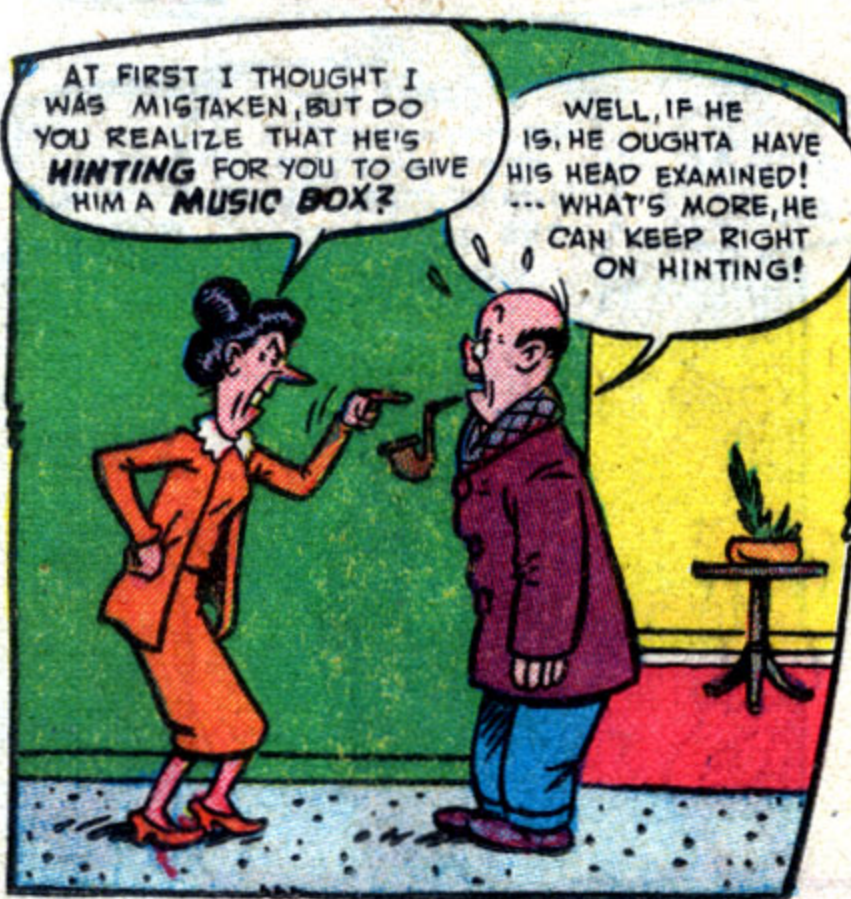
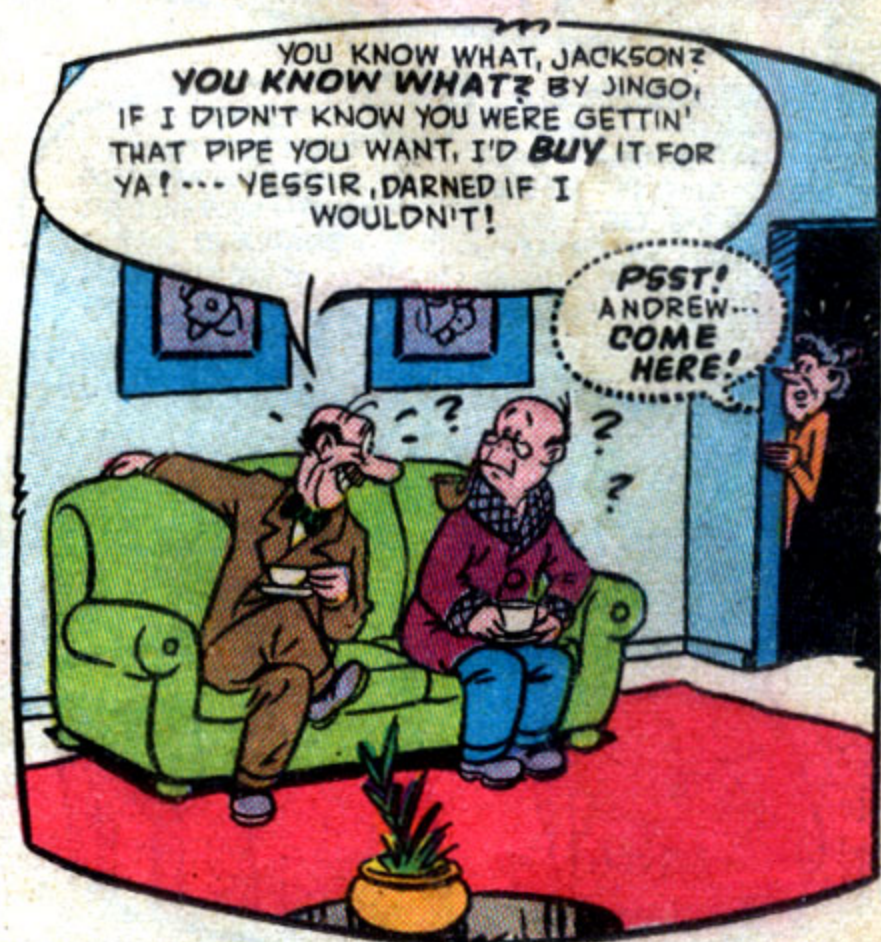
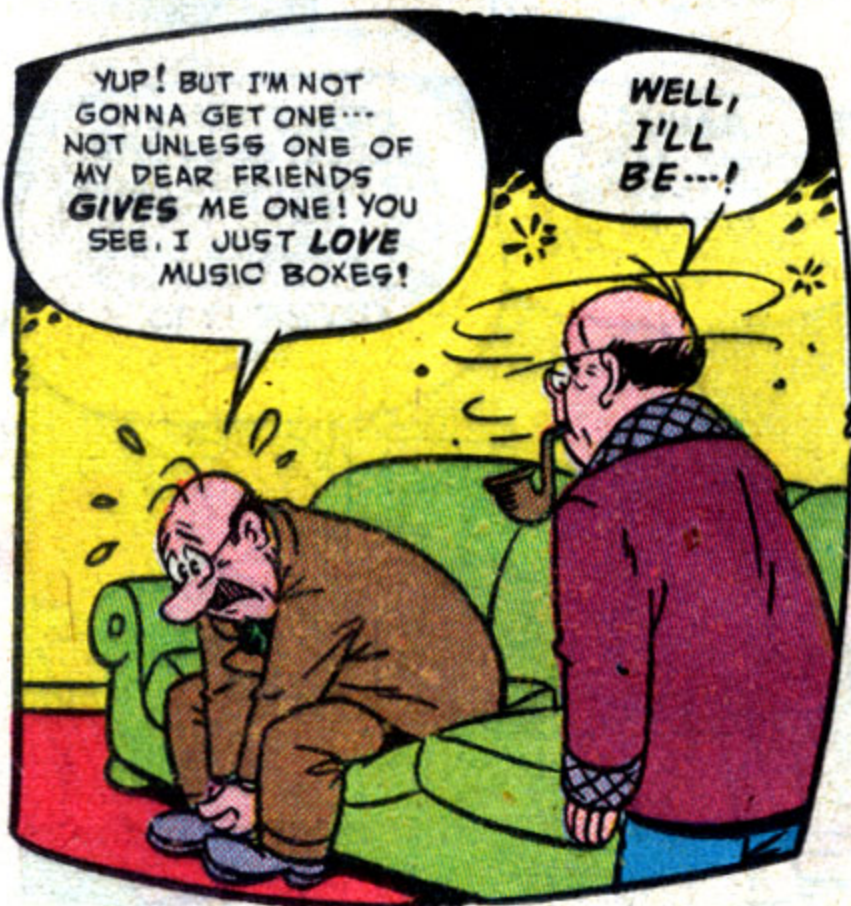
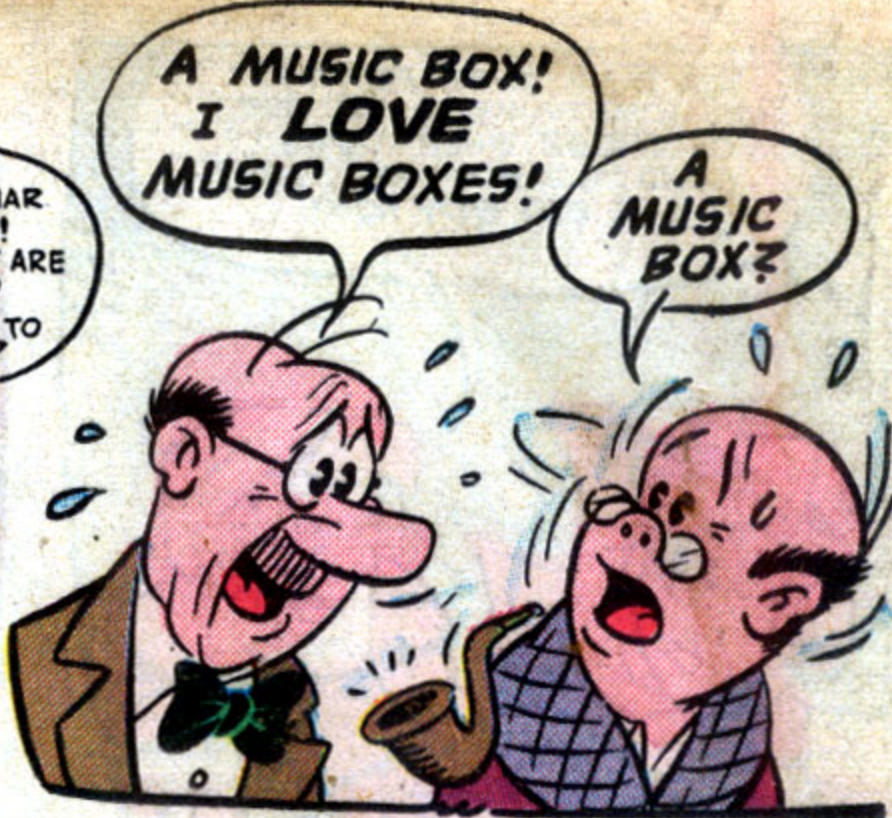
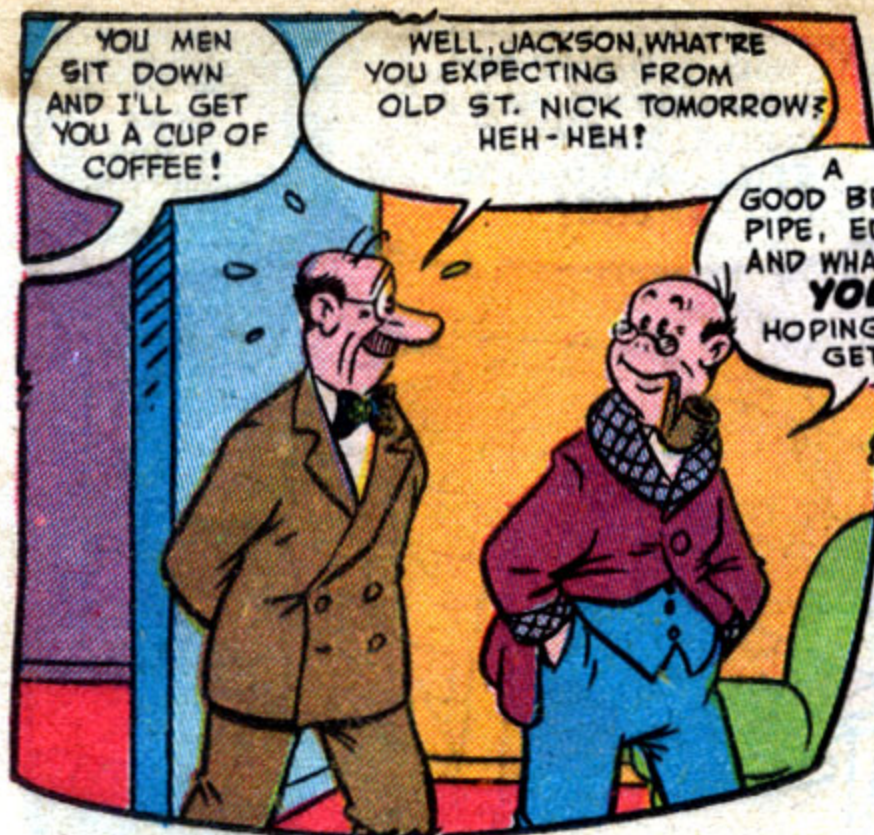










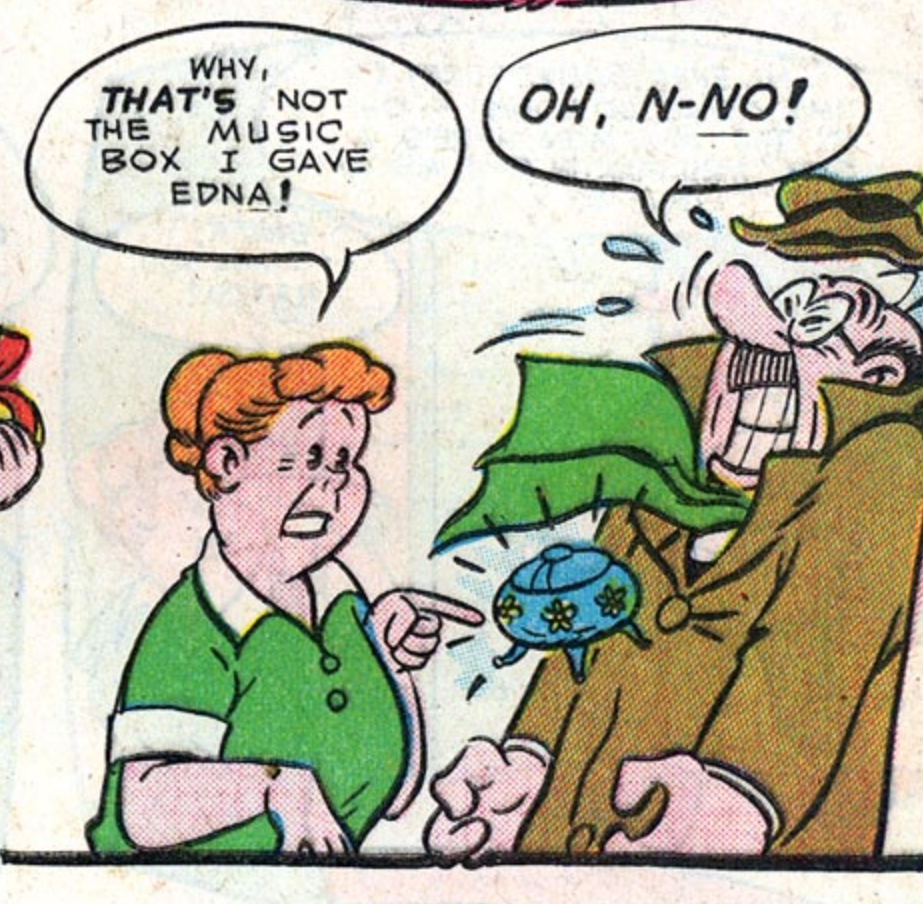
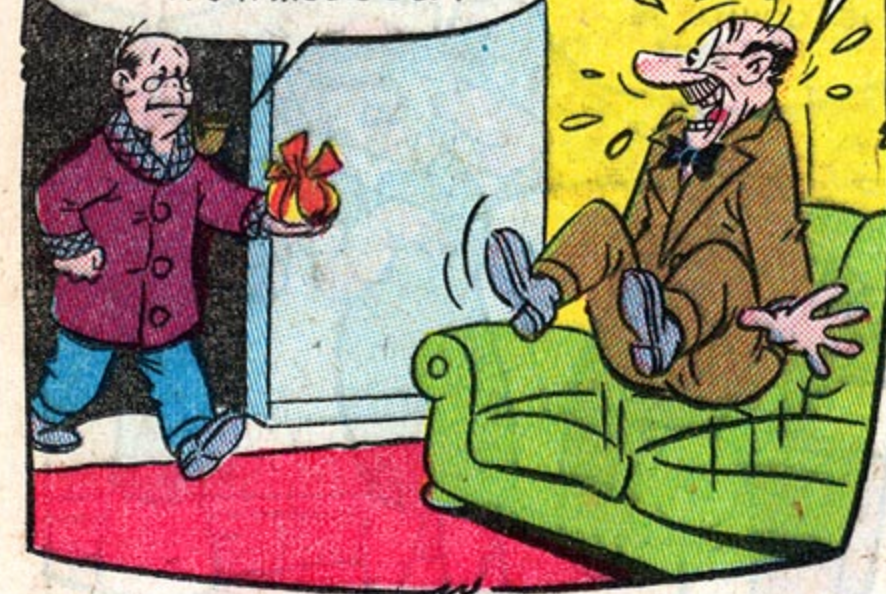


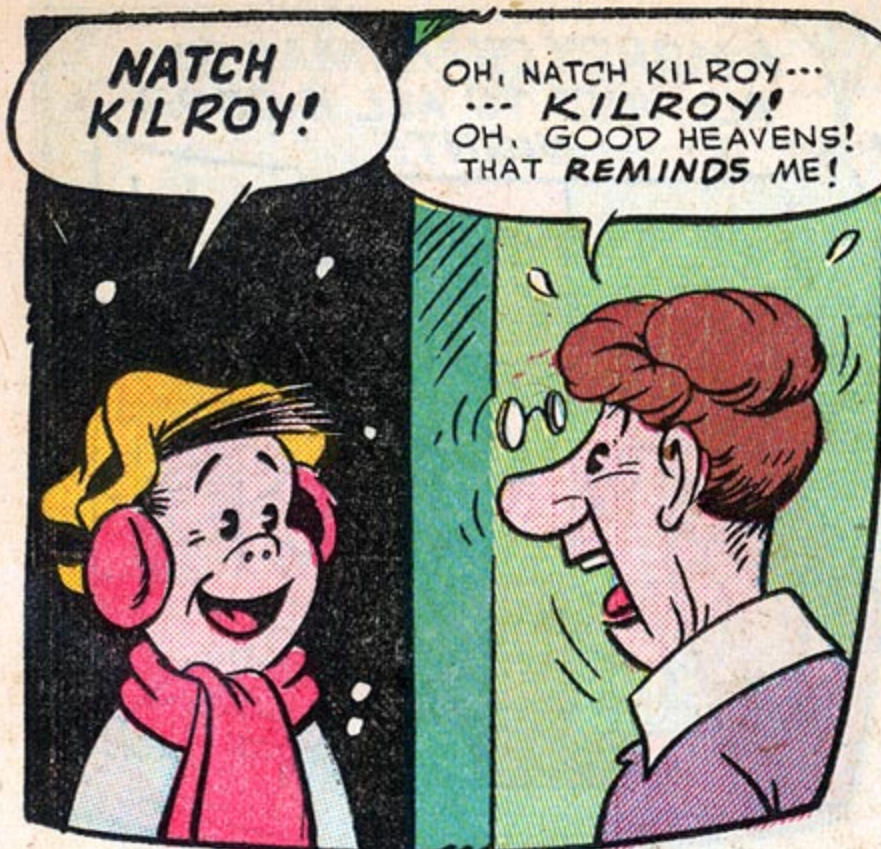
MINUTES **L**ATER...

AHEM! ER... I KNOW YOU MUST BE ANXIOUS TO GET HOME TO THE FAMILY, ED, BUT BEFORE YOU GO, I WANNA GIVE YOU THIS LITTLE GIFT!... IT'S A MUSIC BOX!

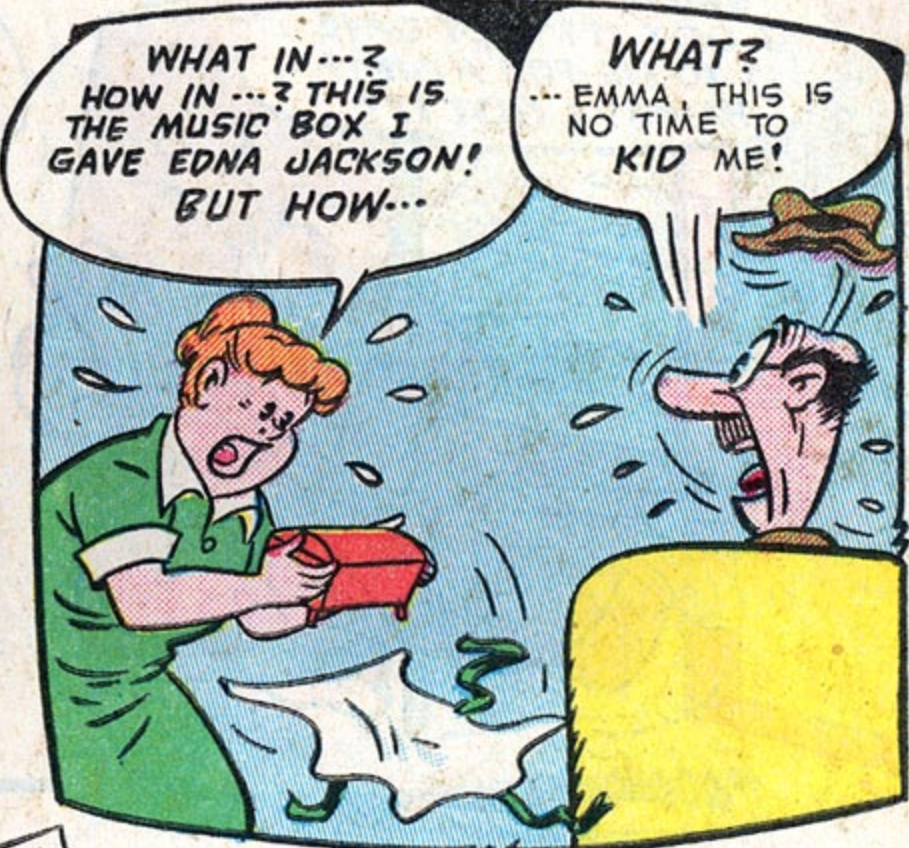
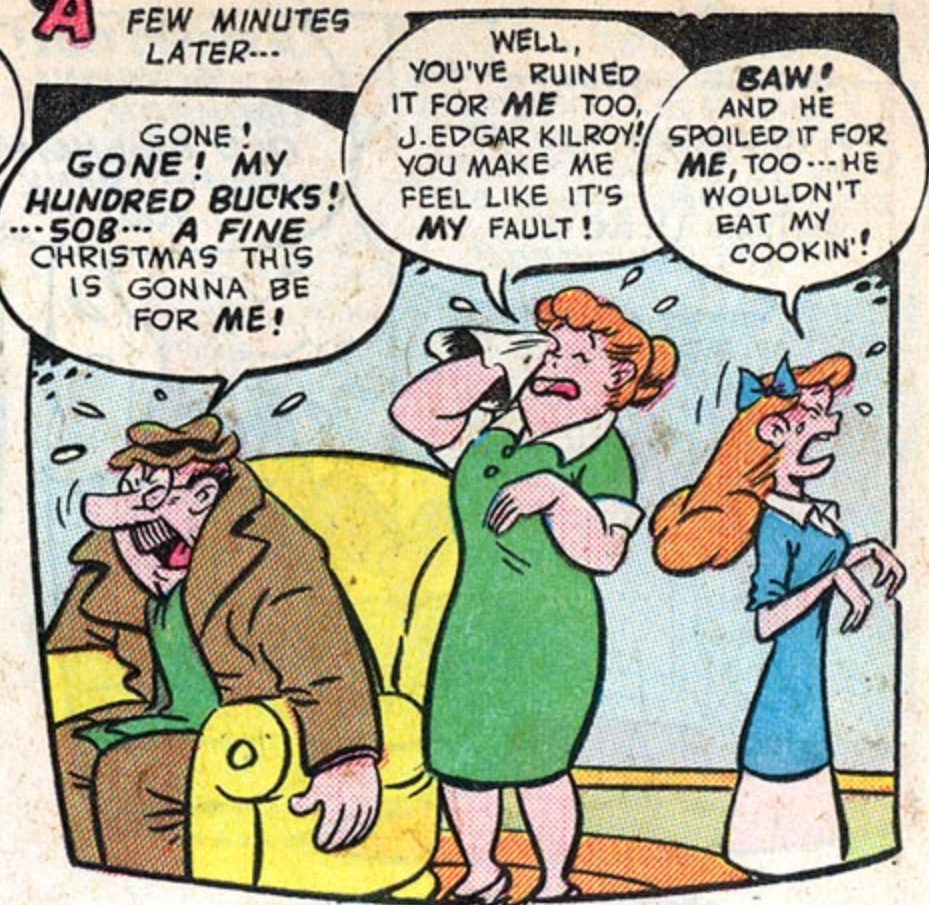
A MUSIC BOX! ... JACKSON! JACKSON, MY OLD FRIEND, MY PAL!... THANK YOU!

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT!





A FEW MINUTES
LATER...



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

Of THE KILROYS, published Bi-monthly at St. Louis, Mo., for October 1st, 1950.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, B. & I. Publishing Co., Inc 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis 7, Mo.; Editor, Richard E. Hughes, 120 West 183rd St., New York, N. Y.; Managing editor, None.; Business manager, Frederick H. Iger, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) B. & I. Publishing Co., Inc., 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis 7, Mo.; B. W. Sangor, 7 West 81st Street, New York, N. Y.; Frederick H. Iger, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

(Signed) RICHARD E. HUGHES, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1950.

Nat C. Cherman, Notary Public, State of New York (My commission expires March 30, 1951)

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LARIAT
CANTLE
HORN
FITS ANY FINGER
STIRRUPS
SUDADERO

A GIRL for MICKEY

MICKEY WAYNE'S eyes rested adoringly on Linda Rogers. Yes-siree, no doubt about it! She was the dream-dish of the class, so different, for instance, from Ruth Palmer who sat right in front of her. Ruth was brown-haired and brown-eyed and sorta serious. But *Linda!* Red curls, blue eyes and a blue fuzzy sweater to match 'em!

Mickey was well aware that at least half the guys in the class were crazy about Linda. She had glamour with a capital "G" and a clear, tinkling laugh that made a guy feel as though he'd said something extra-clever. For weeks, Mickey had dreamed of asking her for a date, but the thought that Linda might refuse him sent cold shivers of embarrassment up his spine.

"But if I never ask her, how am I gonna know?" Mickey wondered, staring right through the algebra problem in front of him. "Gosh, a fella's got to take the plunge sometime!"

That instant, a daring thought came into Mickey's mind. He *would* ask Linda . . . right *now!* Tearing a sheet from his loose-leaf notebook, Mickey scribbled rapidly, "Dear Linda, don't think I'm being fresh or anything, but I think you're gorgeous. You're the kind of girl I've been dreaming about. Would you please give me a date as soon as possible? Next Saturday, for instance?"

Signing his name, Mickey signalled to the boy next to him that he wanted a note passed. "To Linda Rogers" his lips soundlessly gave instruction. The note had quite a long way to go, and it passed silently from hand to hand across the classroom.

But, only two desks away from Linda,

the note met with disaster. Eagle-eyed Miss Conifer, who had evidently been following its passage with some interest, pounced on the note, her long fingers seizing it tightly.

"Well," she said sarcastically, "there appears to be something more interesting than algebra on someone's mind this morning! Shall we see what that fascinating topic can be?"

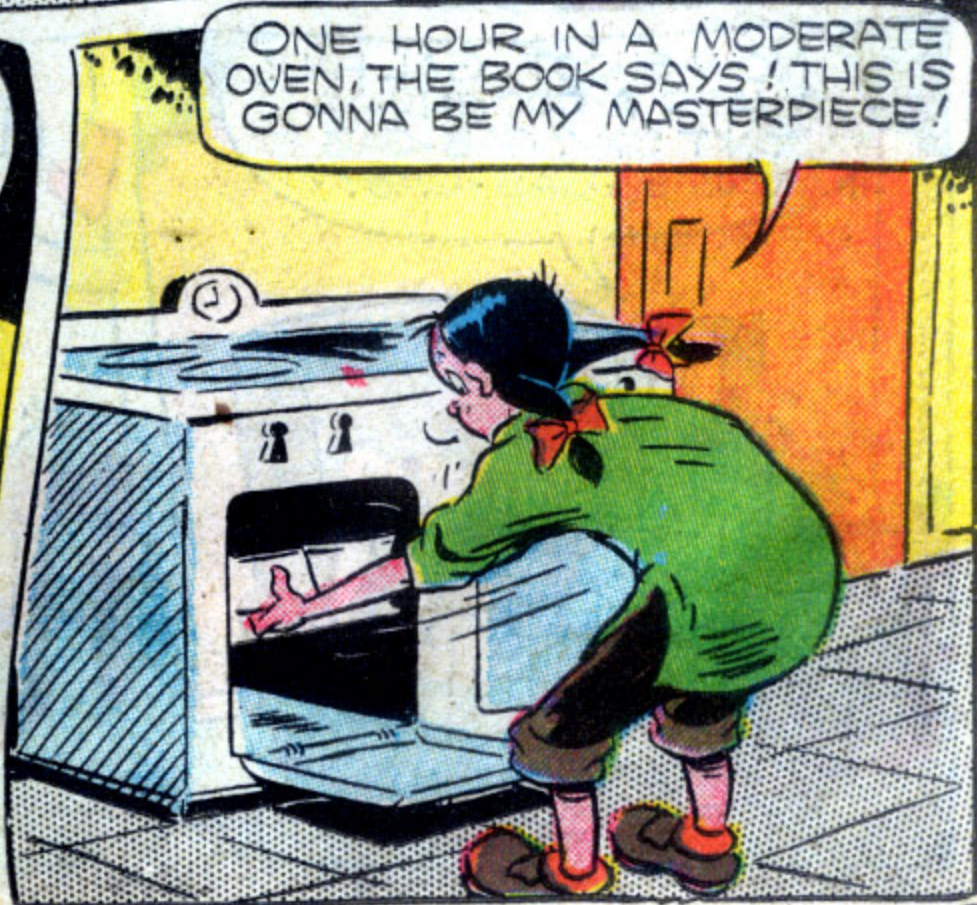
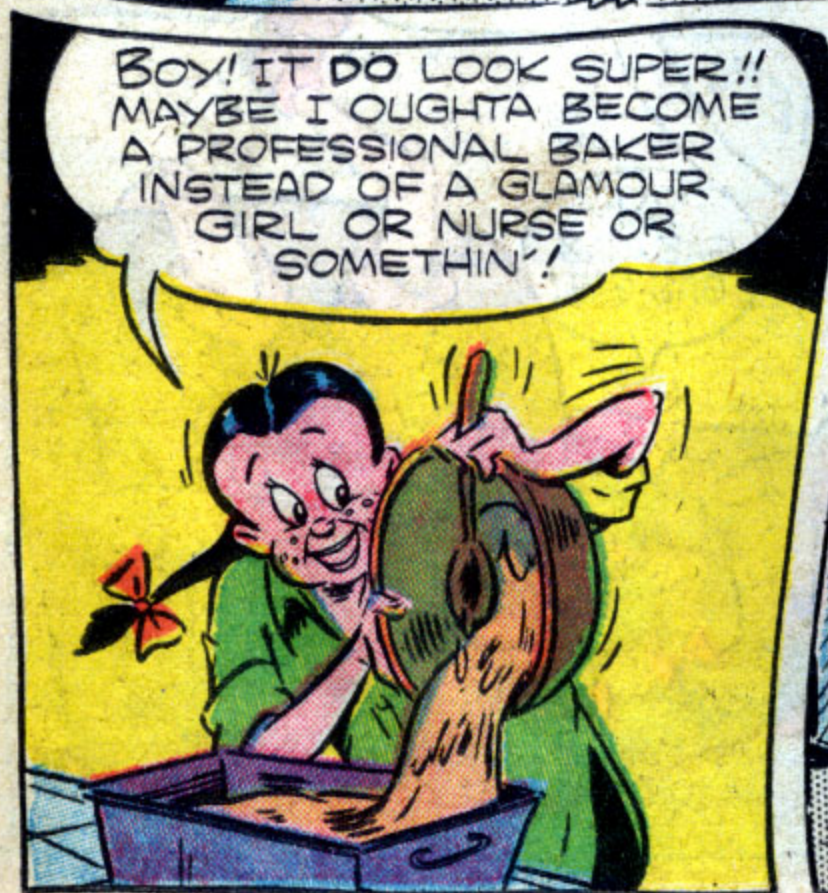
Mickey wanted to sink through the floor as he saw Miss Conifer unfold his note, his declaration of love, and prepare to read it to the class. It was *personal!* It was *private!* How could Miss Conifer be so hard-hearted? Mickey's ears burned as he heard her dry, precise voice read the words he had written!

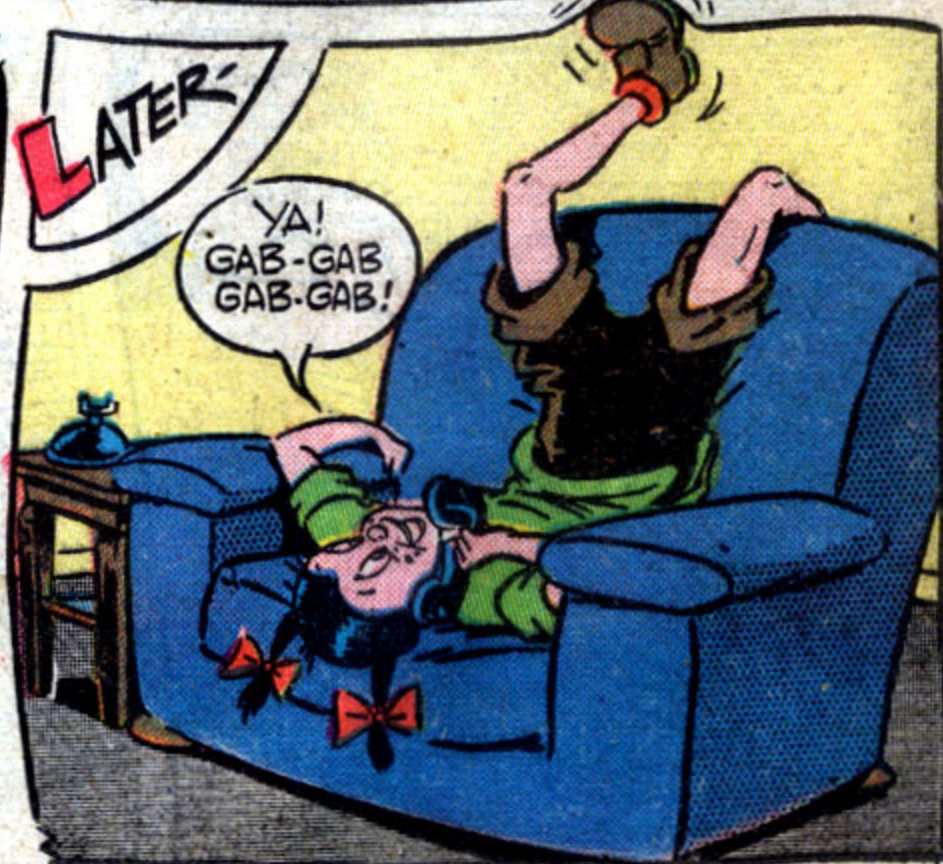
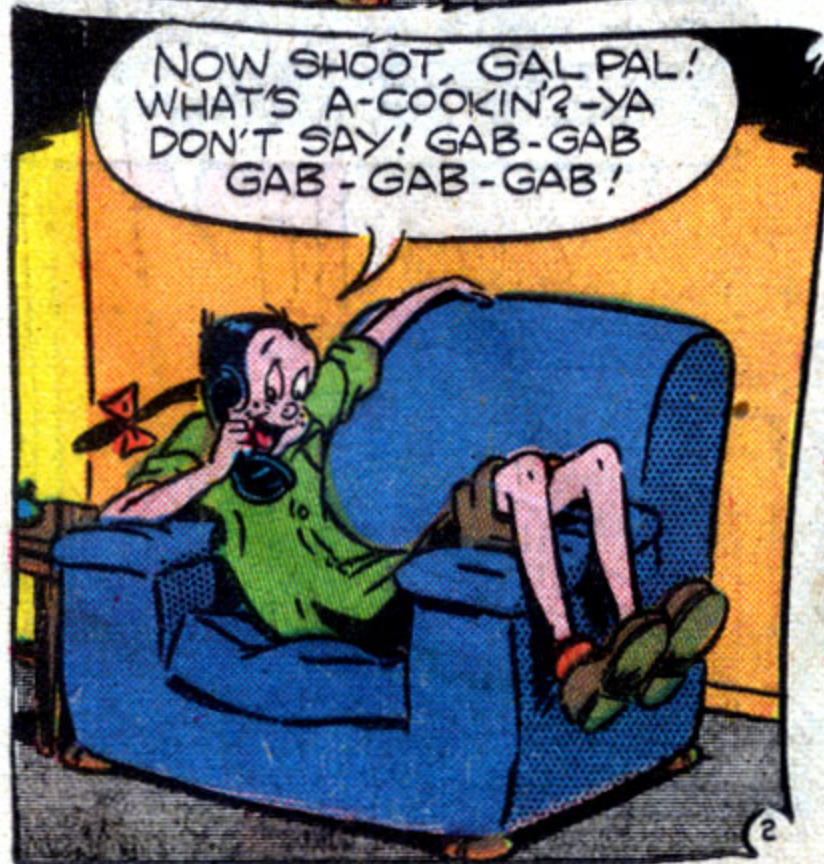
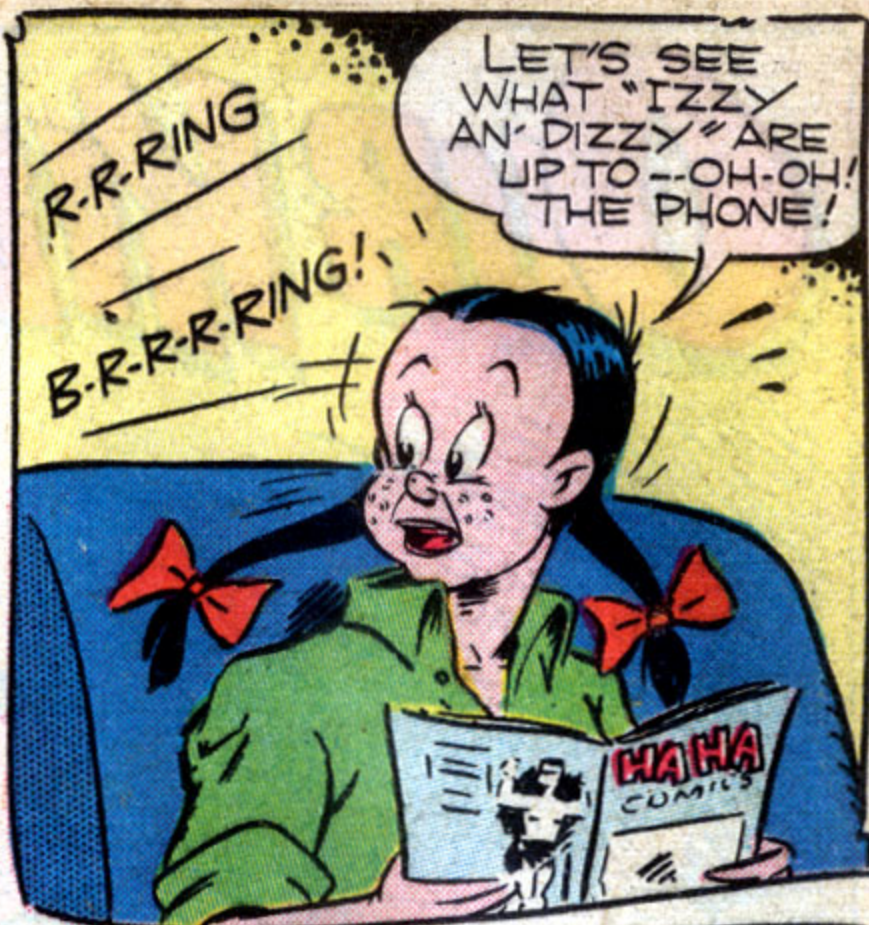
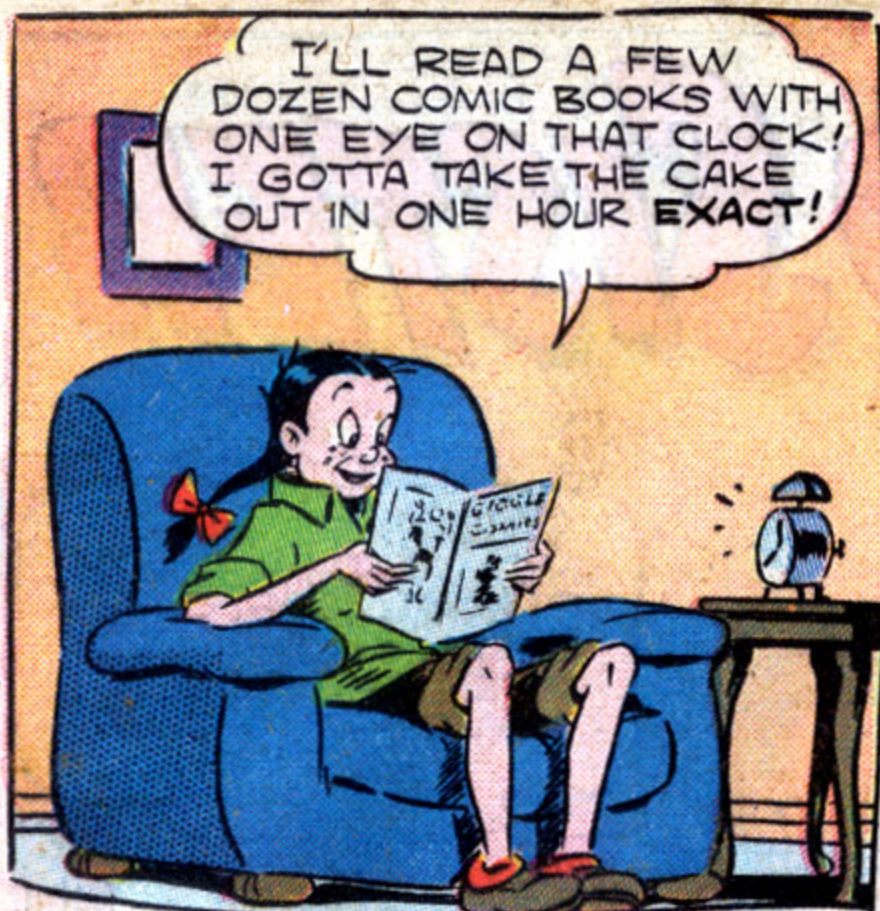
Miss Conifer's sarcasm was bad enough. But the laughter and jeering of the class was worse. All the kids craned their necks to watch Mickey squirm unhappily. They *laughed* at him! As Mickey looked wildly around the room, his misery increased. For laughing louder than the rest, laughing at *him*, was Linda Rogers! To her, his admiration and humiliation were huge jokes!

Hurt and disillusioned, Mickey felt like crying. But as he swallowed, he saw one face, only one out of the entire class, that looked at him with sympathy and understanding. One pair of brown eyes seemed to say, "You have nothing to be ashamed of. They're all being mean!"

A sudden warmth came over Mickey. Now he could face the laughter and the jokes. For, though he had never exchanged a word with Ruth Palmer, he knew that he had found his girl . . . just the girl he'd been dreaming of!

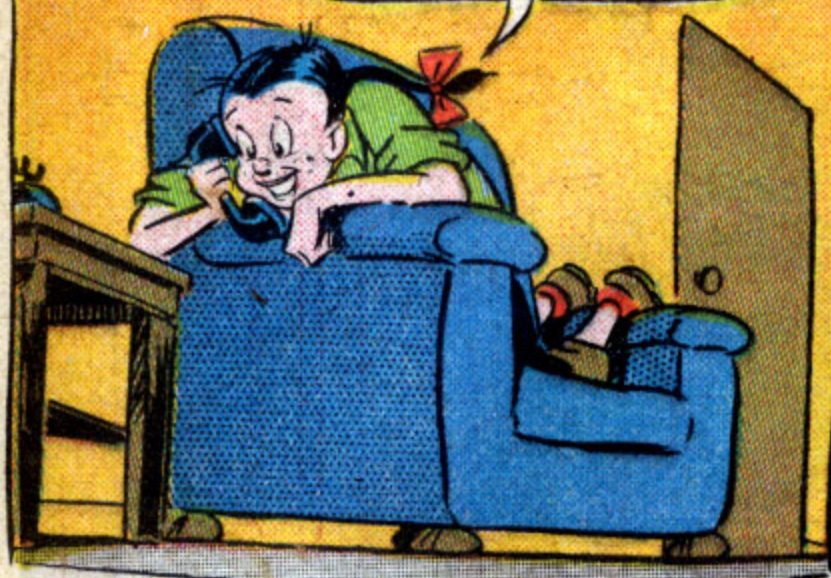
OUR KID SISTER





STILL
LATER-

YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS!
WHY, THAT'S THE MOST
PREPASTURIZED-PROPOSSITUSE
PRE--THAT'S THE SILLIEST
THING I EVER-GAB-
GAB-GAB!



MUCH
LATER
STILL-

JUST A MINUTE,
KITTY, MY EAR
WENT TO SLEEP!



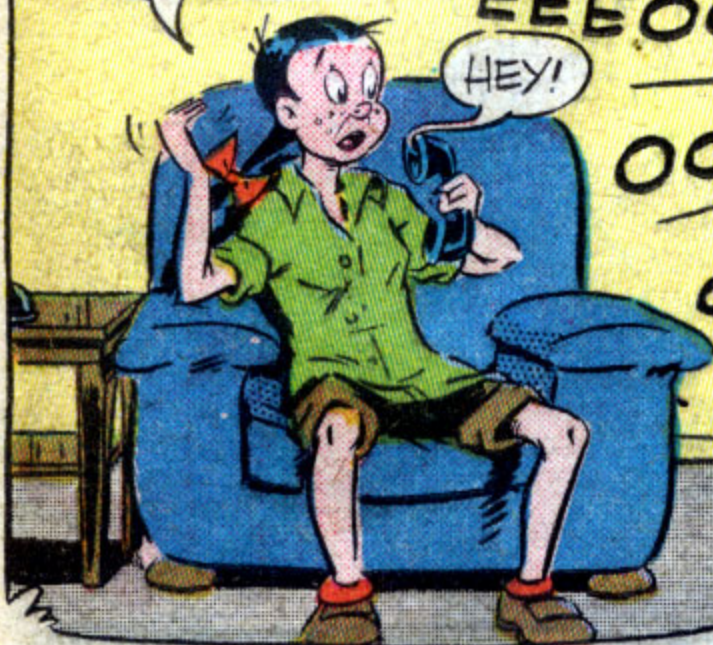
OH-OH! A SIREN!
'BYE FOR NOW,
KITTY!

EEE
EEEEOO

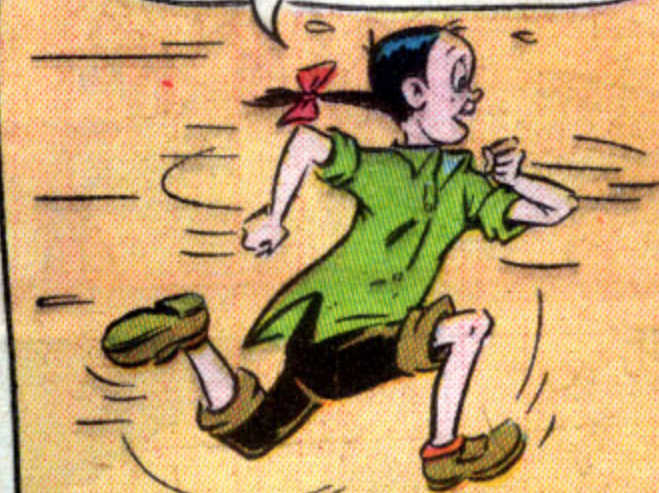
HEY!

OOO

OO!



SOUNDS LIKE THE
WHOLE DEPARTMENT'S
HEADIN' THIS WAY!

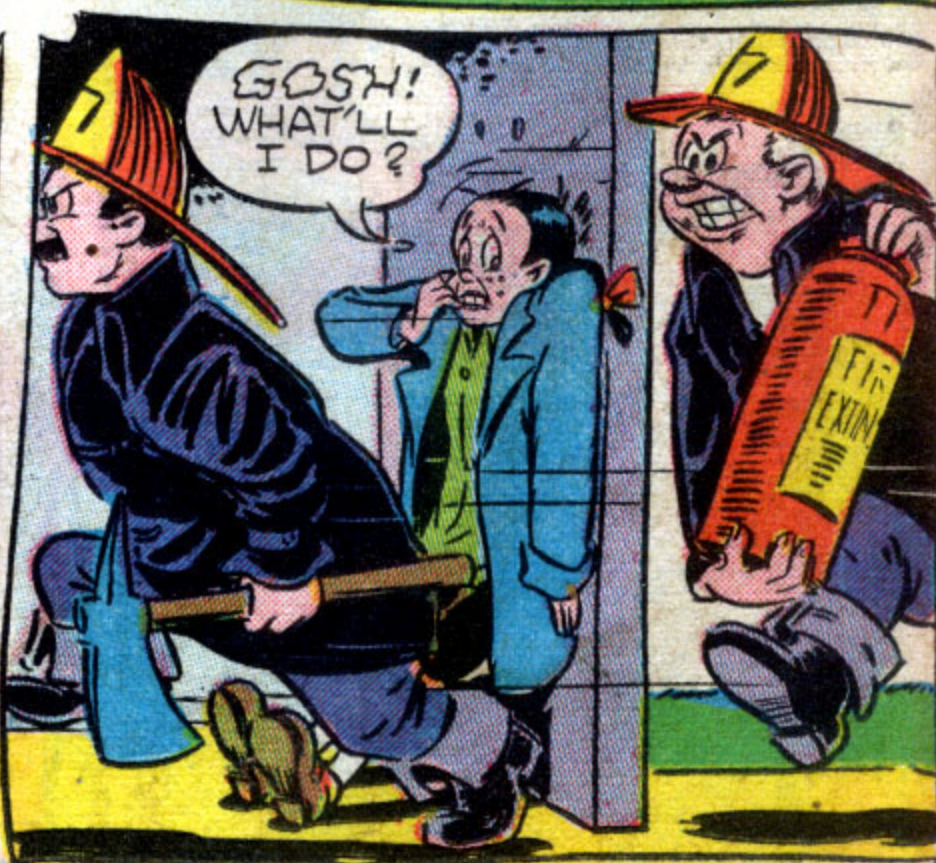
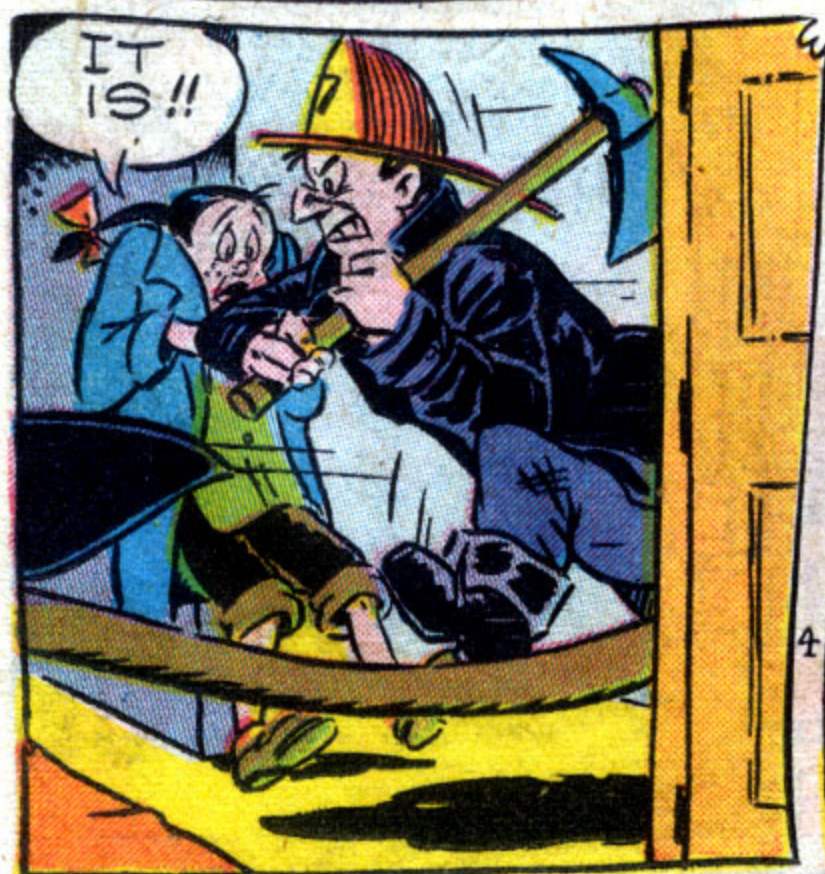
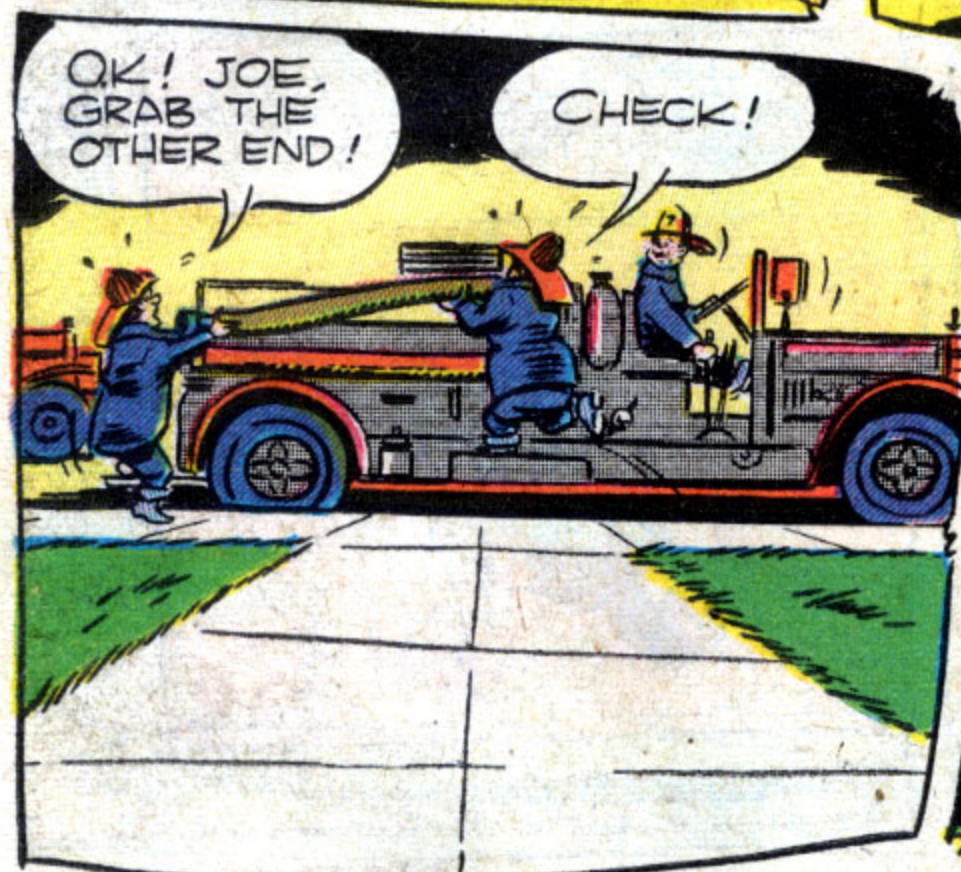
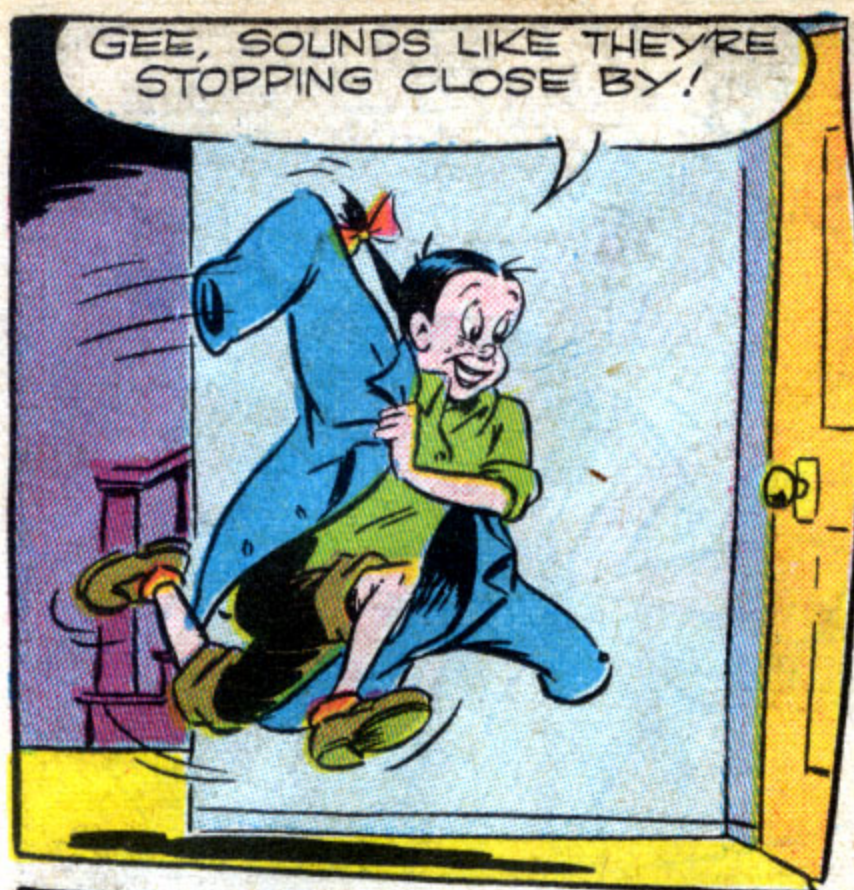


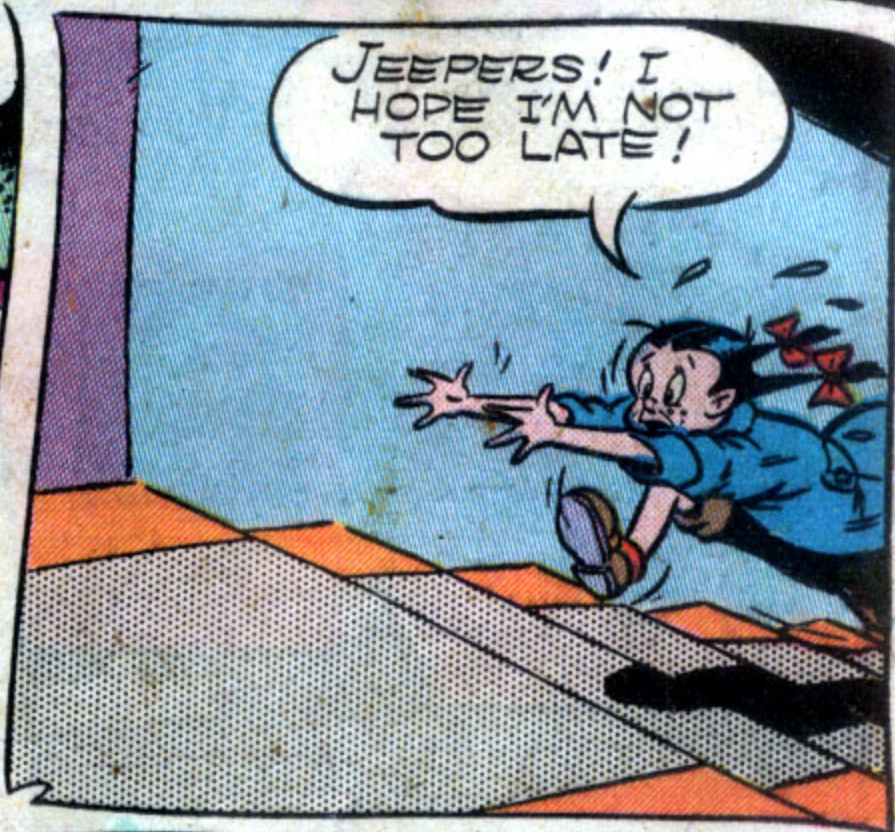
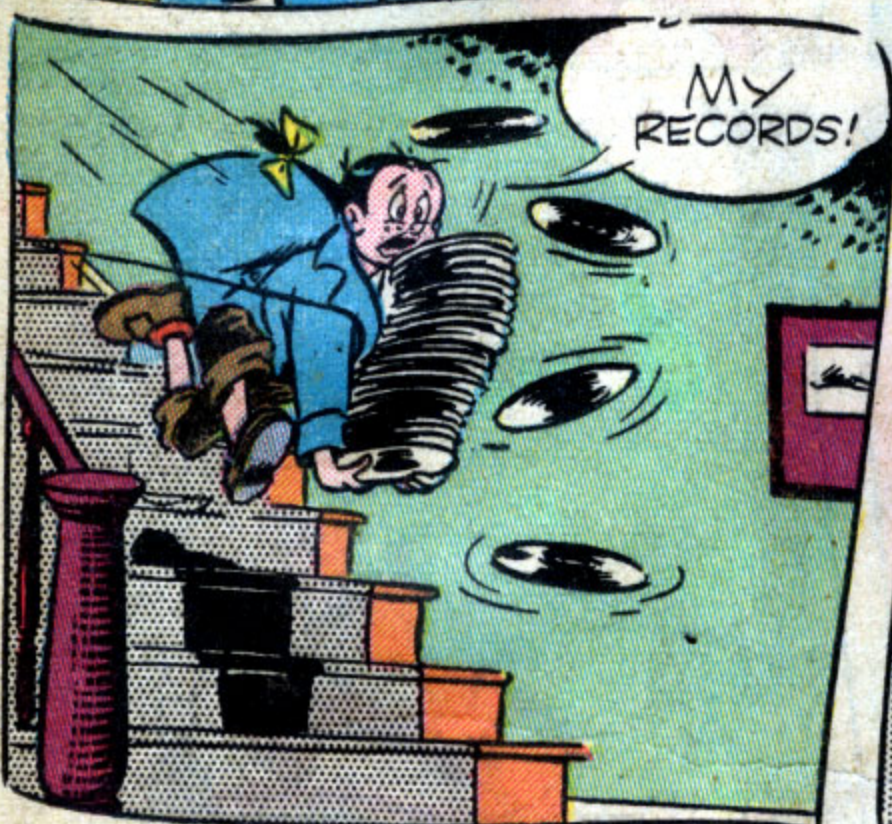
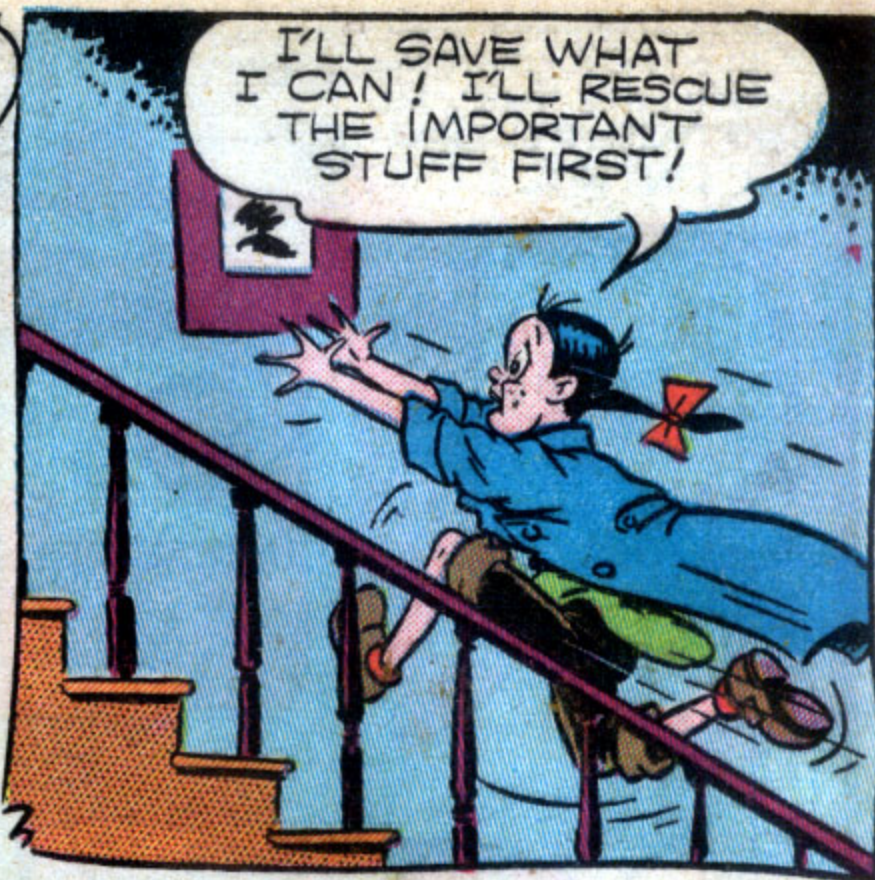
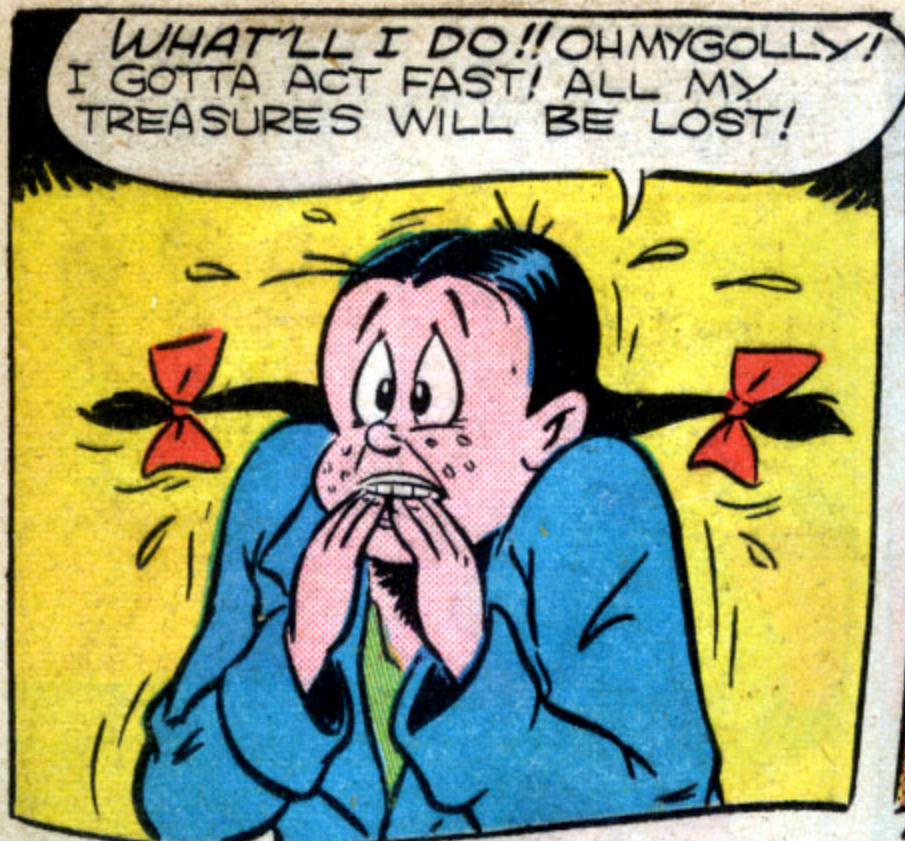
GOSH, THEY'RE COMIN'
DOWN OUR
STREET!



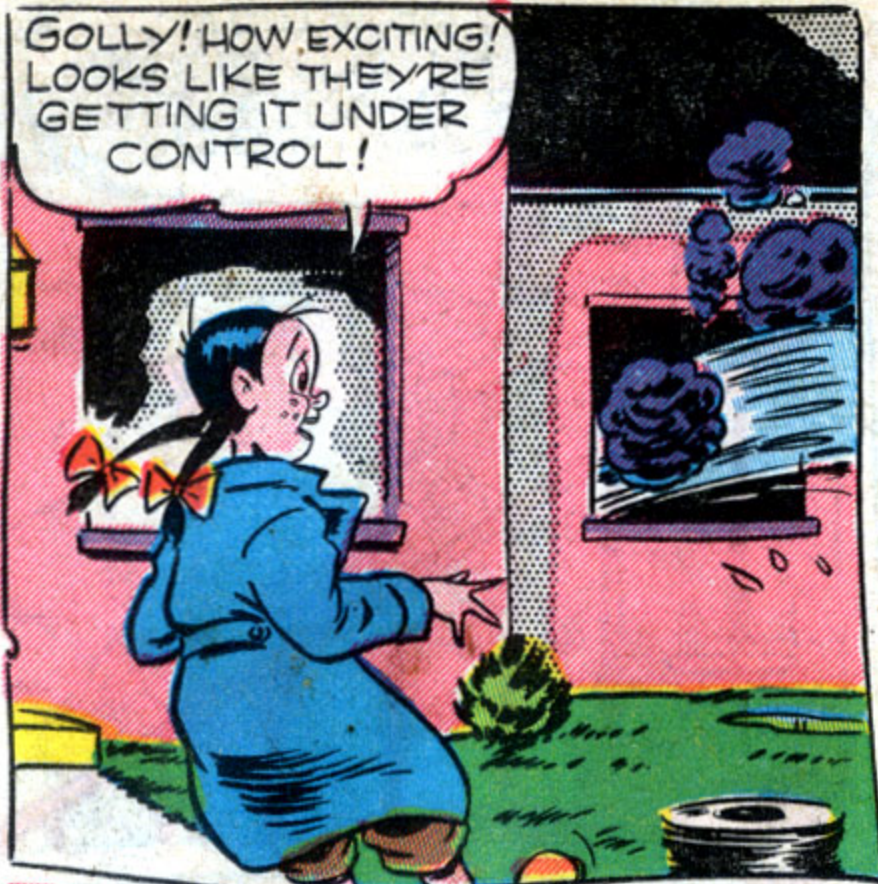
THIS I GOTTA SEE!
WONDER WHERE THE
FIRE'S AT?







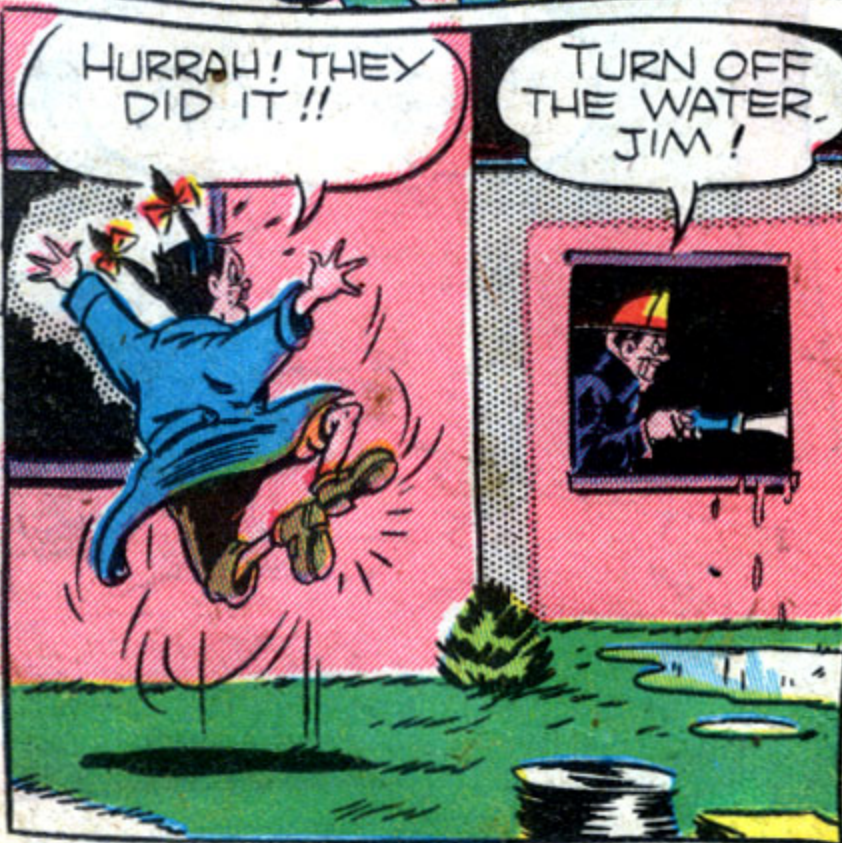
GOLLY! HOW EXCITING!
LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE
GETTING IT UNDER
CONTROL!



IT'S ALMOST
OUT! IT'S ALMOST
OUT!!



HURRAH! THEY
DID IT!!

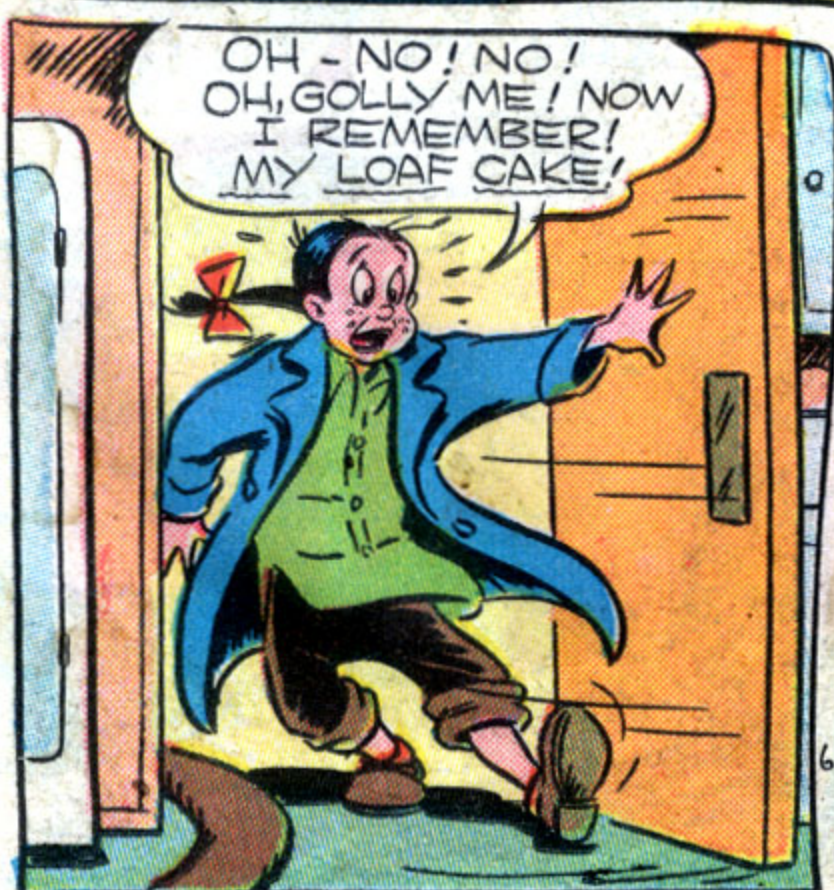


TURN OFF
THE WATER,
JIM!

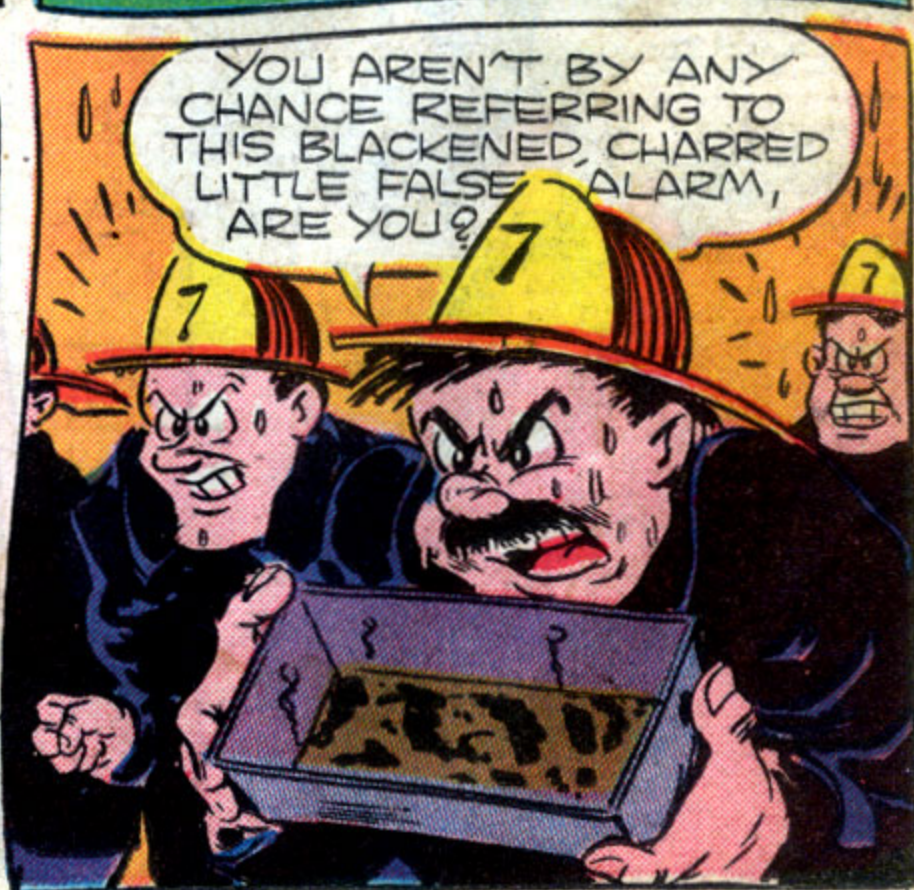
THANK HEAVENS,
NO OTHER ROOM WAS
INVOLVED! NOW TO
SEE WHAT DAMAGE
WAS DONE!



OH - NO! NO!
OH, GOLLY ME! NOW
I REMEMBER!
MY LOAF CAKE!



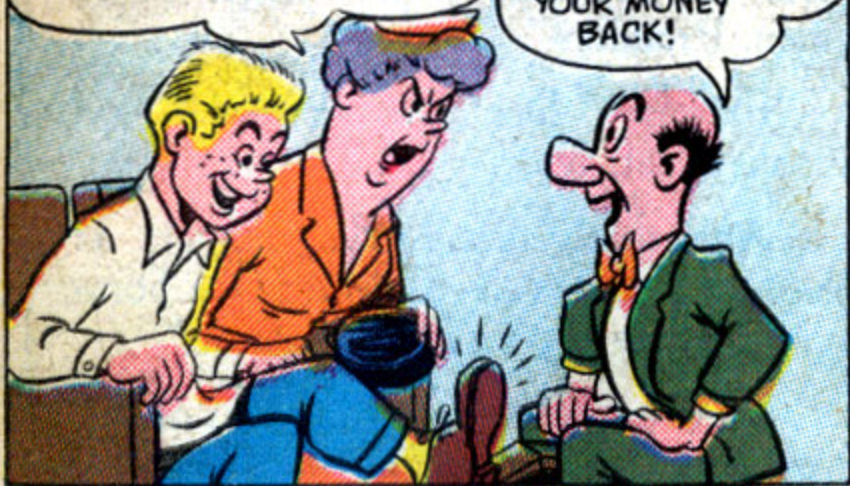
YOU AREN'T BY ANY
CHANCE REFERRING TO
THIS BLACKENED, CHARRED
LITTLE FALSE ALARM,
ARE YOU?



REAL GONE

I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE PRICE! WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS, HOW LONG WILL THEY LAST?

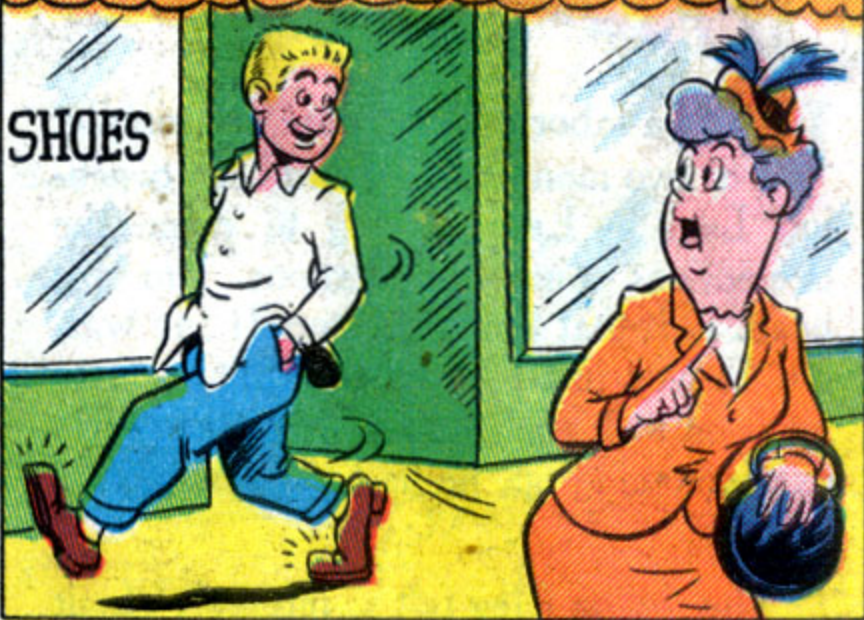
TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE, MA'AM, I'LL SAY AT LEAST TWO MONTHS, OR YOUR MONEY BACK!



SHOES

HEY, THANKS FOR THE SHOES, MOM! THIS BEIN' SATURDAY, I THINK I'LL GO DOWN TO THE COKERY AND SEE WHAT GIVES WITH THE CATS!

VERY WELL BUT I WANT YOU HOME BY 4 P.M.!



DIG THE NEW DOGS, GUYS! REALLY SHARP, HUH?

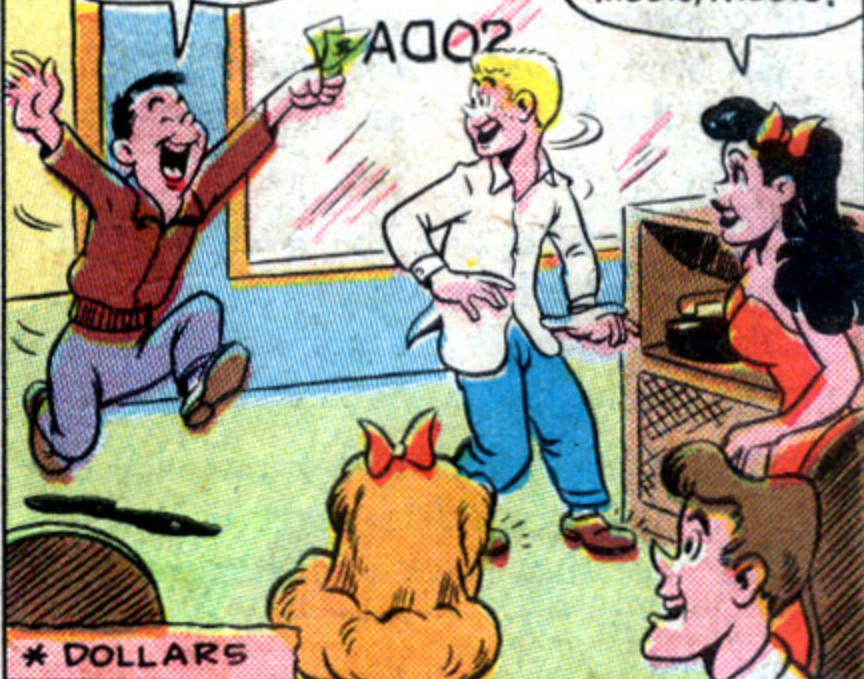
I'LL SAY!... SURE YOUR FEET AREN'T BLEEDIN'?

1-2-3. LAUGH!



HEY, CATS! LOOKY! LOOKY! I'VE GOT TWO WHOLE GEETAS* TO POP IN THE JUKE BOX! LET'S HAVE OURSELVES A BALL!

TWO BUCKS? WOW! LET'S GET WITH IT, GANG! THAT'S A LOTTA MUSIC, MUSIC, MUSIC!



* DOLLARS

LATER...

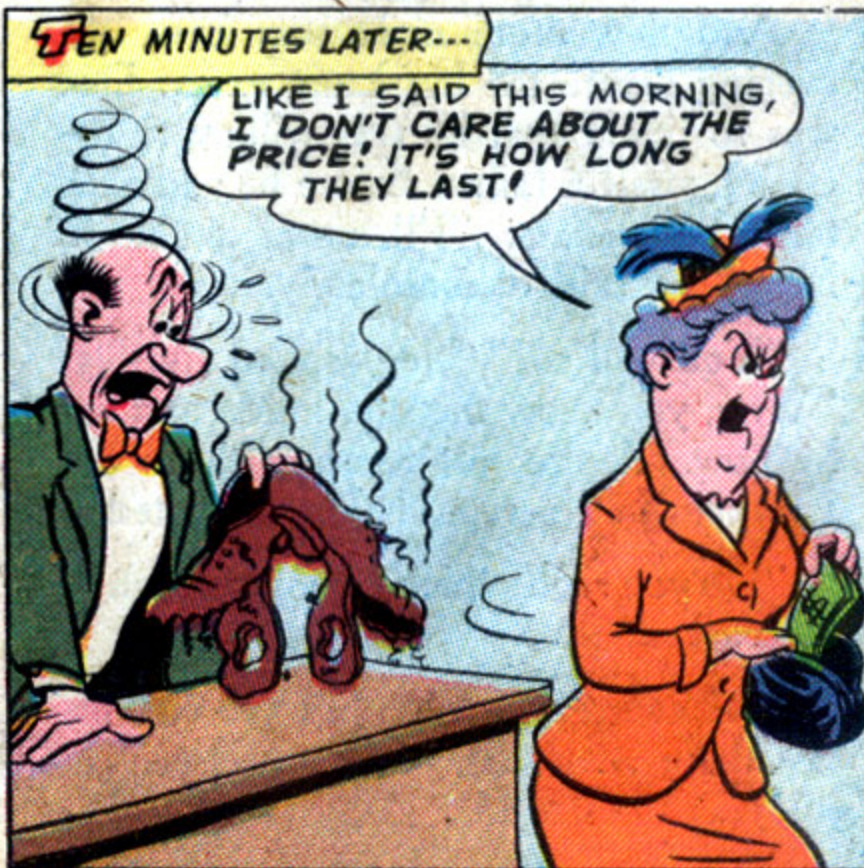
SORRY, CATS! THAT'S THE LAST NICKEL!

GOOD THING, TOO!... I GOTTA GO HOME!



TEN MINUTES LATER...

LIKE I SAID THIS MORNING, I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE PRICE! IT'S HOW LONG THEY LAST!



AMO, AMAS, AMAT!

IT was a labor of love, pure and simple. For two months, Meg had been coaching Don in Latin, trying to drum the declensions and conjugations into his head. Not that Don was stupid! He wasn't. It was just that he couldn't seem to latch on to Latin. And with the end-term exams coming up, he had to pass, he *had* to!

The reason Meg felt so intensely about this was that she felt intensely about Don. To put it plainly, she was in love with him. Of course, that was Meg's secret, for Don had never given her a second glance. He considered her a grind and a drip, a girl who would rather spend an evening in the library than dancing at the "Y".

"If only he'd give me a chance! If he would just *ask* me, once!" Meg sighed wistfully. "I guess it's not smart for a girl to be smart, but I can't help it!"

Don, naturally, had no knowledge of these hopes, which Meg kept well concealed beneath a stack of textbooks. He was grateful for her help and that was about all.

And now cram night was here, the evening before the big Latin exam. Don was so jittery that he was willing to declare himself a failure before he had even taken the exam. "I'll never make it, Meg," he said disconsolately.

"You will so!" Meg replied sturdily. "Why, you know the stuff inside and out by now. You're just nervous, that's all. *Everyone* gets nervous before a big test!"

"Do you *really* think I know enough?" Don asked.

"Of course you do! Just promise me one thing . . . that you'll spend tonight studying the irregular verbs, just to make

sure. They're usually the stickers on an exam. Promise?"

"Promise!" Don gave his word. "And thanks a lot, Meg."

"And that's that," Meg thought as she turned and walked towards the library. "I'm just not his type, I guess."

A few hours later, as Meg was on her way home, she passed by the ice cream joint. An unexpected sight made her stop short and stare. There, sharing a tall coke with Millie Powell, and *not* studying his irregular verbs as he had promised, was Don! Indignation welled up in Meg like a fountain. This was too much! To be ignored by Don was bad enough, but to see him fail in a promise was unforgivable!

Storming into the ice cream joint, Meg faced Don squarely and let him have it. "I guess you are a dope," she said clearly, "not caring whether you pass or fail! Don't you want to graduate, you big lunk-head? And how do you think I feel, after having coached you so long? Now I don't care whether you keep your promise or not! So there!"

Turning, Meg marched out of the ice cream joint, her head high. From a corner of her eye, she could see Don sheepishly paying for the coke. He was going home to study. Well, let him! For now Meg felt that she had lost any chance she might have had with Don. He would ignore her forever!

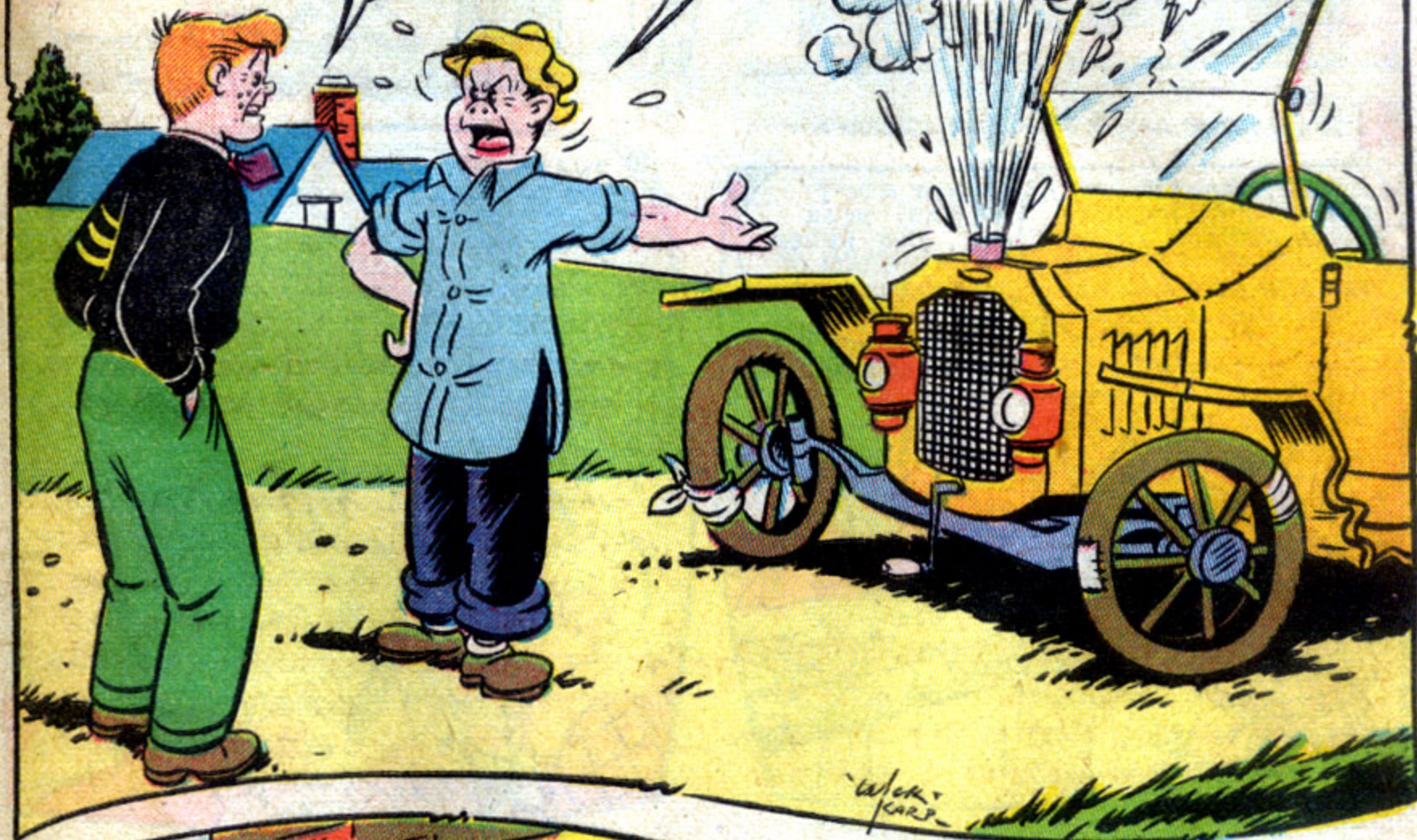
The next day, right after the Latin exam, Meg left the auditorium and started down the steps. A light touch on her shoulder stopped her. "Gosh, you're *terrific*!" Don said happily. "I knew everything!" And then, before running down the steps, he added quickly, "Save the Senior Prom for me!"

Natch

"MAY THE BETTER
MAN WIN"

WADDAYA
MEAN, AT LAST
YA OWN A HOT
ROD?...YA CAN'T
CALL THAT 1914
MODEL "T" A HOT
ROD, JACKSON!

OH, NO? I'D
LIKE TA SEE A
ROD THAT'S ANY
HOTTER! GET A
LOAD OF THAT BOILIN'
RADIATOR, PAL!



SHUCKS, NATCH!
YOU'LL WIN EASILY!
--- YOU GOT SUCH
A HEADSTART ON
THE REST OF US IN
BUILDIN' YOUR
JALOPY THAT WE'LL
NEVER CATCH UP
TO YA!

POINTFALLS HIGH
---HOT ROD OWNERS---
ENTER YOUR CAR
IN THE POINTFALLS
SECOND ANNUAL
SPEED TIME-TRIALS
AT DRY LAKE!

BIG PRIZES FOR
CAR GOING
FASTEST MEASURED
MILE!

SPONSORED BY
POINTFALLS POLICE D

YEAH, IF I HAD
THAT HOT ROD OF YOURS,
NATCH, I'D BET EVERY
CENT I HAD THAT I'D
COME IN FIRST!



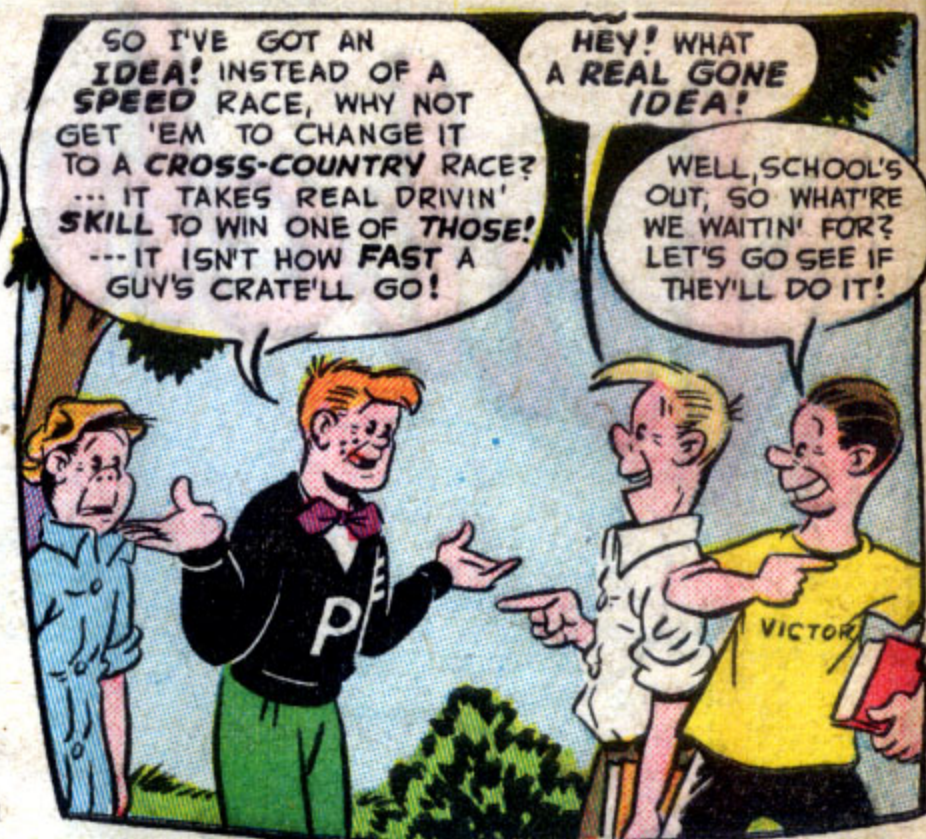
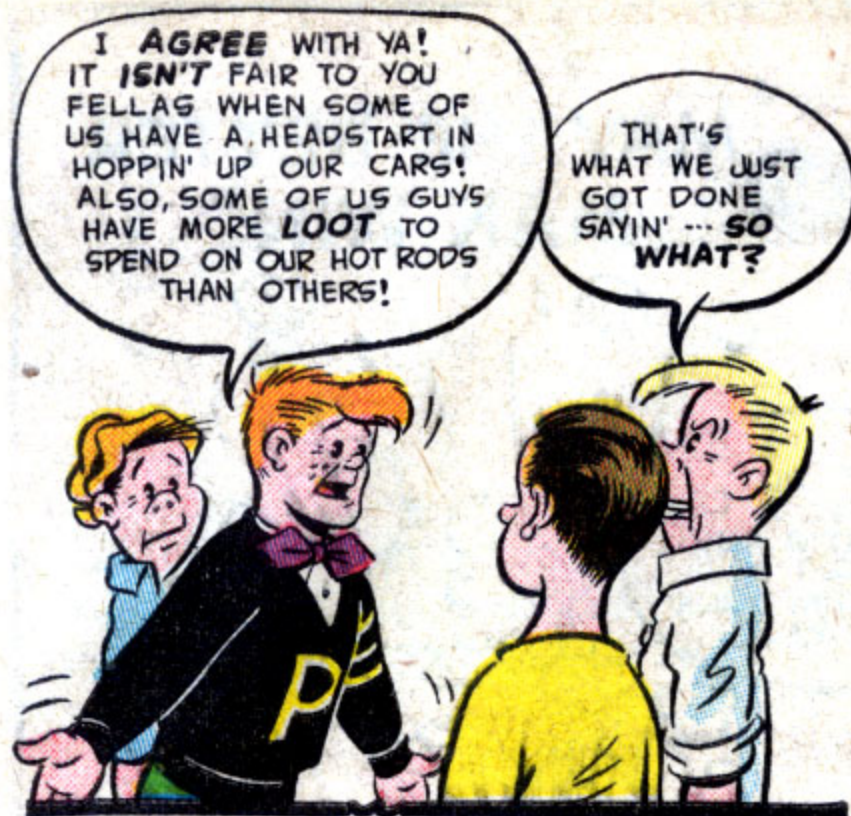
HOLY
COW! I'M
NOT EVEN
GONNA ENTER!

ME NEITHER!
WHAT'S THE
USE?

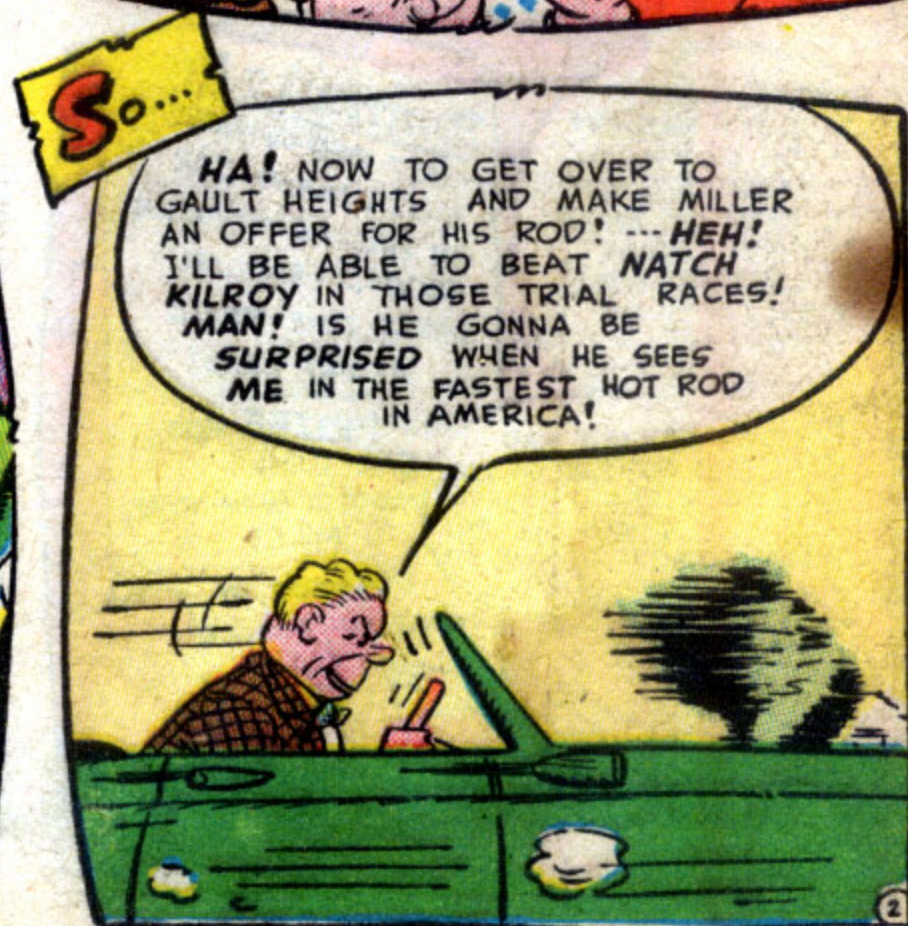
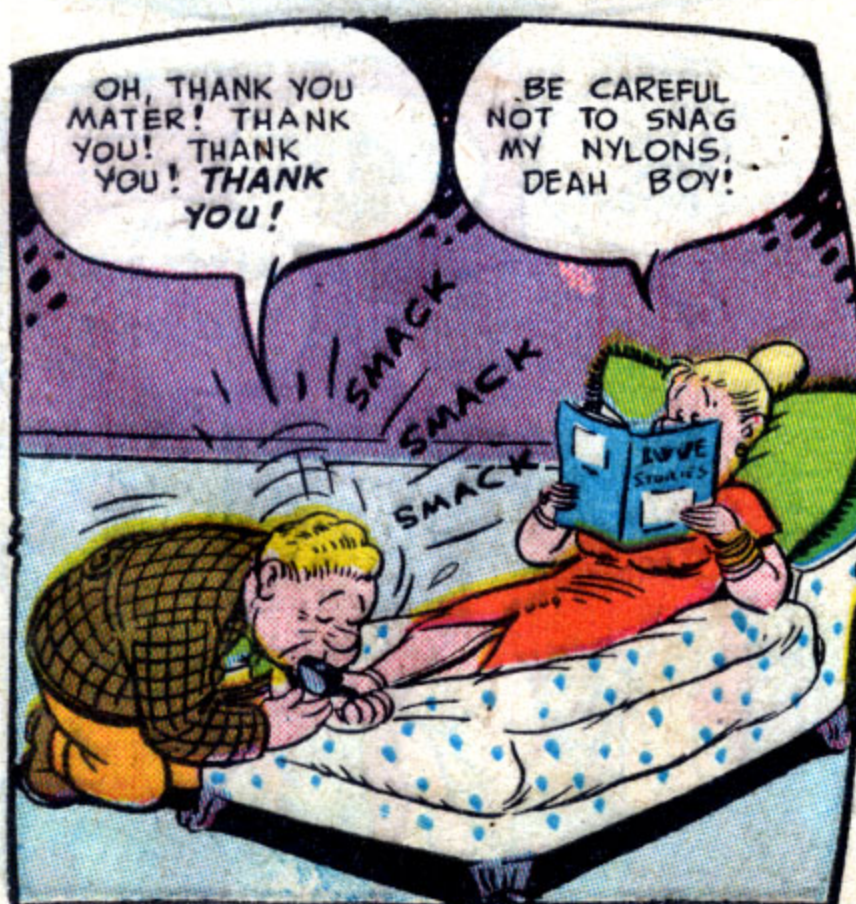
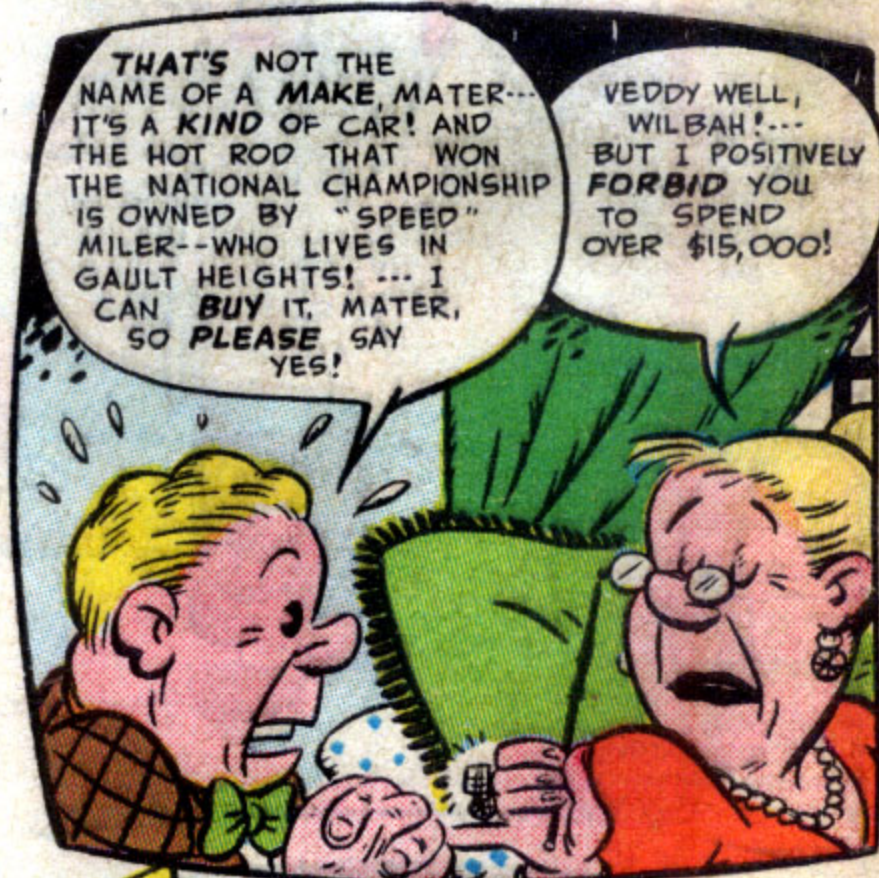
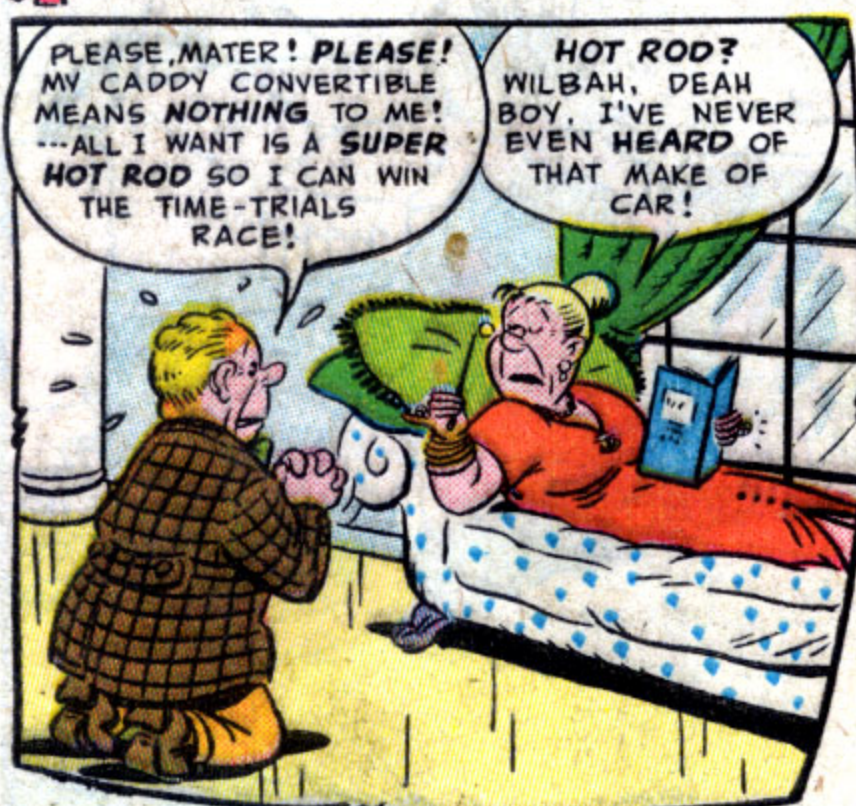
MY
MODEL "A"
WOULDN'T HAVE
A CHANCE!

HEY,
GANG! JUST
A
MINUTE!

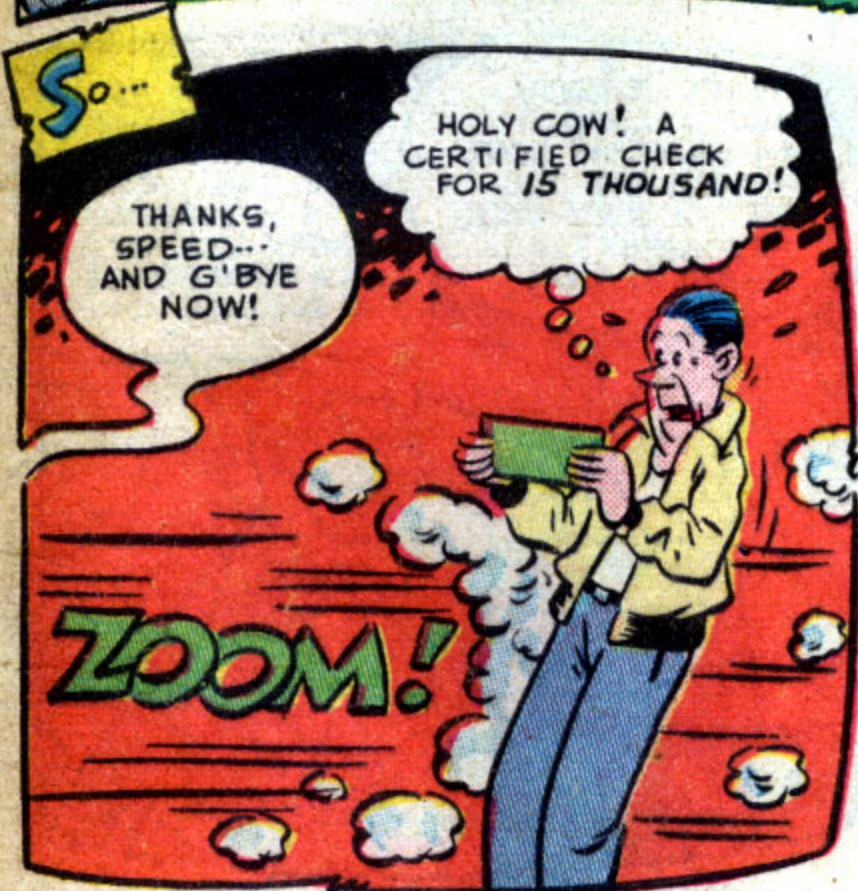
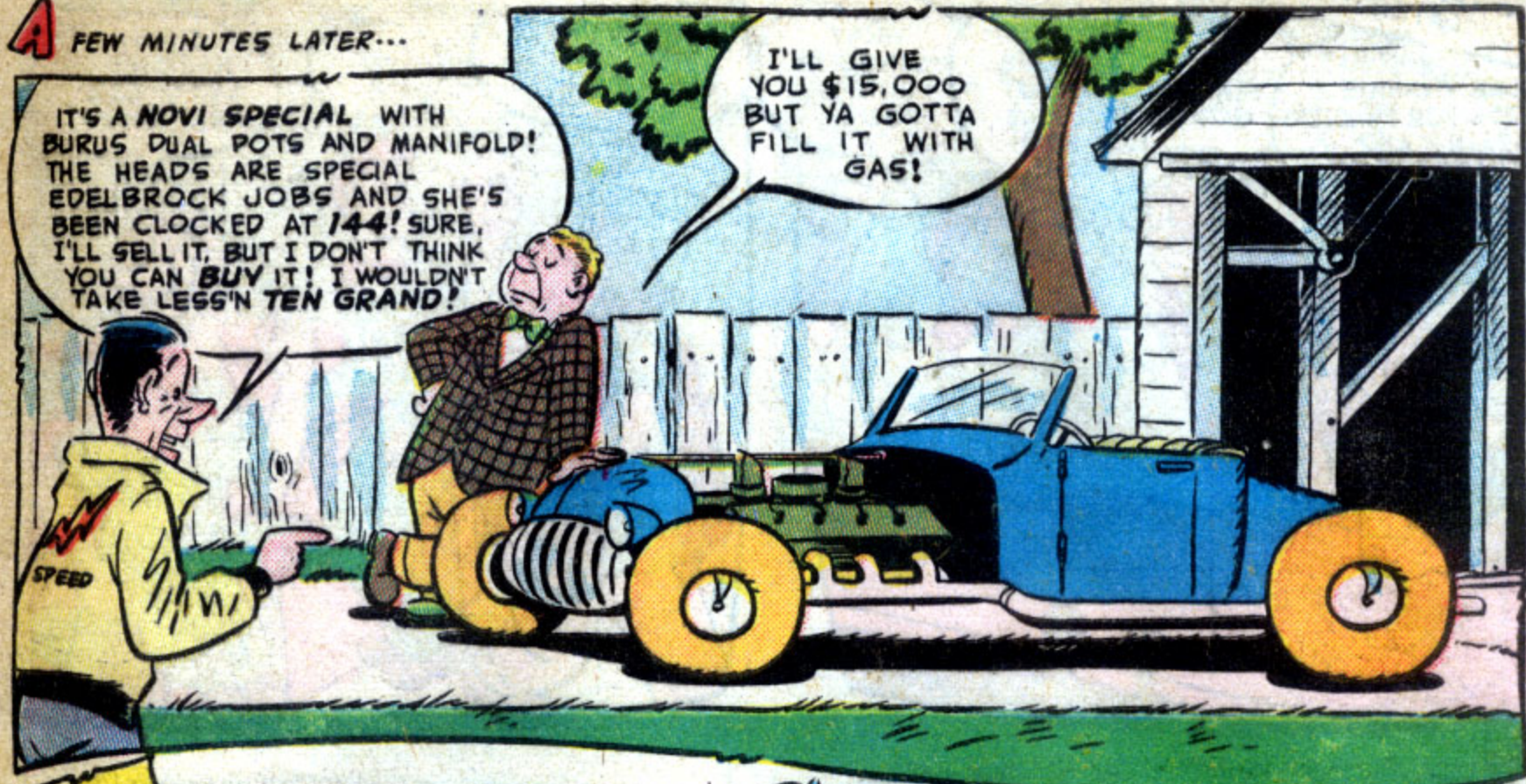




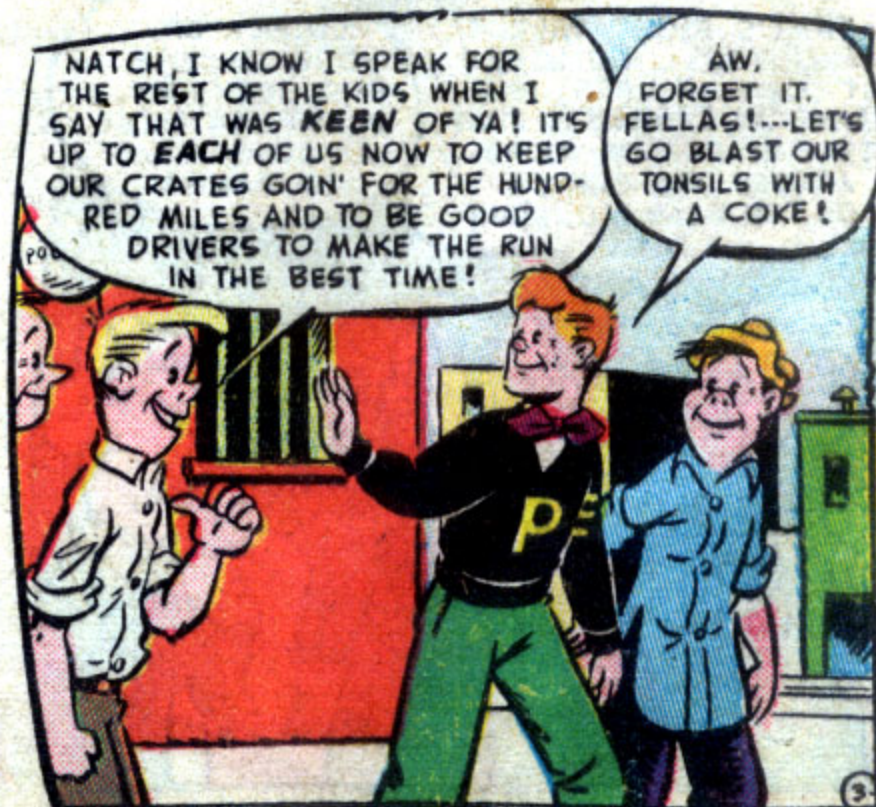
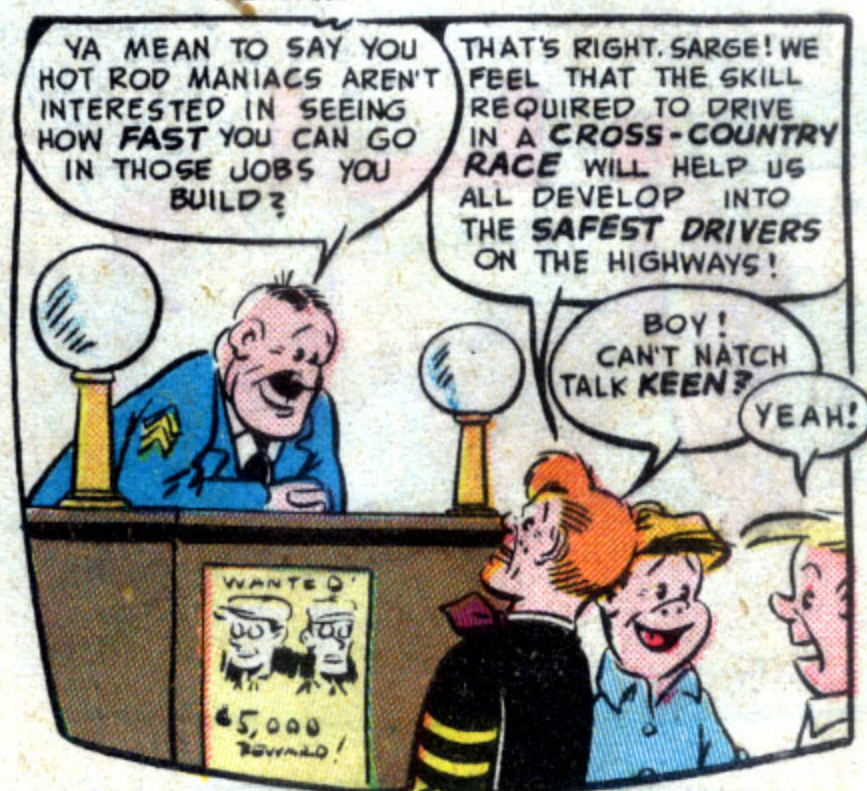
A HALF HOUR LATER, AT WILBUR MORTON'S---

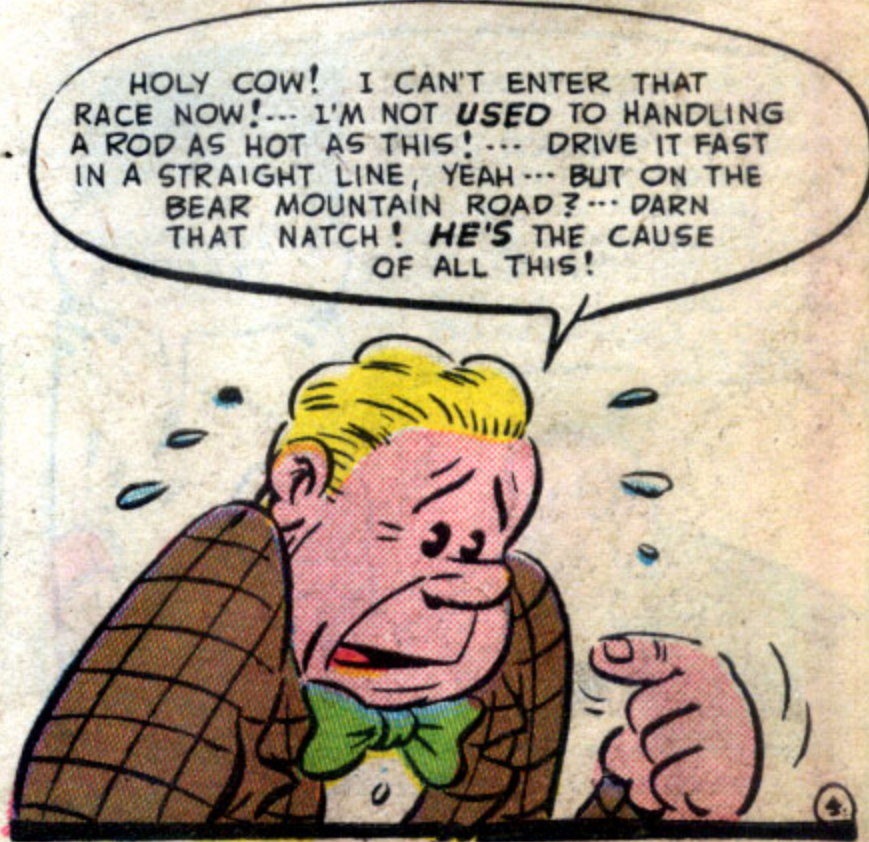
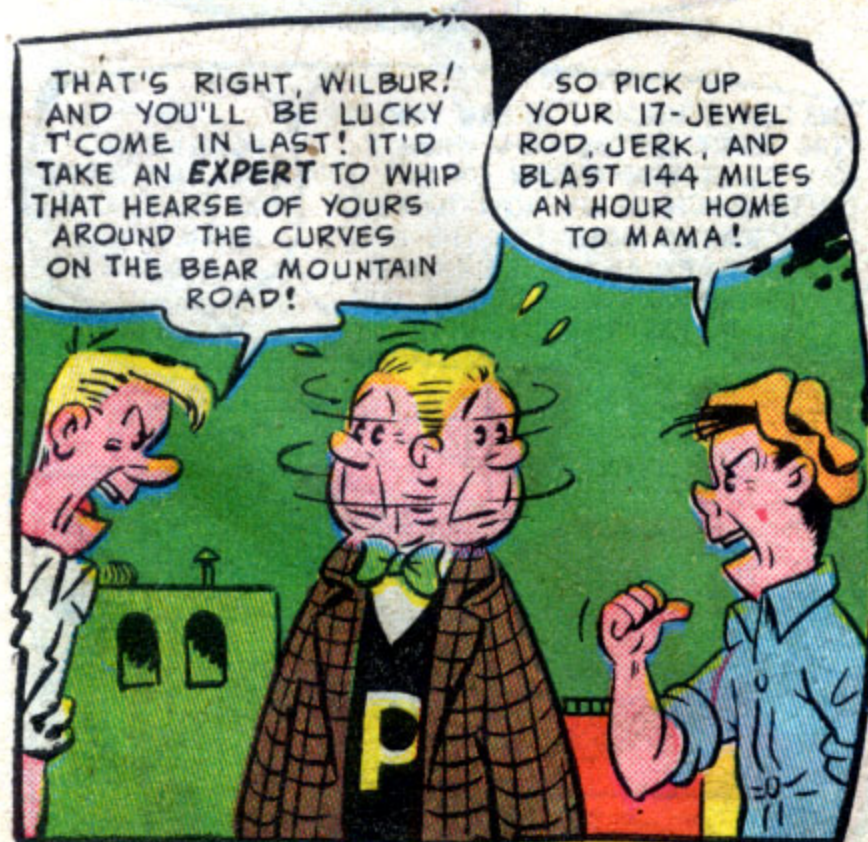
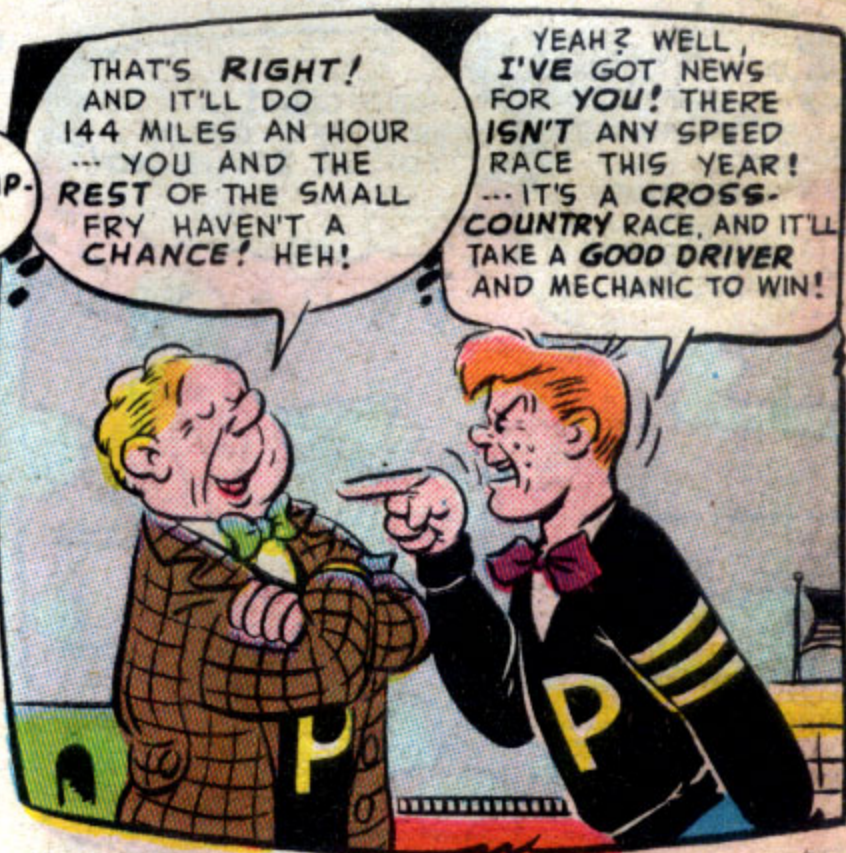
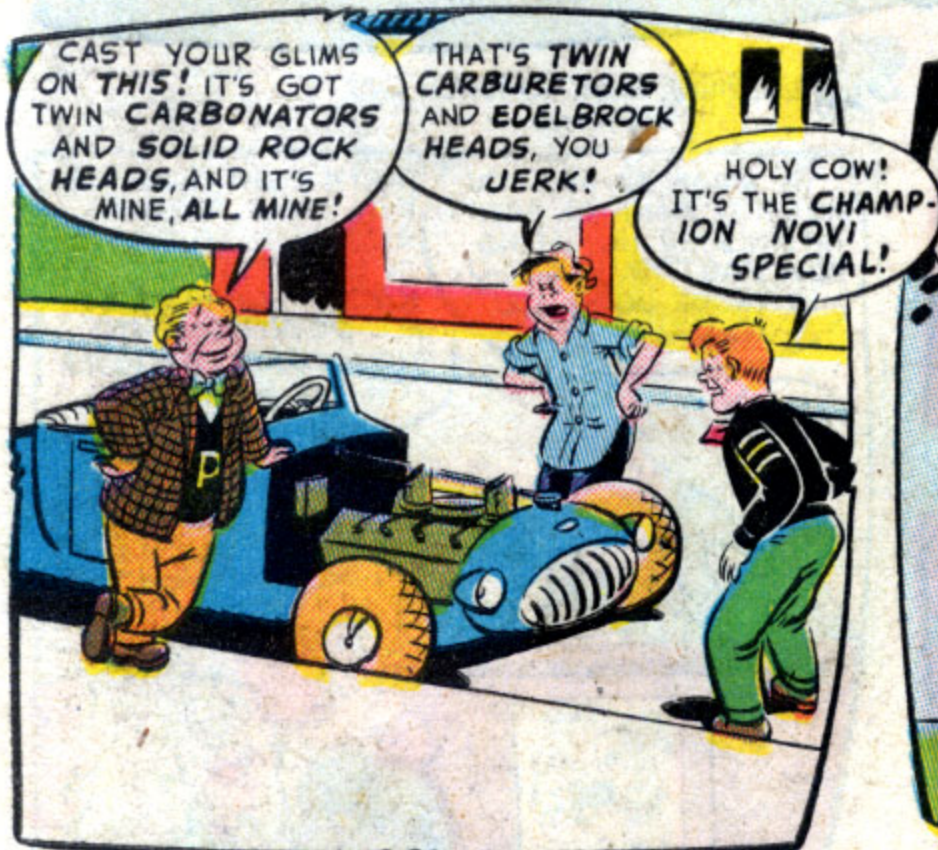
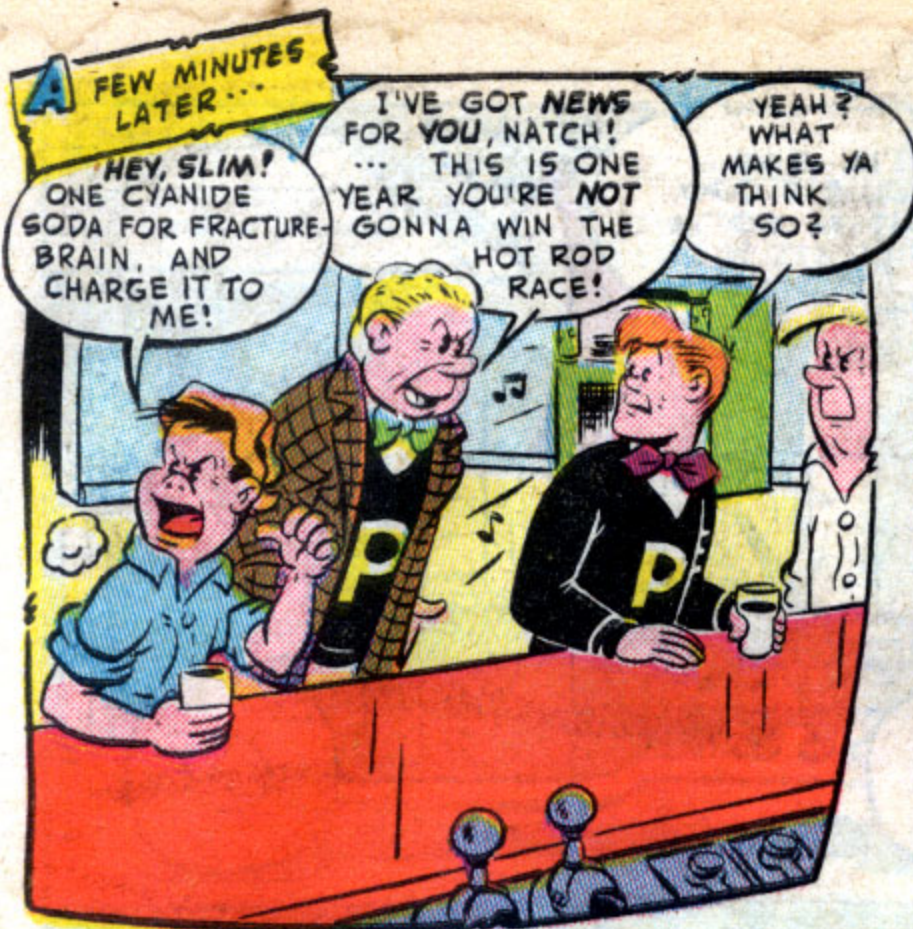


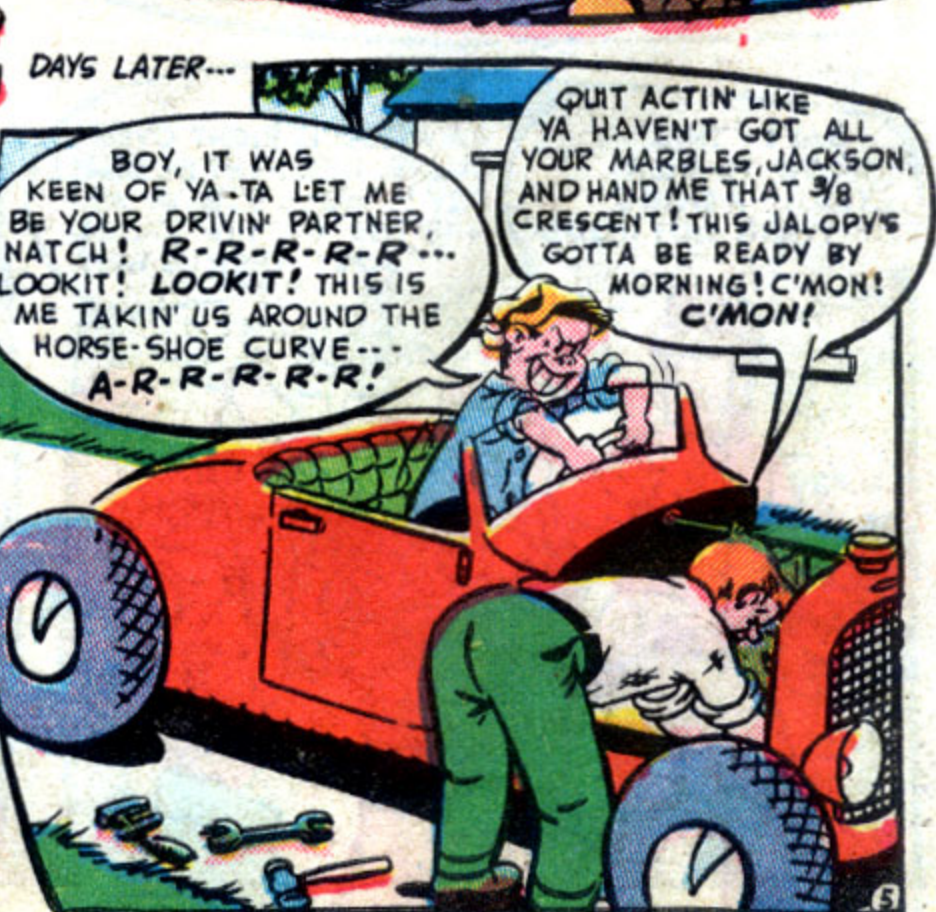
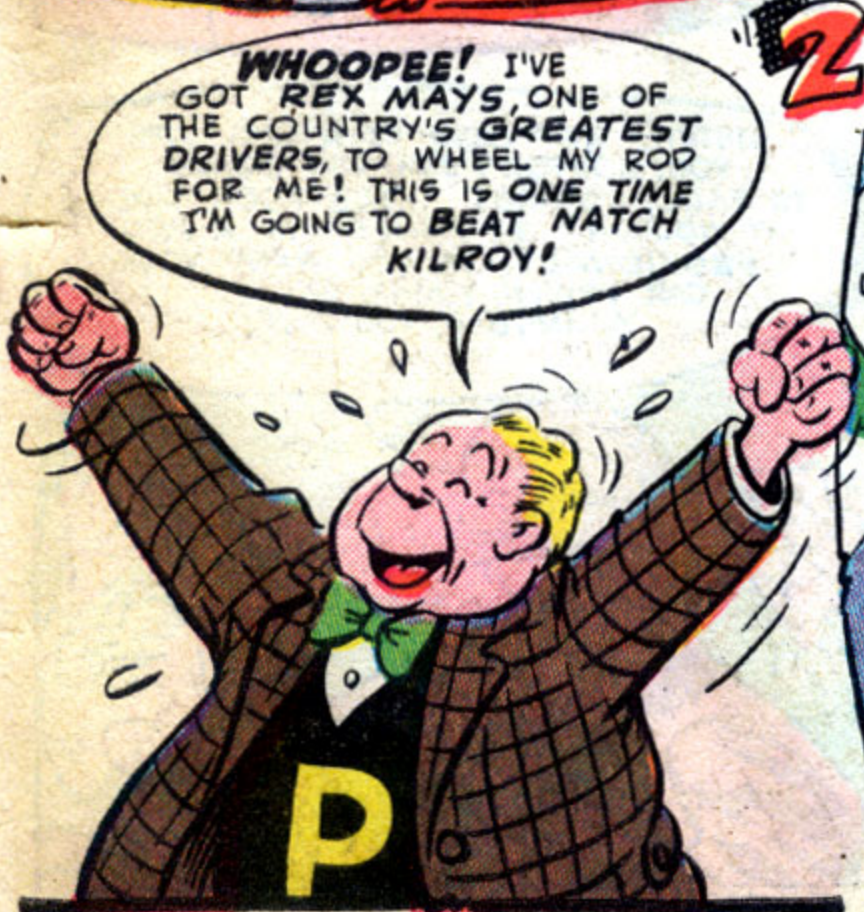
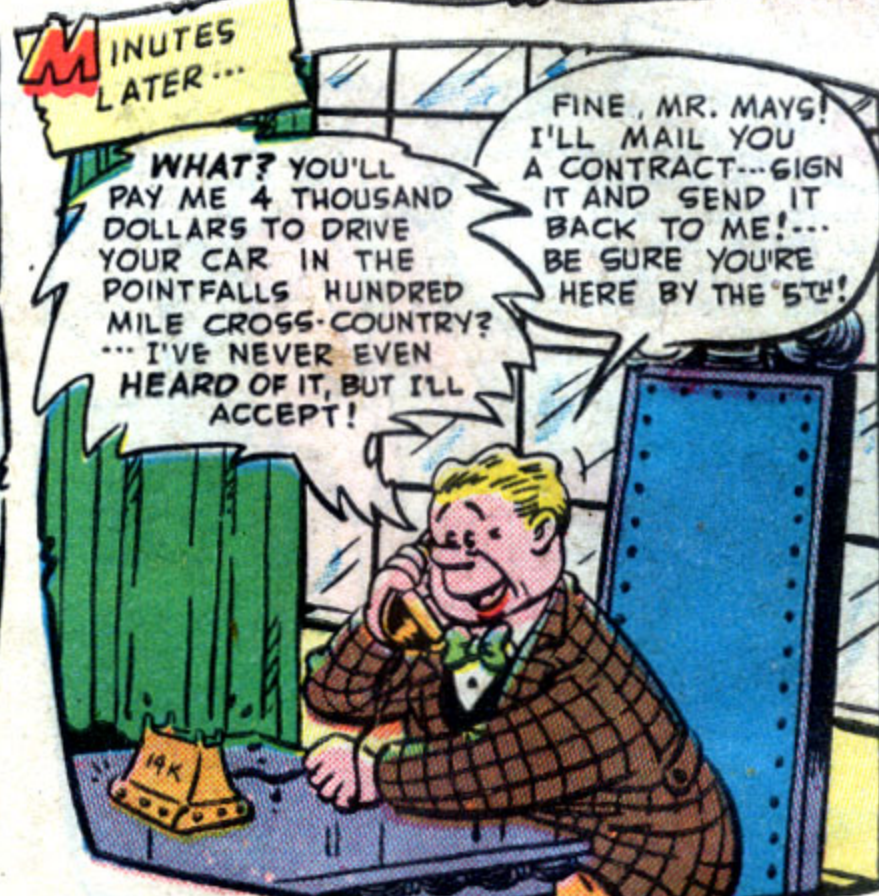
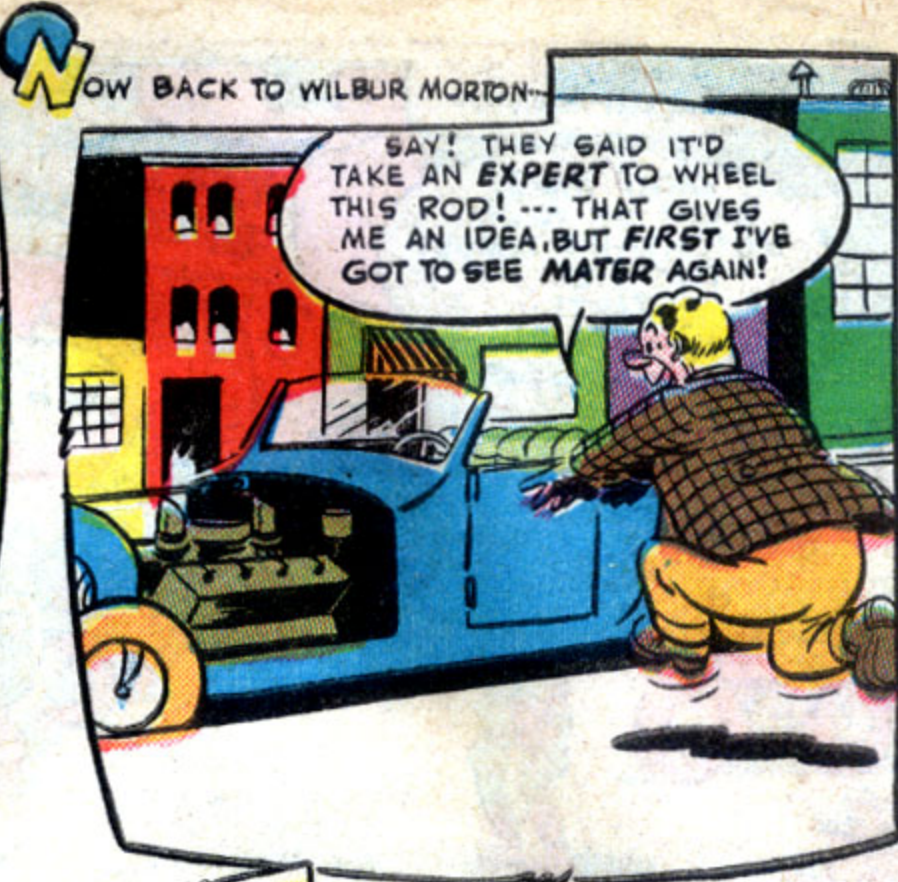
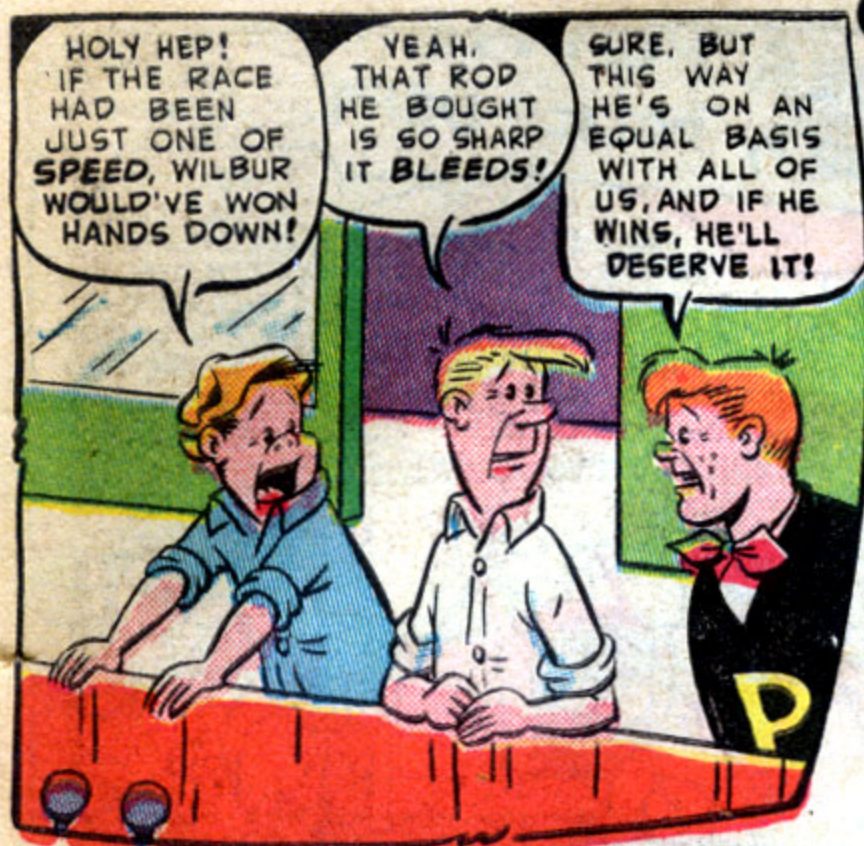
A FEW MINUTES LATER...



MEANWHILE, BACK TO **NATCH** AND THE **GANG....**







SO THE BIG DAY ARRIVES!

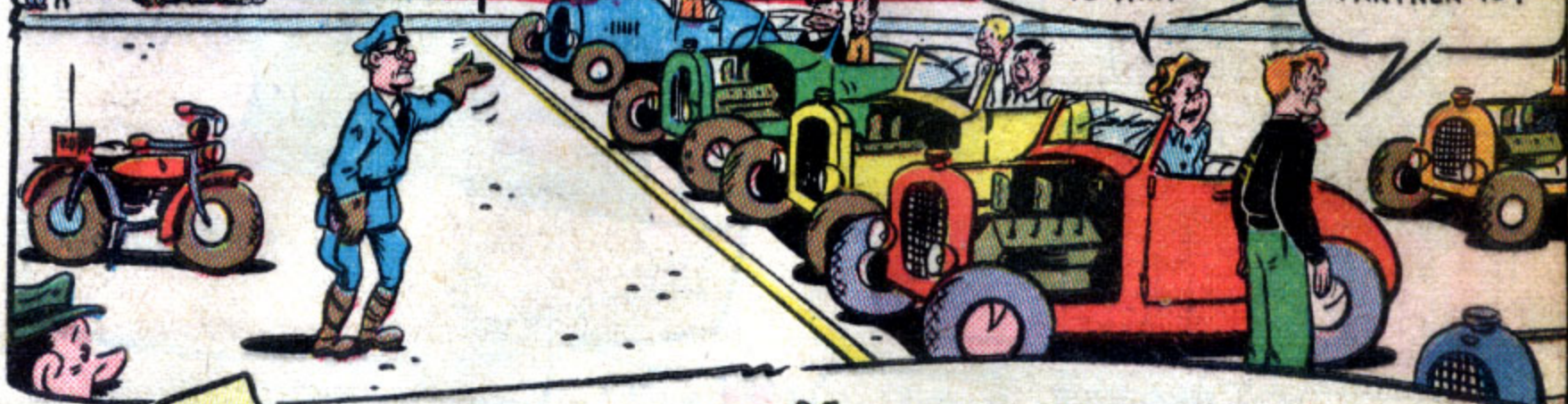
TEEN-AGER HOT RODS SPONSORED by POLICE DEPT.

OKAY, KIDS!
WARM UP YOUR
MOTORS--IT'S ALMOST
TIME TO
START!

OKAY,
MR. FARRELL!

BOY!
WAS I SURPRISED
TA SEE WILBUR HAD
ENTERED THE RACE!
... I DIDN'T THINK
HE'D DO IT UNLESS
HE WAS SURE
TO WIN!

MAYBE HE'S
A BETTER
SPORTSMAN
THAN WE
THOUGHT ...
WONDER WHERE
HE IS, AND WHO
HIS DRIVIN'
PARTNER IS?



MEANWHILE...

MR. MAYES?
I'M MORTON, THE
ONE WHO HIRED YOU
TO DRIVE MY CAR! ...
HURRY! IT'S ALMOST
TIME FOR THE START!

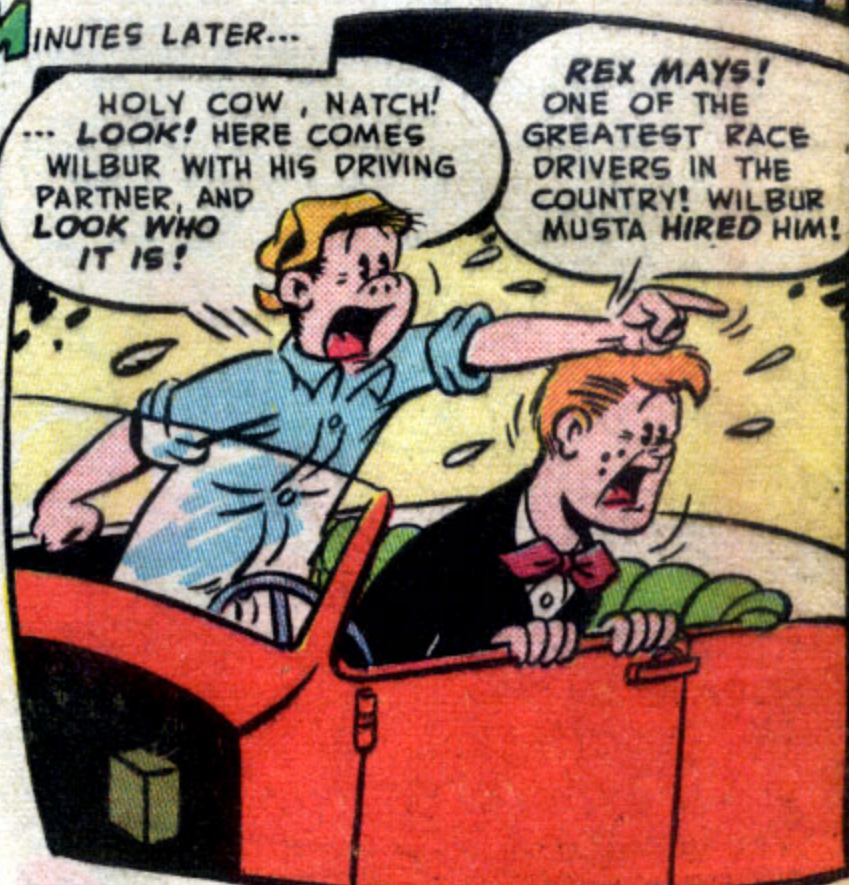
SORRY!
THE TRAIN
WAS LATE,
MORTON!



MINUTES LATER...

HOLY COW, NATCH!
... LOOK! HERE COMES
WILBUR WITH HIS DRIVING
PARTNER, AND
LOOK WHO
IT IS!

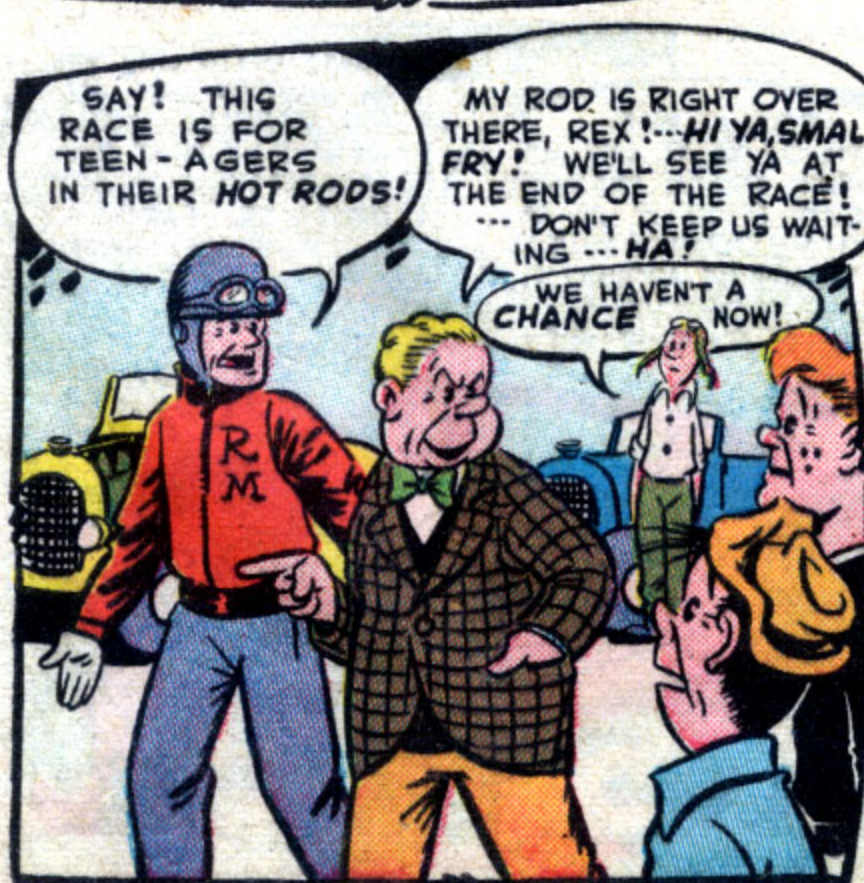
REX MAYES!
ONE OF THE
GREATEST RACE
DRIVERS IN THE
COUNTRY! WILBUR
MUSTA HIRED HIM!



SAY! THIS
RACE IS FOR
TEEN-AGERS
IN THEIR HOT RODS!

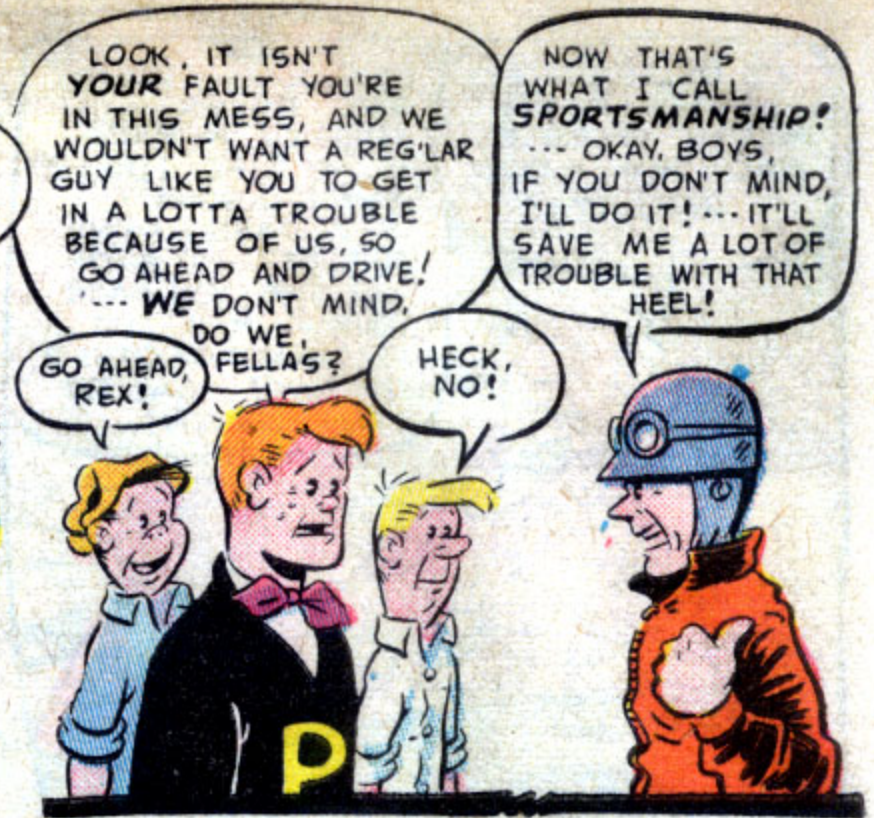
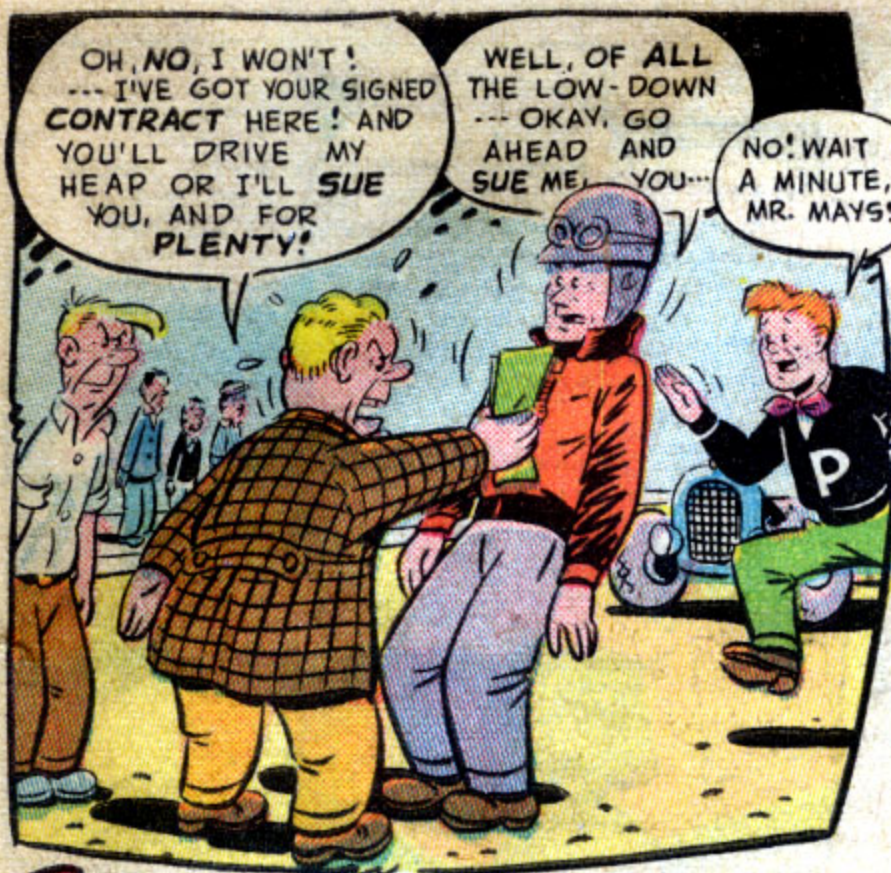
MY ROD IS RIGHT OVER
THERE, REX! ... HI YA, SMALL
FRY! WE'LL SEE YA AT
THE END OF THE RACE!
... DON'T KEEP US WAIT-
ING ... HA!

WE HAVEN'T A
CHANCE
NOW!

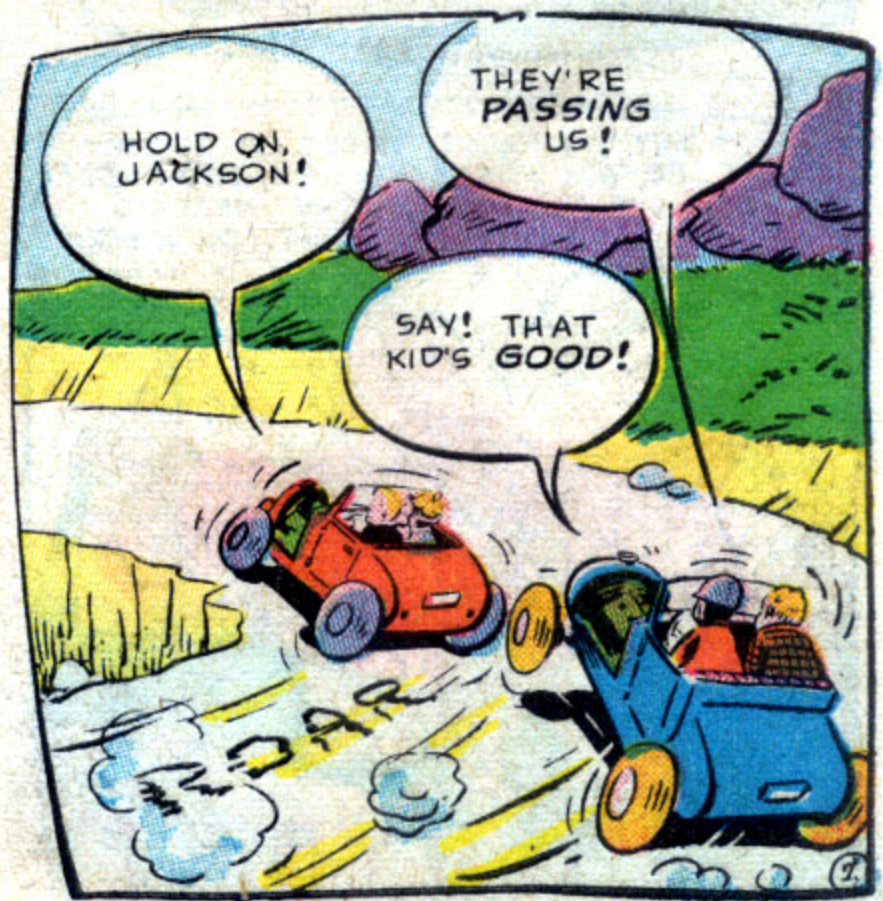
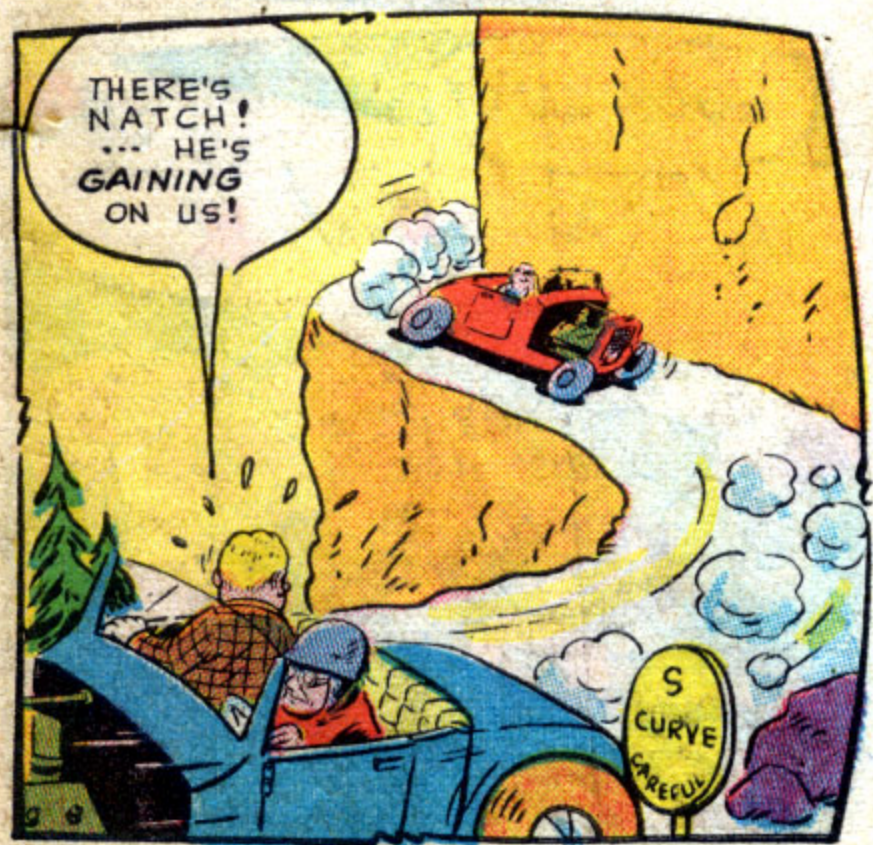
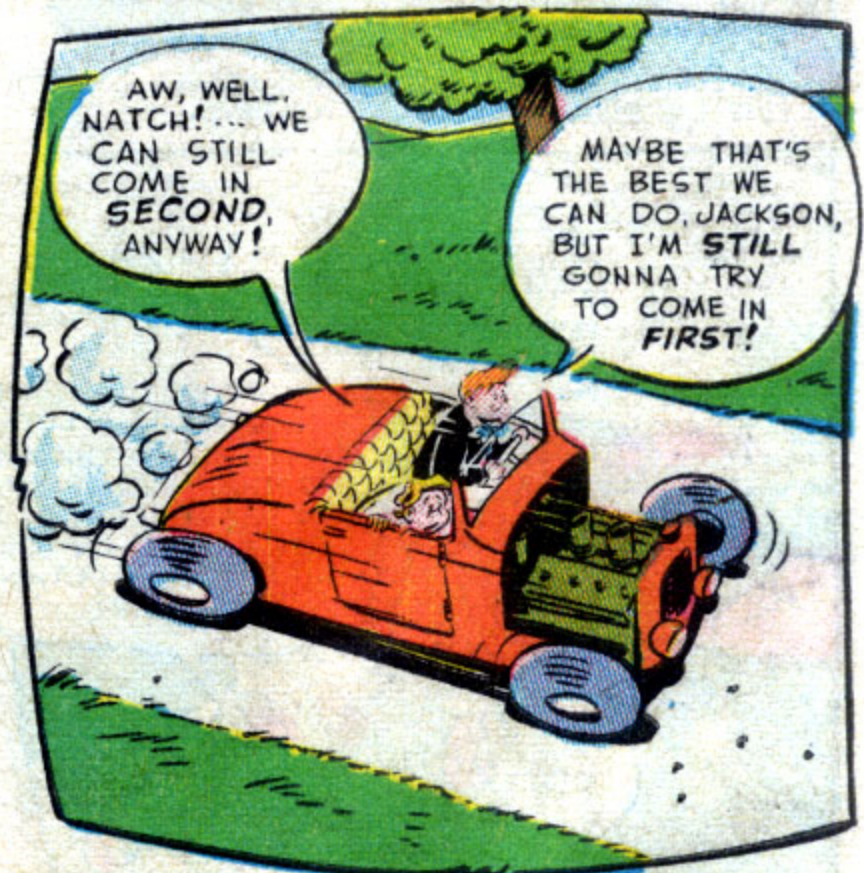
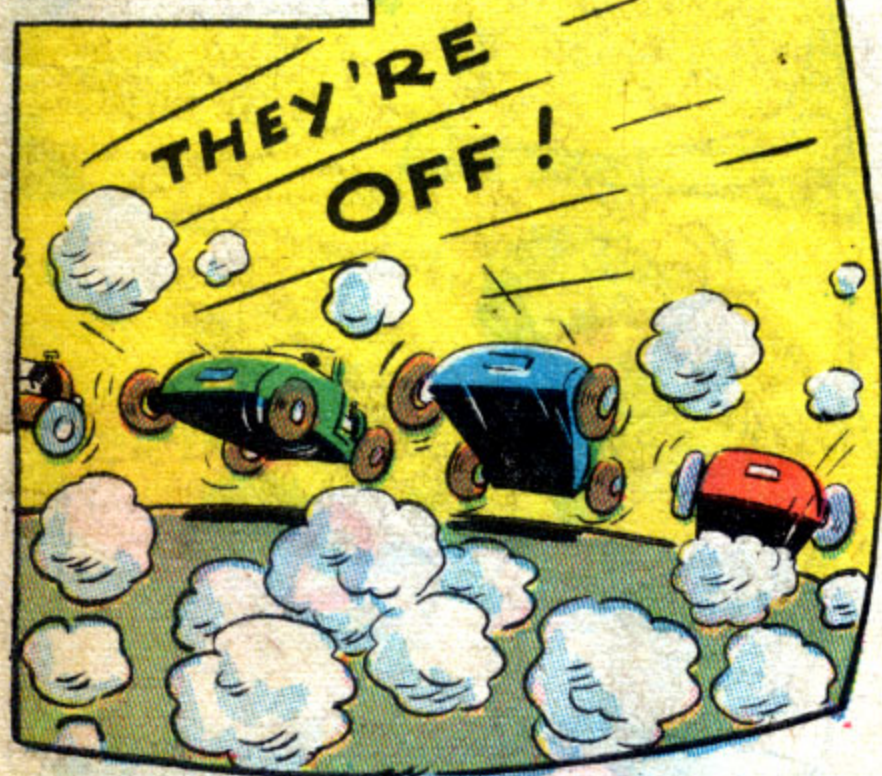


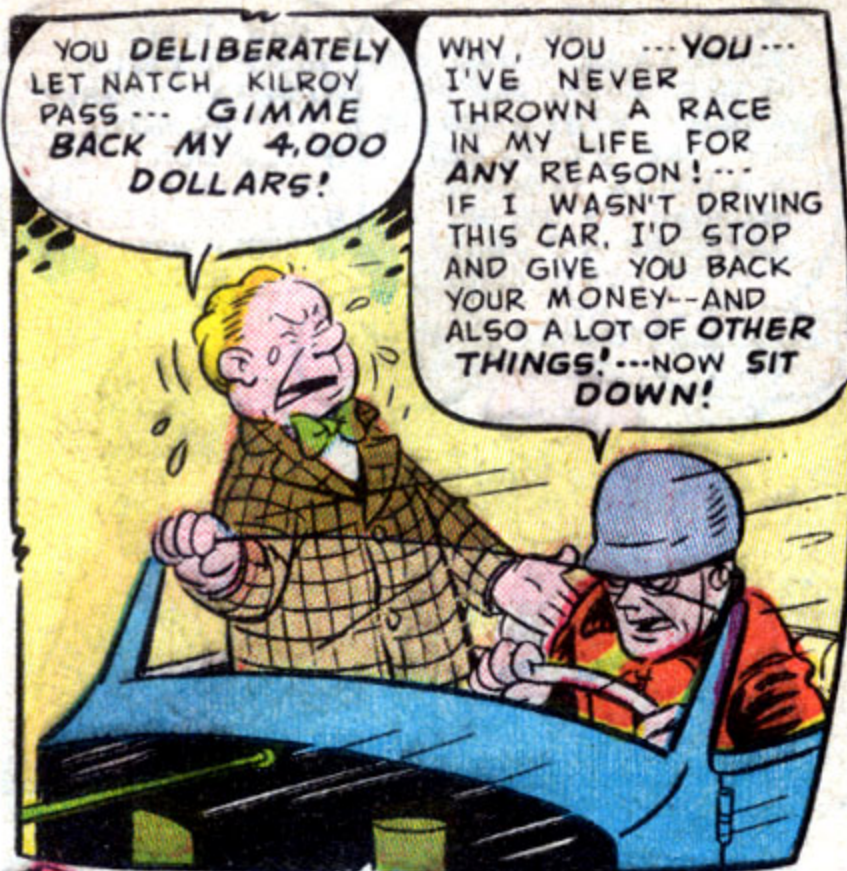
LISTEN, WHAT KIND OF A HEEL ARE
YOU, MORTON? I'M NOT GOING
TO RACE AGAINST THESE POOR KIDS...
IT WOULDN'T BE FAIR! I'M A PRO-
FESSIONAL! IF YOU WANT YOUR
CAR DRIVEN, YOU'LL DO IT
YOURSELF, YOU RAT!



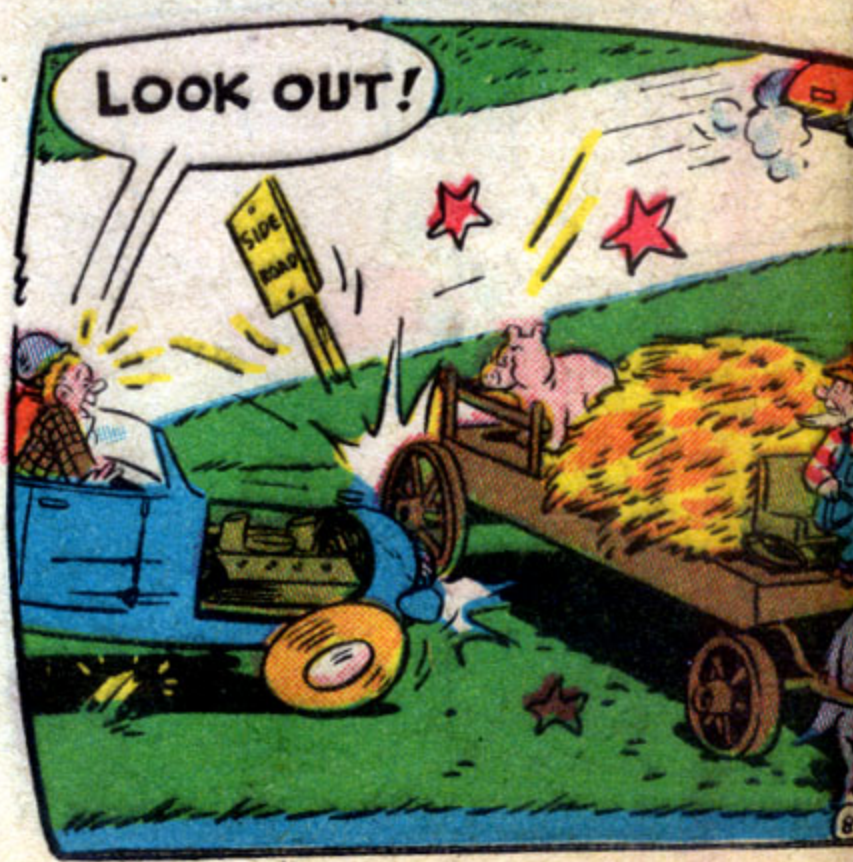
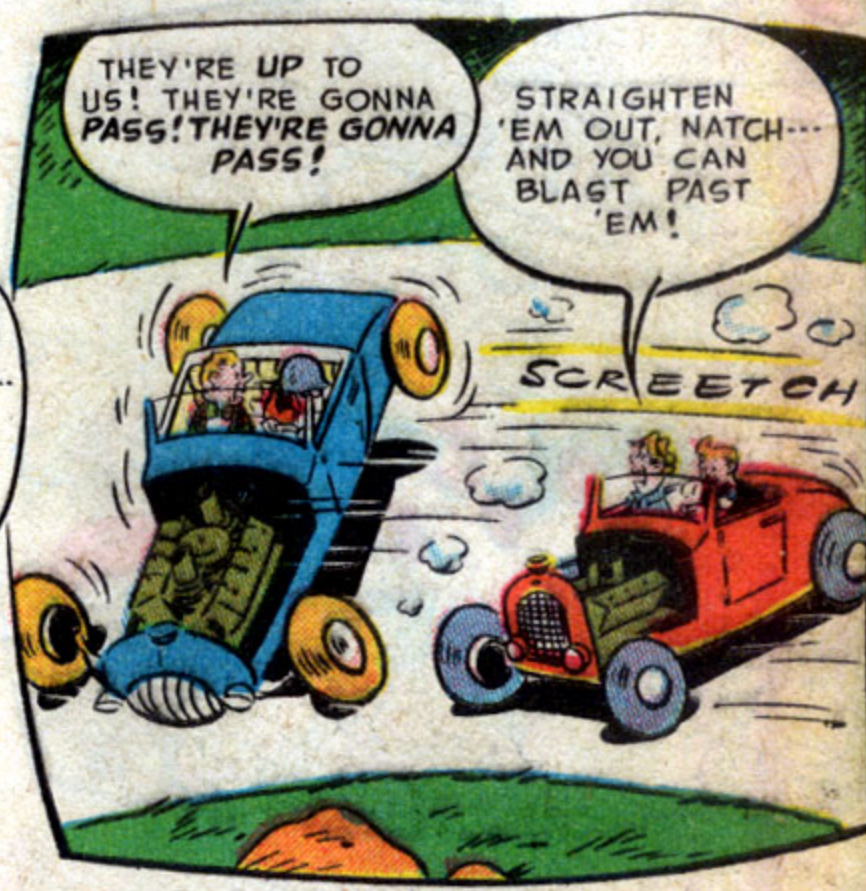
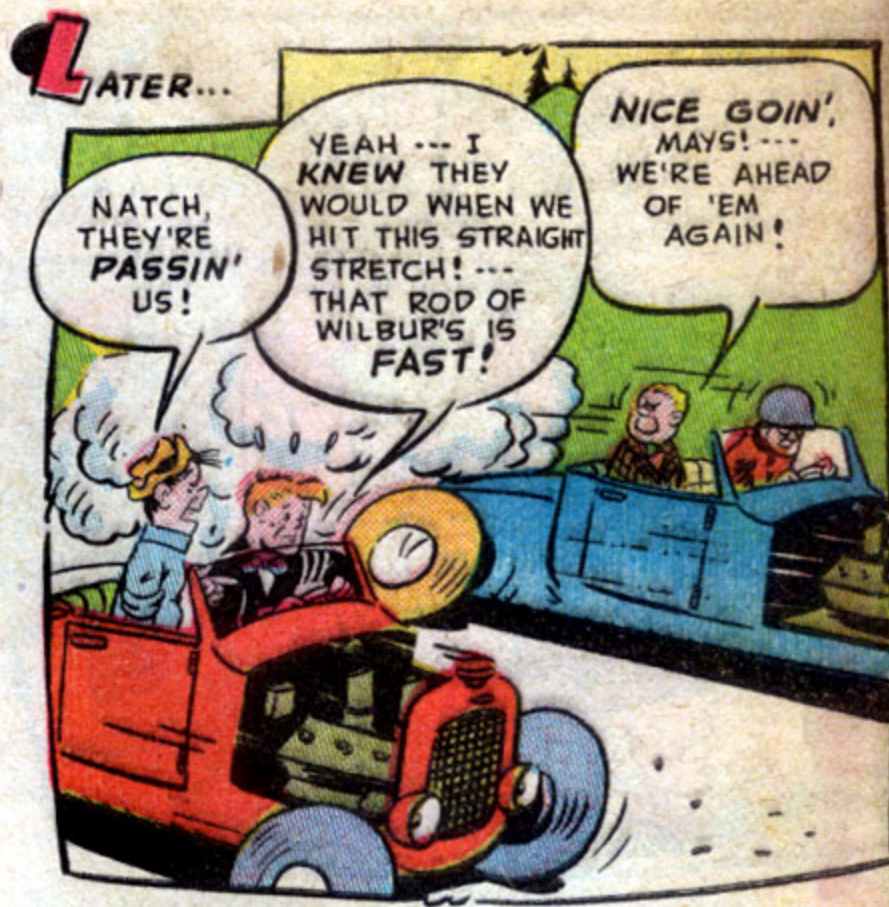
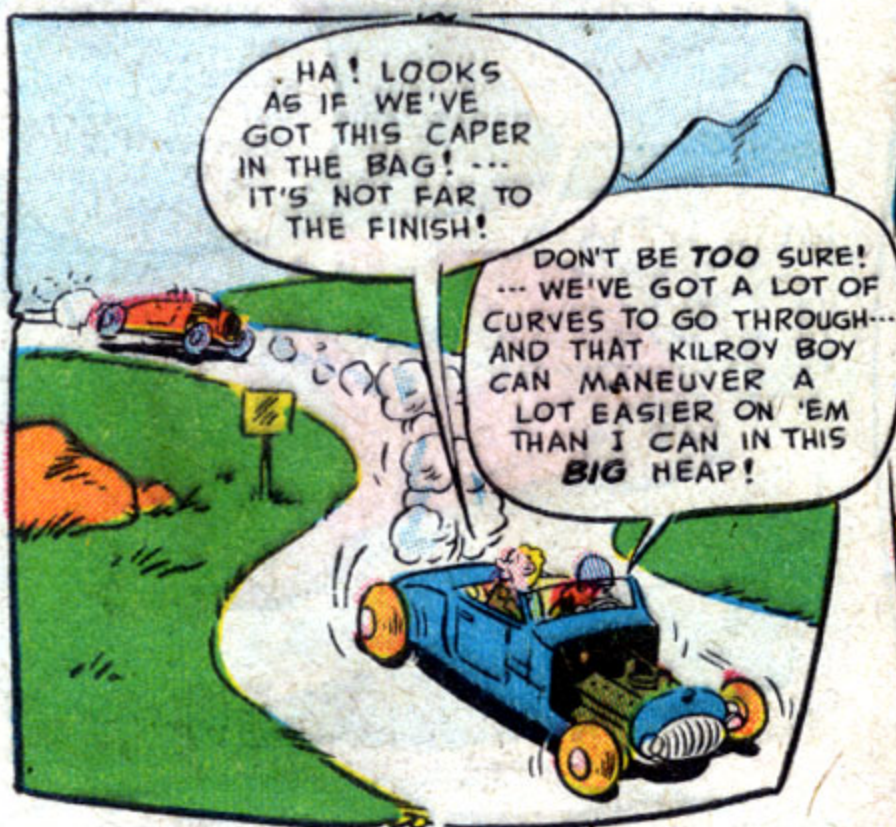


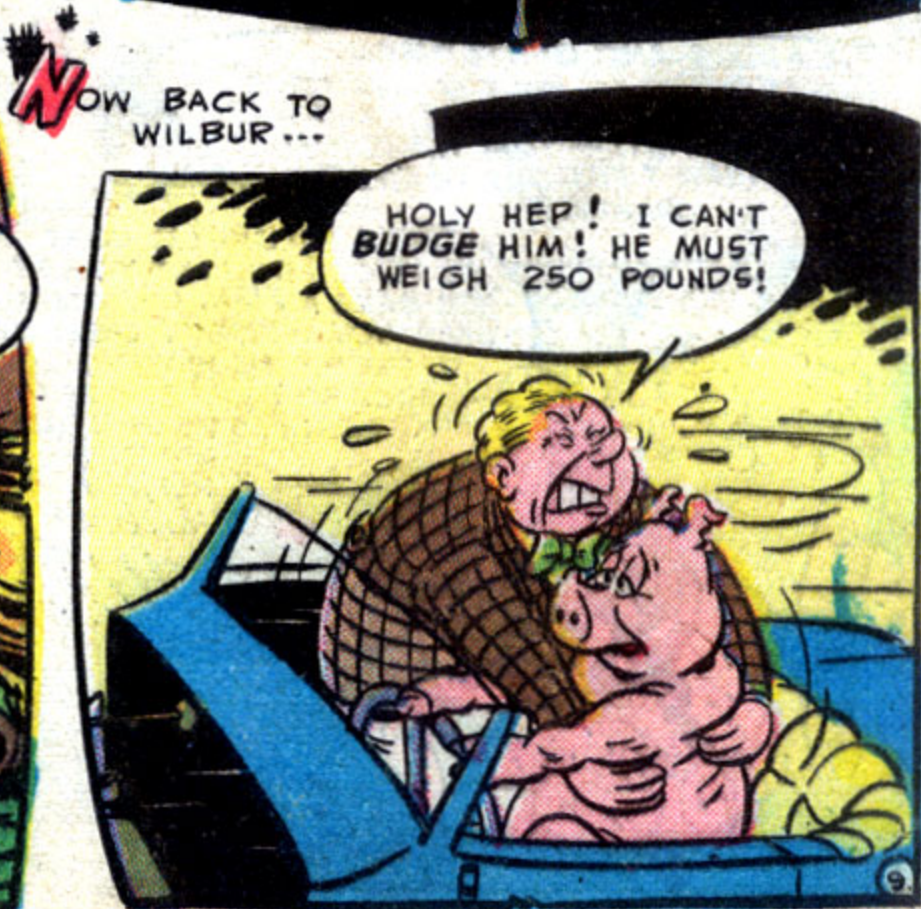
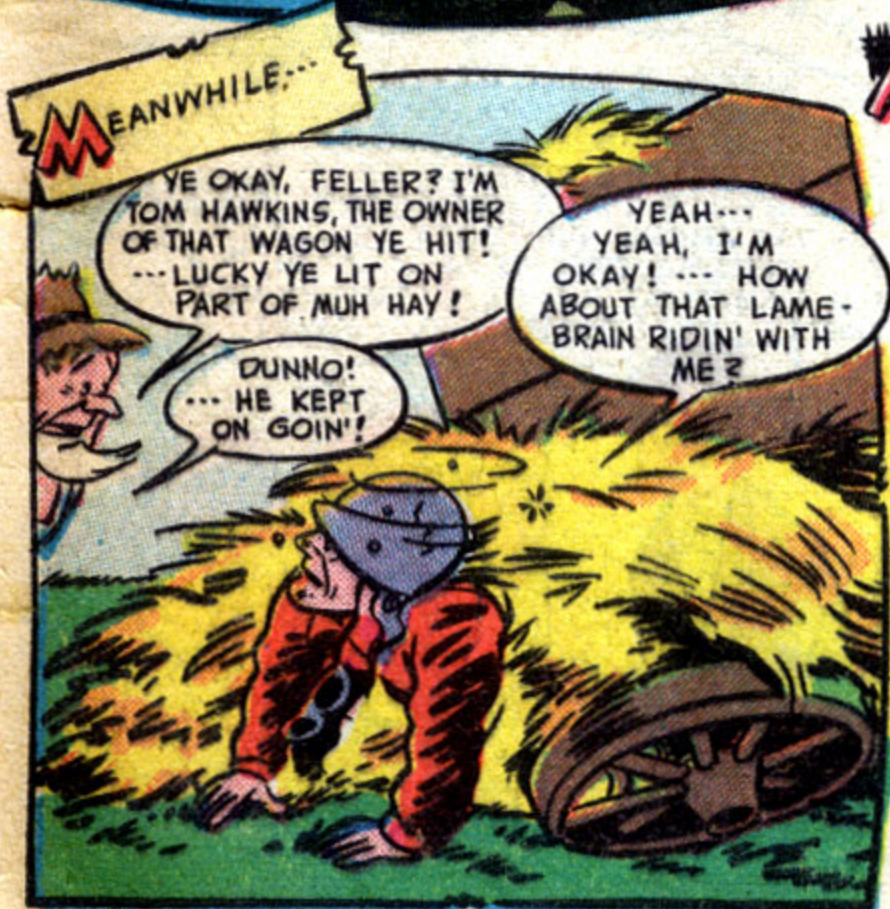
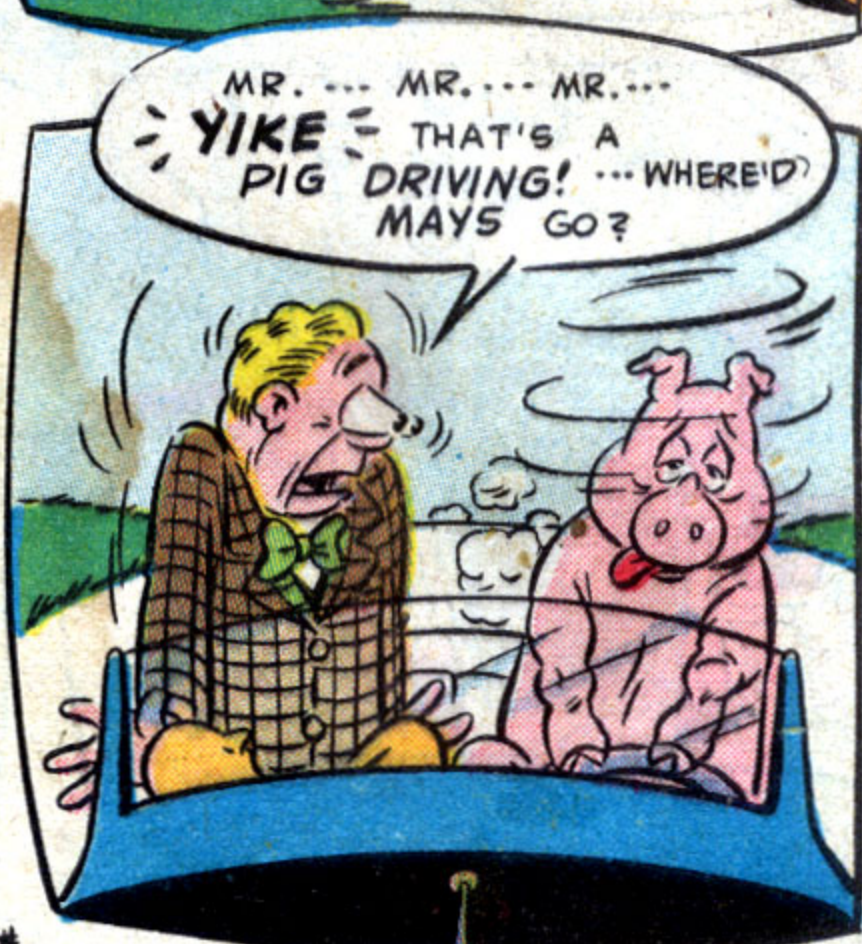
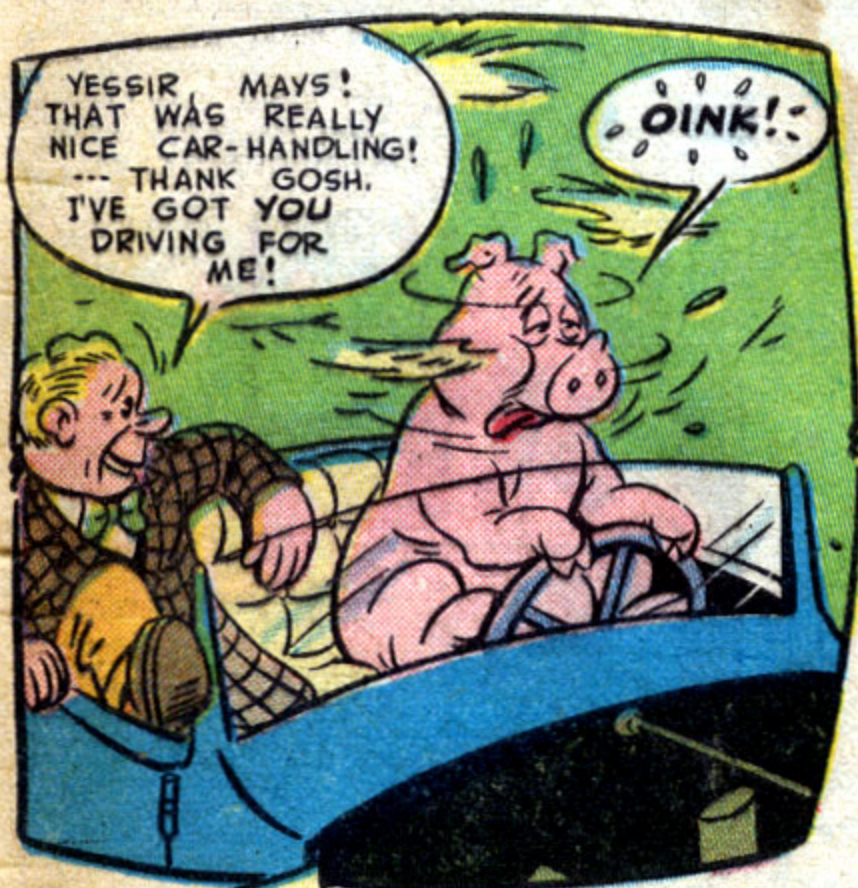
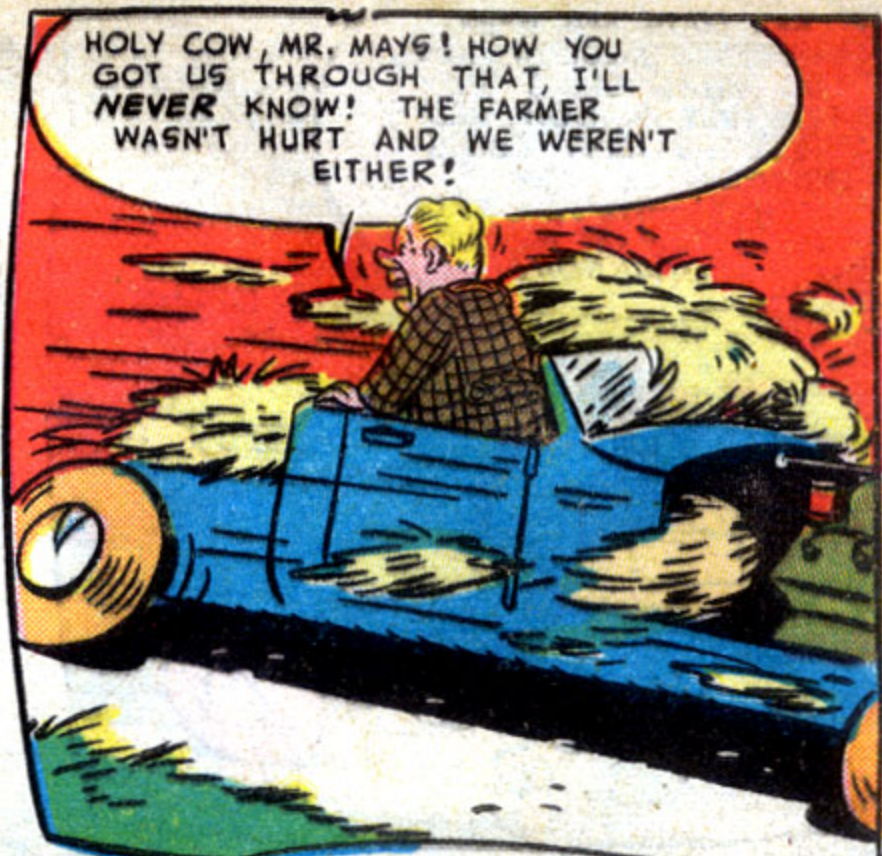
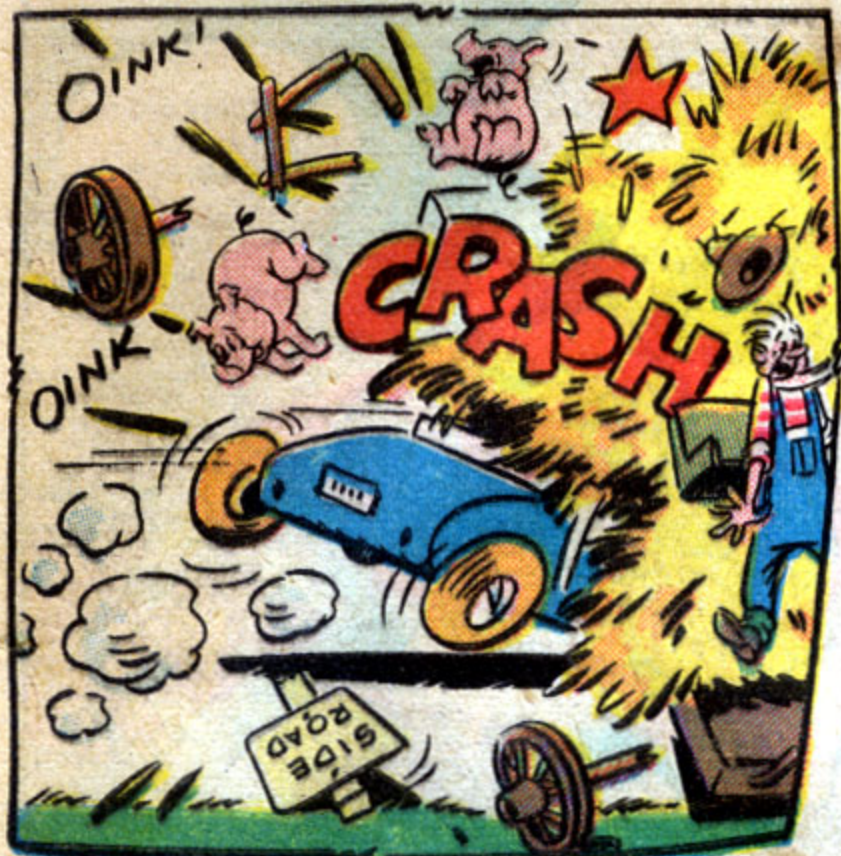
SO, A FEW
MINUTES LATER...

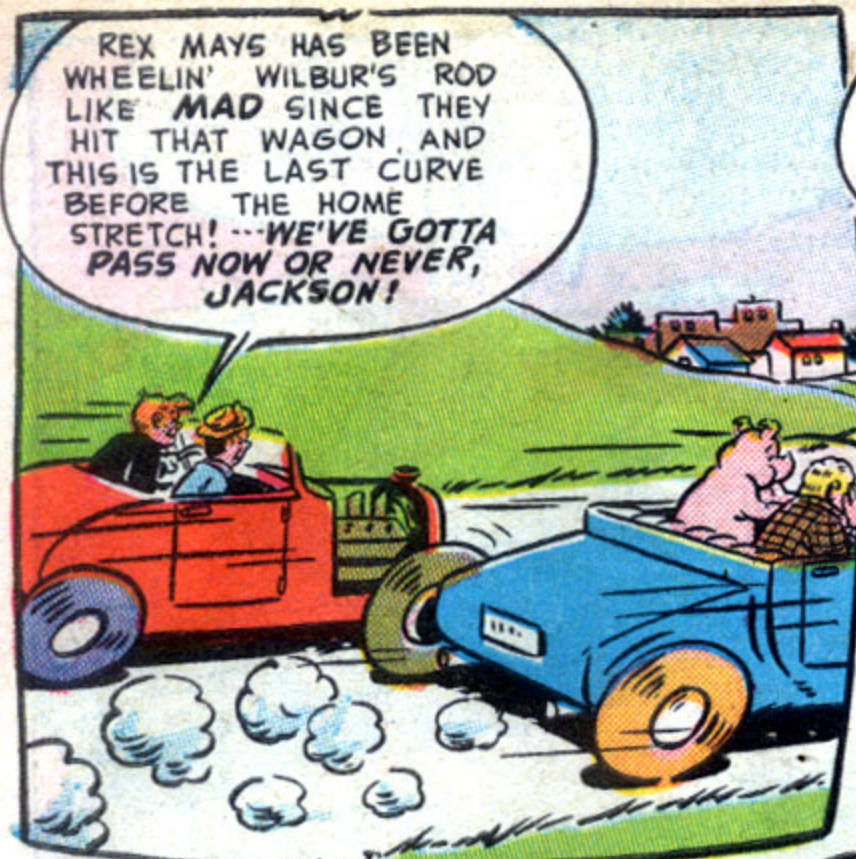




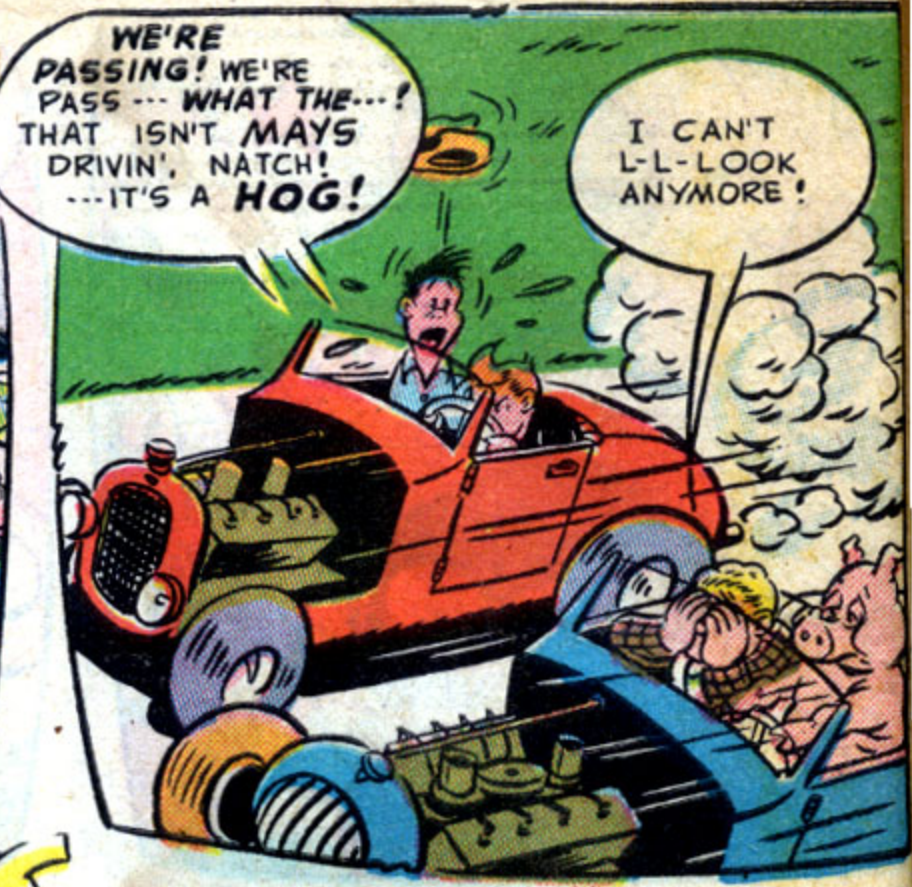
FINALLY, A FEW MILES BEFORE THE FINISH LINE, THE ROAD AGAIN BEGINS TO CURVE---





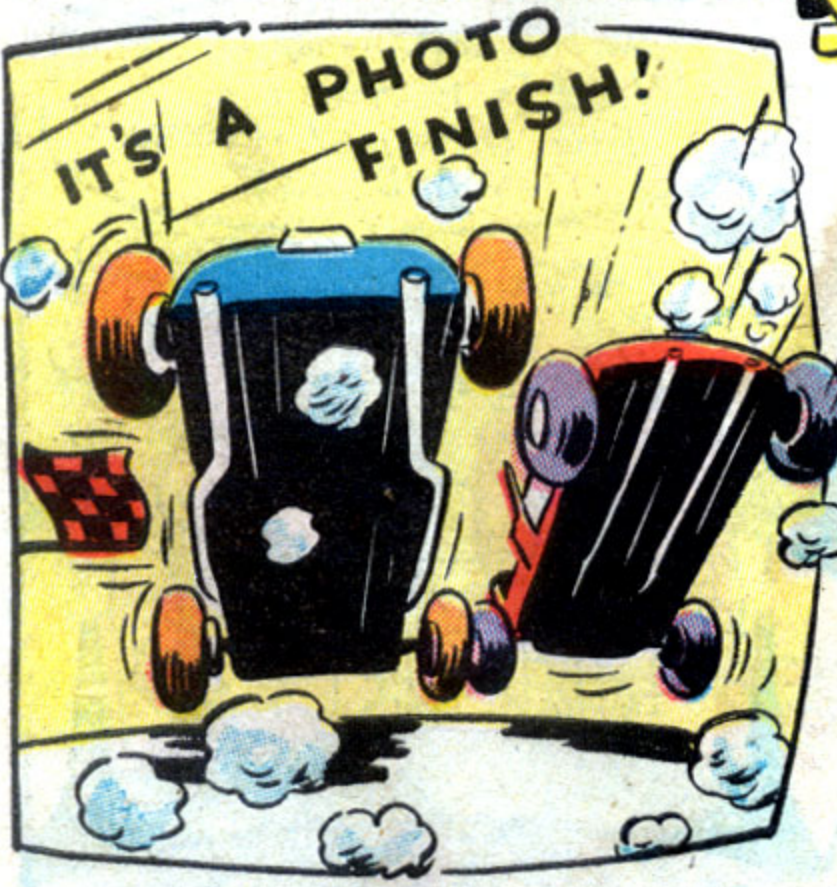


REX MAYS HAS BEEN WHEELIN' WILBUR'S ROD LIKE **MAD** SINCE THEY HIT THAT WAGON, AND THIS IS THE LAST CURVE BEFORE THE HOME STRETCH! ...WE'VE GOTTA PASS NOW OR NEVER, JACKSON!



WE'RE PASSING! WE'RE PASS ... WHAT THE...! THAT ISN'T MAYS DRIVIN', NATCH! ...IT'S A **HOG**!

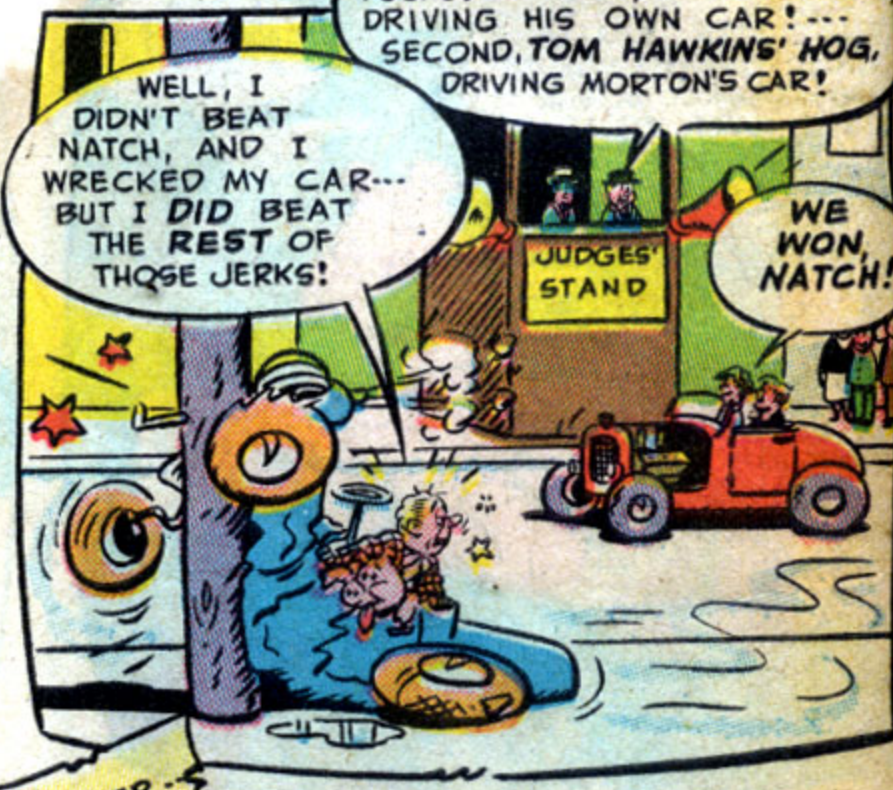
I CAN'T L-L-LOOK ANYMORE!



IT'S A PHOTO FINISH!



O, A FEW MINUTES LATER...



HERE'S THE FINAL RESULT, FOLKS! ... FIRST, **NATCH KILROY** DRIVING HIS OWN CAR! ... SECOND, **TOM HAWKINS' HOG**, DRIVING MORTON'S CAR!

WELL, I DIDN'T BEAT NATCH, AND I WRECKED MY CAR... BUT I **DID** BEAT THE REST OF THOSE JERKS!

WE WON, NATCH!



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, A CORRECTION! ... WILBUR MORTON'S CAR HAS BEEN DISQUALIFIED AND PLACED LAST! ... **TOM HAWKINS' HOG** DIDN'T FILL OUT AN ENTRY BLANK!

WELL, WILBAH! IT COST ME 19,000 DOLLARS TO LET YOU MAKE A **FOOL** OF YOURSELF, WHEN YOU ALREADY WERE ONE! ... I'M REDUCING YOUR ALLOWANCE TO 1000 DOLLARS A MONTH AS PUNISHMENT!

NO, NO MATER!

NATCH, I WANT TO CONGRATULATE YOU... AND THE REST OF THE BOYS! YOU PROVED TO ME AND THE CITIZENS OF POINTFALLS THAT **TEEN-AGERS** ARE AMONG THE MOST **SKILLFUL DRIVERS** ON AMERICAS HIGHWAYS TODAY!

HEY! WHAT A KEEN GUY!

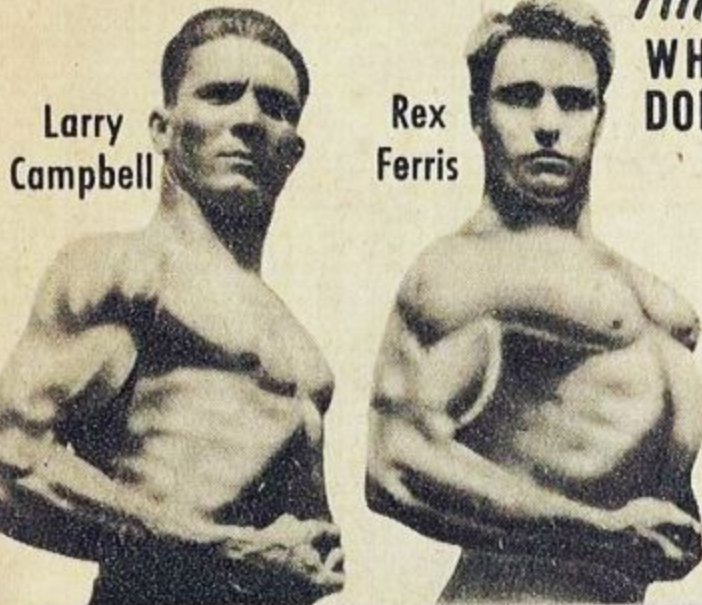
GOSH, THANKS, MR. MAYS!

YEAH!

THE END

Which of these 2 one time WEAKLINGS PAID only a Few Cents?

to become an "All-Around" HE-MAN at Home



WHICH ONE PAID HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS TO TRAIN AT MY SIDE?

Rex Ferris, like you, paid only a few cents to start building into a champion all around He Man!

Rex mailed me a coupon as below. He was a skinny bag of bones. Today he is tops in athletics, strength, business.

Larry Campbell paid me hundreds of dollars to train at my side years ago. Now you can start building into an All Around He Man right at home with these same progressive power secrets for only a few cents—just as Rex Ferris did!

AMAZING

get acquainted offer!

Now All 5 Famous Jowett Complete Muscle Building Courses

YOUR LAST CHANCE

only 10c

Instead of \$1.00

plus FREE MY PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director, Atlantic City.

Let's Go, Pal! I'll prove I can make YOU too

an "ALL-AROUND" HE-MAN

FAST—or it won't cost you a cent—
says George F. Jowett—World's Greatest Body Builder

HOW YOU CAN BE A WINNER AT ANYTHING YOU TACKLE WITH PROGRESSIVE POWER



PROVE IT TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 10c for my 5 easy-to-follow, picture-packed courses now in 1 complete volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man." Try it for one night. Experience the thrilling strength that surges through your muscles.

ENJOY MY "PROGRESSIVE POWER" STRENGTH SECRETS! GIVE ME 10 EASY MINUTES A DAY—WITHOUT STRAIN!

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are, I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Yes, I'll jam you with power and self-confidence to master any situation—to win popularity—and to get ahead on the job! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

BUILD A BODY YOU WILL BE PROUD OF...

10 DAY TRIAL!

Think of it—all five of these famous courses now in one picture-packed volume for only 10c. If you're not delighted with this famous muscle-building guide—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send it back and your money will be promptly refunded!

FREE! Jowett's Photo Book of Famous Strong Men!

This amazing book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron," has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture
Dept. AM-11 230 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. 1



Just a Few of the Records of George F. Jowett

whom experts call the "Champion of Champions." • World's welterweight wrestling champion at 17 • World's weight lifting champion at 19 • Reputed to have the strongest arms in the world • Four times winner of the world's most perfectly developed body... plus many other world records!

FREE GIFT COUPON!

DEPT. AM-11

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

George F. Jowett
Champion of Champions

Dear George: Please send by return mail, prepaid FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men, plus all 5 Muscle Building Courses. 1. Molding a Mighty Chest. 2. Molding a Mighty Arm. 3. Molding a Mighty Grip. 4. Molding a Mighty Back. 5. Molding Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man." ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING.

NAME _____ AGE _____

(Please Print Plainly, Include Zone Number)

ADDRESS _____ NO C.O.D.'s

CITY _____ ZONE & STATE _____

I am making a drive for thousands of new friends fast—REGARDLESS OF COST! So get Now My 5 (Valued at \$5 each). Muscle Building Courses. All in 1 great complete volume for only 10c PICTURED WITH HOW-TO-DO-IT PICTURES! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building.



JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
230 Fifth Ave., Dept AM-11 • New York 1, N. Y.

NOW! Make Dozens of Useful Things for Your Home

SENSATIONAL NEW 4-IN-1 ELECTRIC JIG SAW - SANDER - FILER

With Built in **AUTOMATIC BLOWER**

- * Blower automatically cleans away sawdust and filings at cutting area.
- * Saw Blade assembly rotates to face any direction to cut extra-long pieces. The Selector Blade Guide adjusts to fit 4 different size blades.
- * Portable . . . this precision-engineered home power tool can be used anywhere—kitchen, study, garage or workshop. The rubber-cushioned base protects working surface and provides quiet operation.
- * Efficient saw table . . . large, rigid working surface, with one inch guide lines, tilts right or left through 45°—Angle Indicator Scale insures accurate cutting and beveling.
- * Husky built-in rotary motor produces over 3400 powerful blade strokes per minute. Self-lubricating bearings. 115-125 Volt AC.
- * Cooling fan with air vent maintains cool, efficient operating temperatures.
- * Sander disc revolves at constant high speed. Sanding table tilts up or down 45° as shown on Angle Indicator.
- * UL approved pushbutton switch, cord—fast, convenient starting and stopping.

A HIGH-GRADE SAW

IT SAWS—This amazing 4-in-1 Jig Saw cuts at more than 3400 strokes per minute in any direction. The 360° revolving saw blade guide assembly enables this compact portable power tool to make extra-long cuts. The large saw table, with accurately pressed guide lines, can be tilted 45° right or left for precision bevel cuts. Selector Blade Guide adjusts to fit 4 different size blades.

AN EFFICIENT SANDER

IT SANDS—This replaceable garnet sanding disc revolves at constant high speed, and the sanding table tilts 45° up or down for accurate bevel sanding. Worn discs may be stripped off and replaced by cementing on a new one with ordinary household cement.

A DANDY FILER

IT FILES—It's easy to insert an ordinary 1/4 inch shank, 3 1/2 inch long standard bench machine file in the slide for fast precision filing.

A HANDY BLOWER

IT BLOWS—A steady jet of air is forced through the attached blower tube to keep the sawing edge free from sawdust and filings.



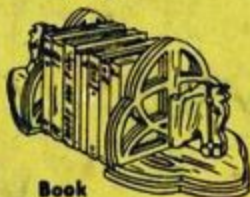
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